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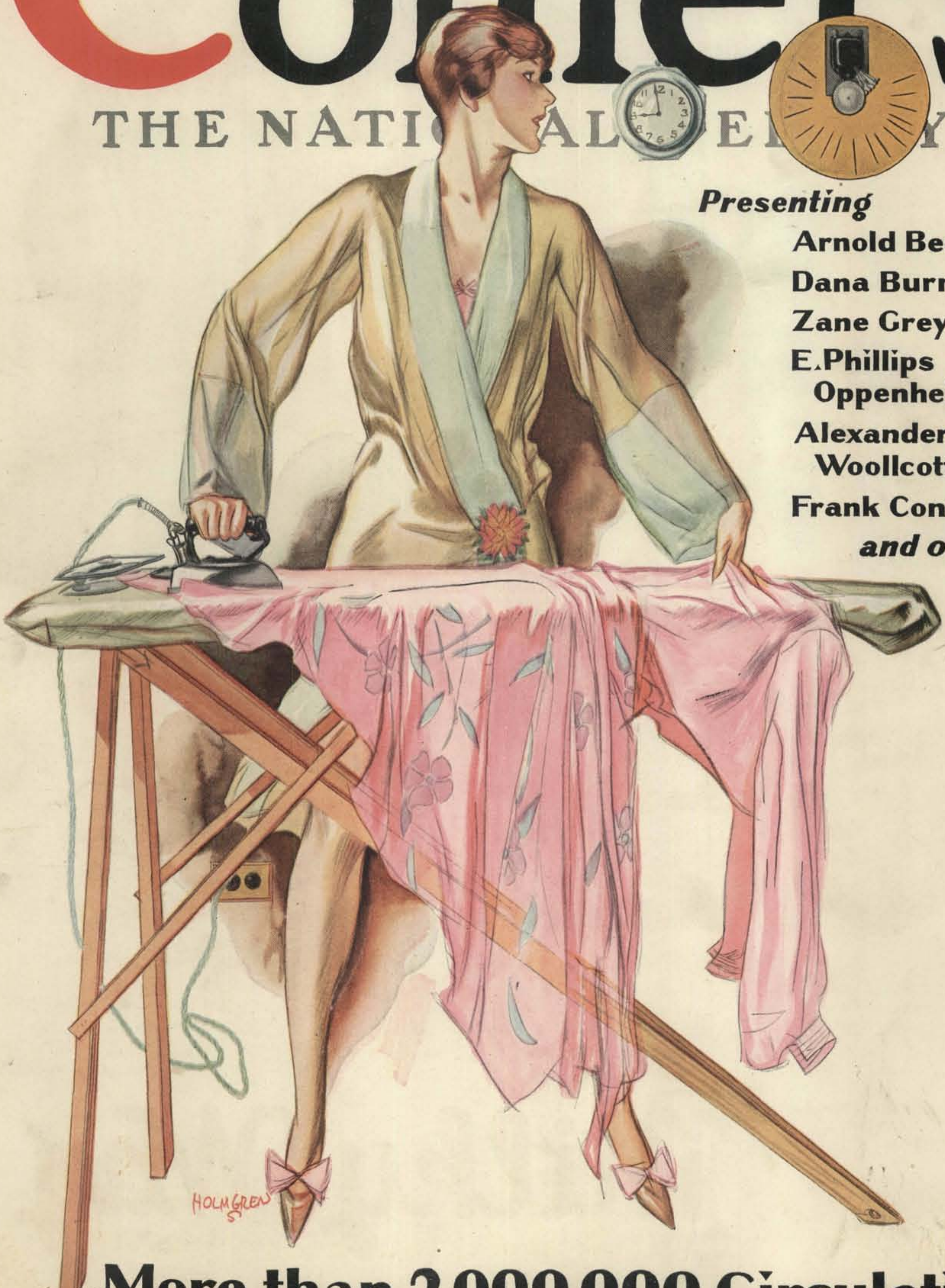
Collier's

THE NATI AL E Y



Presenting

Arnold Bennett

Dana Burnet

Zane Grey

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Alexander Woollcott

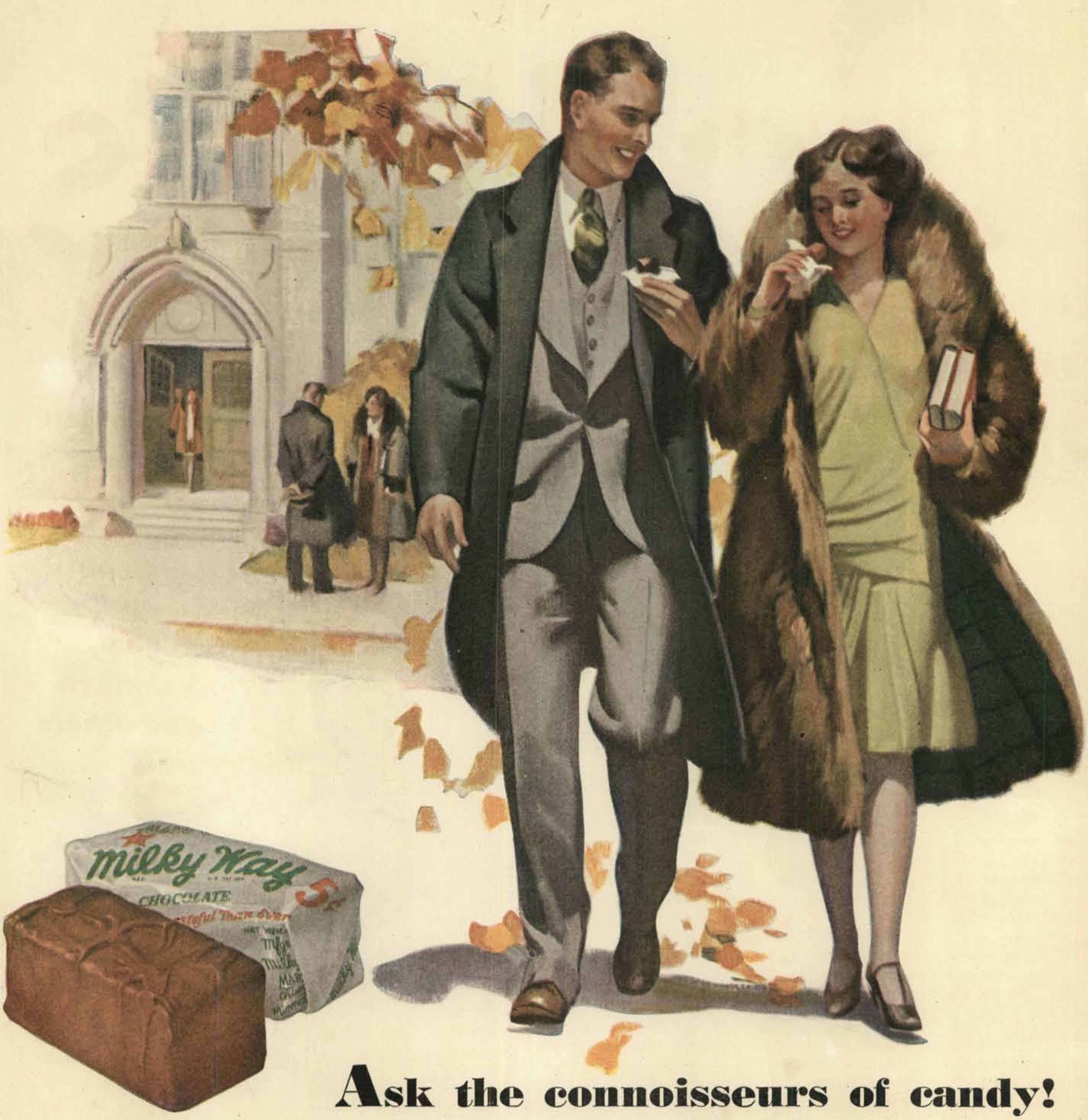
Frank Condon

and others

105

More than 2,000,000 Circulation

Oct. 26, 1929



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Milky Way

"When you crave good candy"

Fathers and Mothers

Read every word on this page revealing the cold bare facts on exposing children's knees in winter

GREAT authorities on bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble deplore the present fad for children to go without long stockings during the Fall or Winter and thus be submitted to the insidious chilling which can come from exposing the knees. By following this fad, parents are not hardening growing children but taking a cruel chance with them, risking their very health, and sometimes wrecking a whole life of happiness. Read what some of these world-known authorities have told us. Their names are not published, in accordance with their wishes, but are on file. Their advice will coincide with that of your own doctor. Ask him.

Expert Opinion

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

⁂

"Doctors have noticed that among girls who are dressed scantily according to the present style, there is an increase in cases of cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) which is thought to be directly due to chilling the lower parts of the body."

⁂

"When mothers bring their children to me, I advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

⁂

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children). I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

⁂

"Bare knees in cold or damp weather presuppose to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

⁂

"In summer time it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."

⁂

"By analogy the argument is reasonable that exposure of the knees or upper limbs makes a lowered resistance that conduces to bladder infection (the bladder being a very delicate membranous part in which bacilli can work much as they do in the nose membranes). Then it probably lowers the bars for any number of other infections of nose, throat, or lungs, and might give tuberculosis a start."

⁂

Long Stockings Help Keep Them Well

HICKORY GARTERS keep stockings snug and smooth

Since bare knees at this time of year can work such tragic things with children's health, as some of the greatest authorities on arthritis, bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble will attest, surely parents cannot afford to take the chance of not giving children the simple protection of long stockings. Better be safe than sorry. And, see that the stockings are held properly and neatly in place with HICKORY GARTERS of real live rubber. Made strong to last long—of genuine Hickory Elastic (the same as you buy by the yard). At your favorite notion department; Hickory Garters, 25c and more, depending upon style and size.

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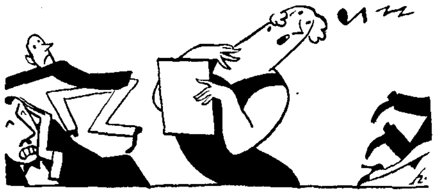
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"HARRY SILVIO, theme-songing at Amalgamated Studio, is riding handsome on his wife's (Delia O'Rourke, ex-O'Rourke & O'Rourke acrobats) bank roll. She is slaying 'em in the Hollywood consommé-and-haddock belt and Harry gets in on a trailer license."

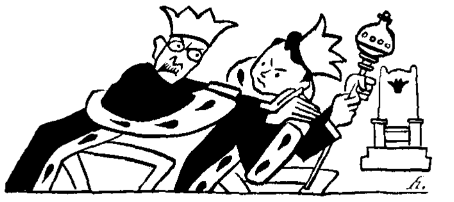
That was the news note that caused Mr. Silvio to determine that the time had come to tell all. He put it in a letter, fortunately, and who should get hold of it but our old friend Jerry Beatty, who sold it to us for a round figure. We had to hold our sides! How that Beatty boy knows his Hollywood! It's "The Yodeling Lady!"



JOHN W. HEISMAN'S football articles in Collier's last fall were very popular. Several famous players informed us confidentially that they were saving them for their children to read. Mr. Heisman, veteran coach of Georgia Tech, has been telling us football yarns that any authentic fan would walk a mile to hear. We made him sit down in front of a typewriter not many weeks ago. He turned out three articles before we could stop him and we are very glad we didn't try. The first is "Hero Stuff."

—

IN VIRGINIA a bitter battle rages and the eyes of the whole South are on it. To say nothing of the eyes belonging to those in other sections who happen to be interested in the political fate of Bishop James Cannon, Jr. The bishop is hot for righteousness, which is, of course, synonymous with prohibition. The unrighteous (they don't admit it) are also dry, but broad-minded. They don't regard "Raskobism" as a dread disease. In fact, they are not quite sure that they know what the reverend gentleman means by the word. They merely don't want the bishop to have a chance to punish all who voted for Al Smith. So the holy war is on, drums beating, bugles calling, hard names flying—all of which is faithfully reported in a sprightly manner by Walter Davenport in "The Virginia Reel."



IT WOULD take an experienced girl to deal with a villainous hero like Phil Dana. But what Stephen Morehouse Avery's heroine in "Leave It to the Ladies" lacks in guile she makes up in other ways. You will be exasperated—you may even be a bit unnerved—by the chances she takes. But you'll forgive her.

—

YOU'LL find the names of several old friends in the table of contents: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Laurie York Erskine, Grantland Rice, Hugh Leamy, George R. Preedy, Zane Grey, Milton C. Work, Jack Binns, Betty Thornley. How we do run on.

THIS WEEK

October 26, 1929

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Page 10—Walter Davenport and Emanuel H. Lavine
BRIGHT GIRL: High-power salesmanship in the night clubs.

Page 12—Frank Condon
LOVE LETTERS: Crossed wires to Hollywood.

Page 14—The Look of the Month
Silent pictures of things you ought to know about.

Page 16—Dana Burnet
PAPA: A double-barreled love story.

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GENTLEMAN BILL: vs. Sir Jasper Slane. Not a chance.

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DON'T CROWD THEM: As the twig is bent—usually too far.

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THE INVISIBLE FISH: Florenz Ziegfeld's first flights.

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How many words do you know?

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 61—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
A NAVAL EXPLOIT

Page 73—Jack Binns
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

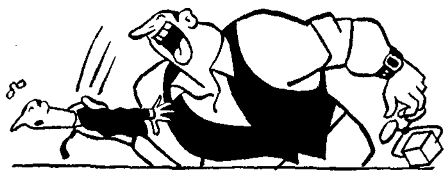
Page 82—Editorial

Any Week

EARLY in September we became conscious of a great change in Mr. Sidney Noakes, our iceman. Not only did he refuse to speak to us but the reproachful looks he gave us bruised us. We were very fond of Mr. Noakes.

Then we received two letters from icemen. We showed them to Mr. Noakes. He nodded miserably, mutely. Well, we'd be gosh-hanged. It was all because of reflections upon the iceman in Gerald Mygatt's story in Collier's for September 7th. . . . Mr. Noakes and these letter writers took them as aspersions on icemen in general.

We are glad to say that Mr. Noakes and we have shaken hands and are speaking again. And we'd like Mr. Cullen and Mr. McKnight, who took pen in hand, to know that Mr. Noakes and Mr. Mygatt are the best of friends again, too. We're always up to something. Last January, with the thermometer down to ten below, we discovered we'd offended Mr. Wagersmith, our coalman. What a life!



AND now a sharp word to Dr. Benjamin M. Gentry of New Orleans and another to Mr. J. A. Meyer of Oakland, California. They demand to know why The Gentleman at the Keyhole was absent from Collier's a few weeks ago. Did you gentlemen ever hear of a man being too sick to work? Of course you did. The Gentleman is back at his keyhole and we hope you two complainants are thoroughly ashamed of yourselves. Especially you, Doctor Gentry.

—

WE FEEL better. Nothing so good for us as bawling somebody out. It leaves us in the humor for reading letters like this one from Mr. Clifford B. Harmon, who did so much to promote aviation in America as long ago as 1908. He and the late Mr. Robert Collier, once editor of this weekly, whose daring, far-sightedness, and enterprise made him a pioneer in American aviation, were famous friends. It was because we published Mr. Harmon's and Mr. Collier's photographs flying over Long Island in 1910 with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., and Mr. Arch Hoxsey that Mr. Harmon writes saying nice things about us and asking for the pictures. Only Mr. Harmon and Mrs. Vanderbilt survive that fine group.

—

WHEN old Jim Thorpe was young he was the world's greatest football player. You have probably gathered that from Charley Paddock's life of the great Indian. Once, according to an old-timer we know, Jim was playing against Pennsylvania and ruining the opposition team. To make things harder Jim notified the Pennsylvania left end that he was coming through him.

"And don't forget to take a good hold on me either," said Jim, "because I'll be traveling fast."

Jim ran right over that end. But the end took hold and did not let go until Jim had crossed the Pennsylvania goal line.

"That," said Jim to the amazed lad, "was fine. Now pretty soon I'm going to give you another nice ride. But next time don't drag your feet. I don't like it. Just lift them high and I can carry you faster."

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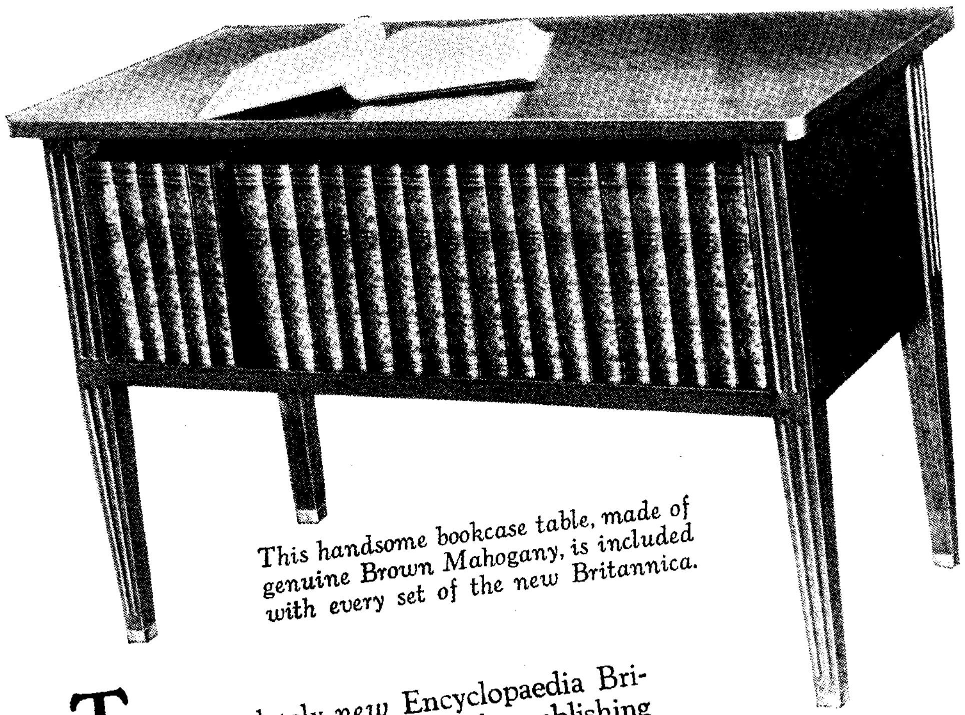

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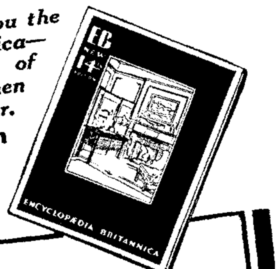

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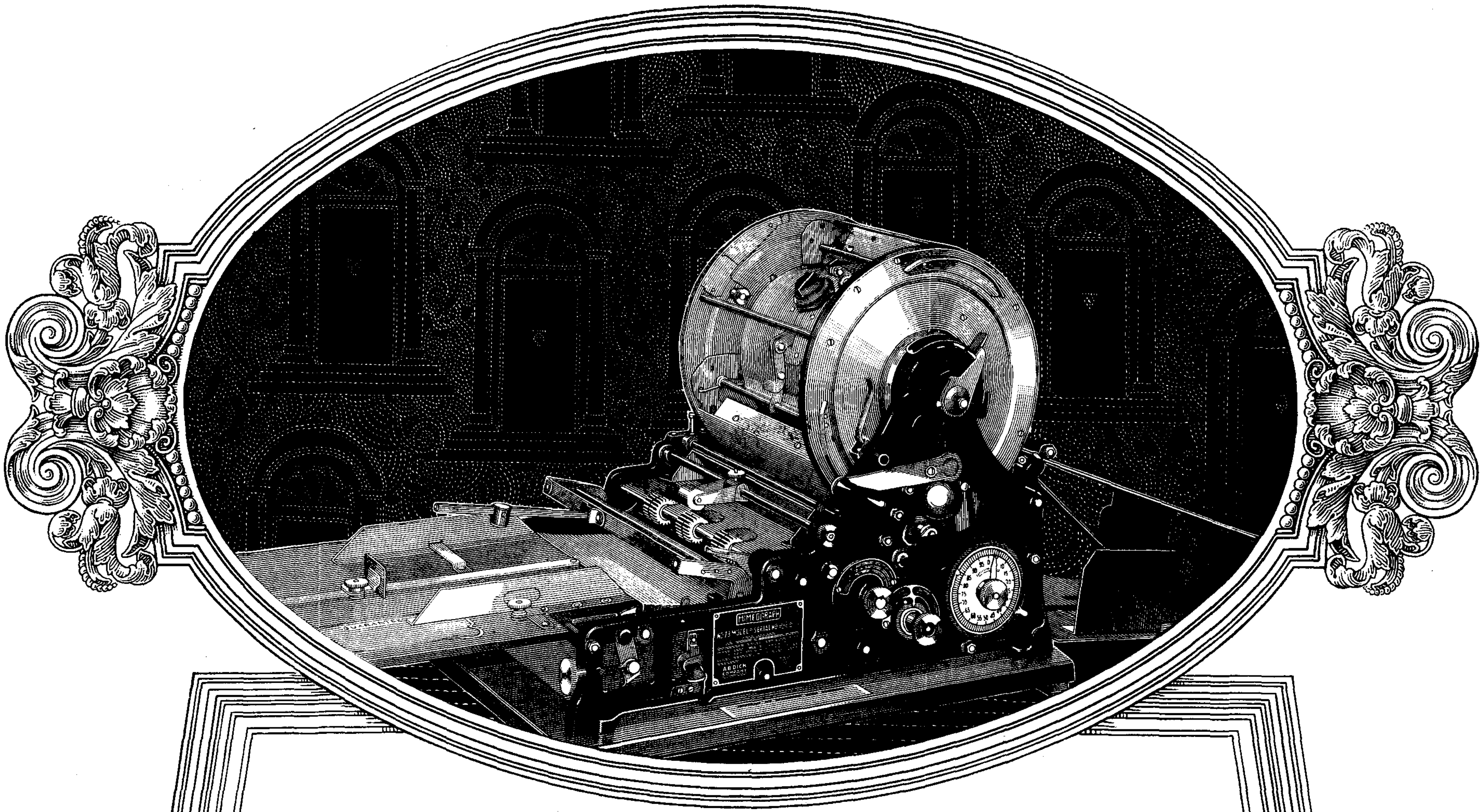

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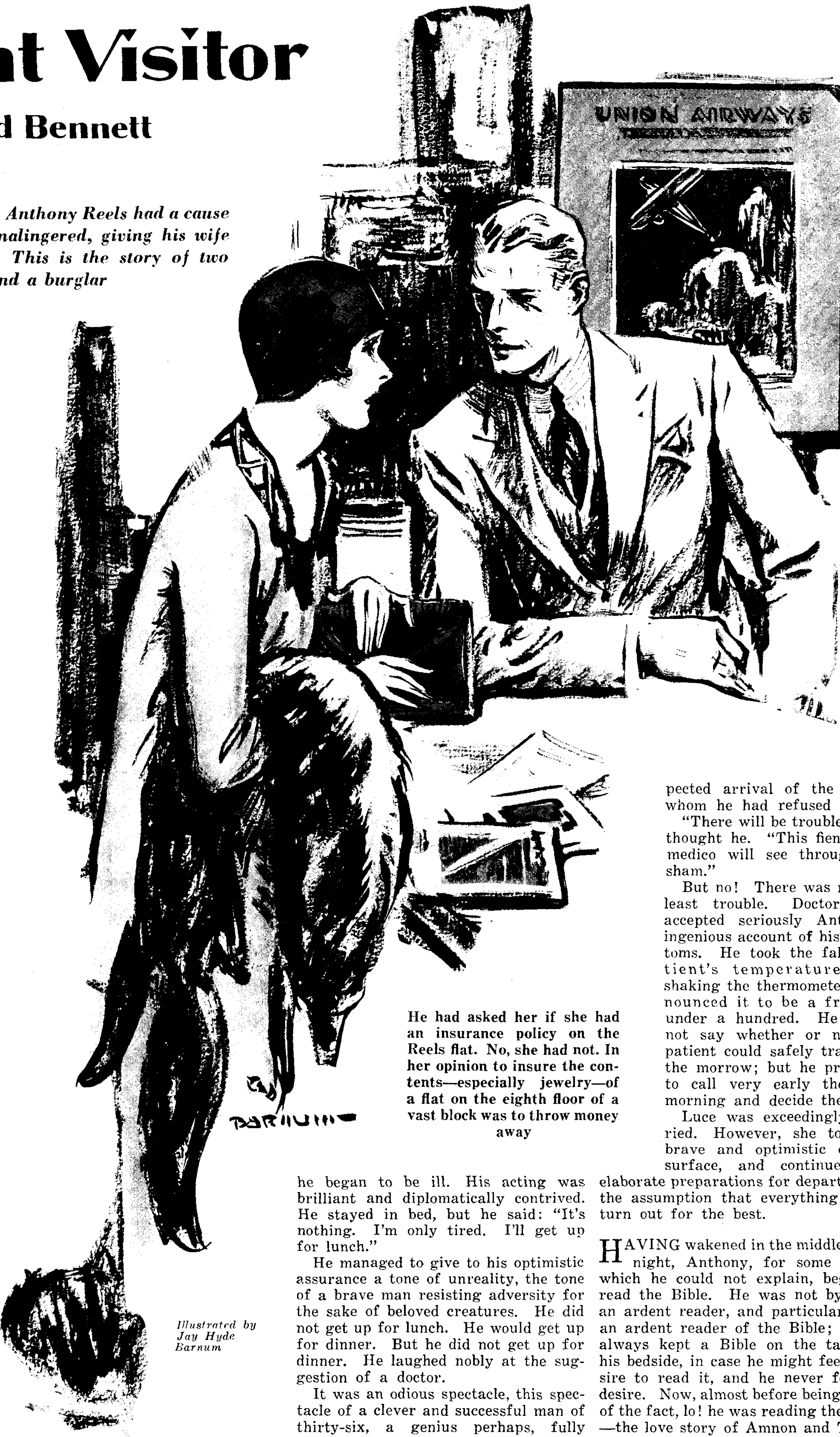
The Night Visitor

By Arnold Bennett

His wife was in the right, so Anthony Reels had a cause for grievance. Anthony malingered, giving his wife reason to feel aggrieved. This is the story of two grievances and a burglar



He had asked her if she had an insurance policy on the Reels flat. No, she had not. In her opinion to insure the contents—especially jewelry—of a flat on the eighth floor of a vast block was to throw money away

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

MARRIAGE, said someone, is one long patience. It usually is not. But it ought to be. Although Anthony Reels was held to be a remarkable inventor, and by reason of his gifts held a fine and a rather free position in an immense new, efficient manufacturing combine which was trying to destroy the British reputation for muddle, he was little, if anything, above the average, considered as a husband. And Luce Reels was little, if anything, above the average of wives.

The twain had their difficulties from time to time. They had also a child, which was continuous. Rosie had reached the age of three. Some of the marital difficulties originated in Rosie. Luce contended that Rosie was no ordinary child. Anthony, partly in order to tease his wife, contended that Rosie was just an ordinary child. This divergence of view—whether genuine or assumed—about the most important subject on earth was apt to produce a general domestic atmosphere not entirely favorable to peace and tranquillity, an atmosphere in which discord and conflict flourished.

The season was winter, the weather bleak. Influenza raged. Theaters were full of coughs. Sixty per cent of invitations were refused on account of illness. The Reelses had decided to go South. Anthony had done a great work, likely to lead to vast profits for his firm, and he needed a change. Excellent! But Luce had said that the child, complete with nurse and all impedimenta, must accompany them.

ANTHONY had protested with customary violence against the preposterous notion of taking an infant on a thirty-hour journey by sea and land into an alien clime. What Anthony wanted was a *change*. There could be no change for him if he was to be charged with the responsibilities of a family. A wife, yes! A family—no! Moreover, the infant would be better and safer at home, in its fixed daily routine, with a nurse faithful and competent. Change was bad for infants, who were all Tories and objected to any disturbance of routine.

Luce won. All arrangements were accomplished for shutting up the flat; tickets taken; rooms engaged. But Anthony, a wonderful comedian, carried his dark grievance beneath a lightsome exterior. Anthony was secretly resentful, not because he felt himself to be in the right, but because he felt himself to be in the wrong. (Luce had handsomely defeated him in argument.) We others of course are only rendered gloomy and resentful when, being beaten, we know ourselves to be in the right. Anthony was different. We are Anthony's moral superiors.

Anthony said to himself: "If she thinks I'm going for a very necessary holiday with this child, this nurse, this perambulator, this special bed, these special foods, these kettles and contraptions, she is mistaken. I will be ill. I will be too ill to travel." So on the morning before the planned departure he began to be ill. His acting was brilliant and diplomatically contrived. He stayed in bed, but he said: "It's nothing. I'm only tired. I'll get up for lunch."

He managed to give to his optimistic assurance a tone of unreality, the tone of a brave man resisting adversity for the sake of beloved creatures. He did not get up for lunch. He would get up for dinner. But he did not get up for dinner. He laughed nobly at the suggestion of a doctor.

It was an odious spectacle, this spectacle of a clever and successful man of thirty-six, a genius perhaps, fully grown, entirely adult, naughtily feigning to be ill when he was not ill.

Left alone for a few minutes by his attendant loving wife, he smiled devilishly to himself:

"I'll teach her!" he thought.

Then he was startled by the unexpected arrival of the doctor whom he had refused to see.

"There will be trouble now," thought he. "This fiend of a medico will see through my sham."

But no! There was not the least trouble. Doctor Bain accepted seriously Anthony's ingenious account of his symptoms. He took the false patient's temperature and, shaking the thermometer, pronounced it to be a fraction under a hundred. He would not say whether or not the patient could safely travel on the morrow; but he promised to call very early the next morning and decide then.

Luce was exceedingly worried. However, she too was brave and optimistic on the surface, and continued her elaborate preparations for departure on the assumption that everything would turn out for the best.

HAVING wakened in the middle of the night, Anthony, for some reason which he could not explain, began to read the Bible. He was not by habit an ardent reader, and particularly not an ardent reader of the Bible; but he always kept a Bible on the table by his bedside, in case he might feel a desire to read it, and he never felt the desire. Now, almost before being aware of the fact, lo! he was reading the Bible, —the love story of Amnon and Tamar.

"After all," said he to himself, "it's great stuff, the Bible is," implying that he was appreciating the greatness of the book for the first time.

All very odd! His right hand, exposed to the air of the room, grew cold. Then he realized that the door communicating with Luce's chamber was being cautiously opened.

"A stroke of luck!" thought he wickedly, "that I should be awake. A bit of convincing detail, that! What's she after?"

Out of the tail of his eye he saw her—her auburn hair (disarranged), her flushed girlish face, her sapphire-colored dressing-gown (his favorite).

"Hello!" he murmured, with an affected weakness of voice. "Anything wrong?"

"No," answered Luce, in one of her affectionate, anxious tones. "But I saw the light under the door and I wondered whether you were worse or whether you'd gone to sleep and left the light on."

"I'm perfectly all right, thanks," said he, with an accent to show that in his opinion he was far, far from perfectly all right. "I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd try to read a bit."

Luce was bending over him. Yes, she looked surprisingly young for thirty-two.

"What are you reading?"

"Oh! The Bible. Now you get back to bed, and sleep, my girl."

She put her hand on his forehead.

"You are a bit hot," said she.

"My hand isn't," said he.

She was about to kiss him fondly.

"Don't kiss me," he warned her. "I'm infectious—or contagious. You might give it to Rosie." She withdrew her lips.

"I'll kiss the back of your neck," said she, with a celestial smile.

She inclined her long body, and she did kiss him on the back of his neck.

"Sure you aren't worse?" she asked, apprehensive.

"Oh, no!" Again with artful unconvincingness.

Luce sighed courageously, and departed. A delicious experience for Anthony. It proved that their hostility had vanished, that she was still passionately attached to him. He felt ashamed of his duplicity. Imagine deceiving so loyal and tender a creature! Still, he had begun the fraud, and he must carry it through. Besides, she had defied and vanquished him about the child, and she deserved some punishment.

He extinguished the light (so that it should not disturb her loving watchfulness), but for a long period he could not sleep. Indeed, he felt quite unwell. Curious, how the soul reacts on the body!

THE next morning Doctor Bain arrived very early, saying brightly that he had to start his day's work at dawn because of the epidemic of influenza, which was running him off his feet. He was a middle-aged man, but apparently incapable of being fatigued. His examination of Anthony was absurdly rapid.

"Out of the question," he remarked.

"What's out of the question?" Anthony demanded.

The doctor glanced aside at Anthony's trunk, which lay in a corner all packed save for a few trifles.

"Your leaving today—*or* tomorrow *or* the next day," said he; and, having said it, Doctor Bain went away. Luce followed him out of the room.

"The fellow's mad!" thought Anthony. "I've a good mind to get up."

Still, the prestige of a doctor is such that, though he may be mad, he must be obeyed. Anthony had successfully deceived the world; but he was conscious of a regret.

"Well," said Luce, returning. "It's all off then. So that's that." She gave her husband a smile, as if to inspire him with hope in his illness.

"What's supposed to be the matter with me?" Anthony questioned.

"Flu, naturally!" said Luce. "The doctor thinks you ought to have a nurse."

"Rot!" Anthony ejaculated.

Luce calmly continued:

"He says they're difficult to get just now; but he'll get one. He'll have her here this afternoon."

ANTHONY was dumfounded. The whole world was mad.

"But how shall you manage?" he asked at length, in amaze. The sensation of being a criminal crushed him.

"Oh!" Luce answered with spurious calm. "Mary will stay. Quite simple."

Mary was the sole private servant in the home, which was a service flat.

"We can use the railway tickets later on," said Anthony. "But the train seats to Dover and in the Blue Train will be wasted."

"Don't *worry*," Luce enjoined him masterfully. "I shall telephone about them."

A capable little thing, she was!

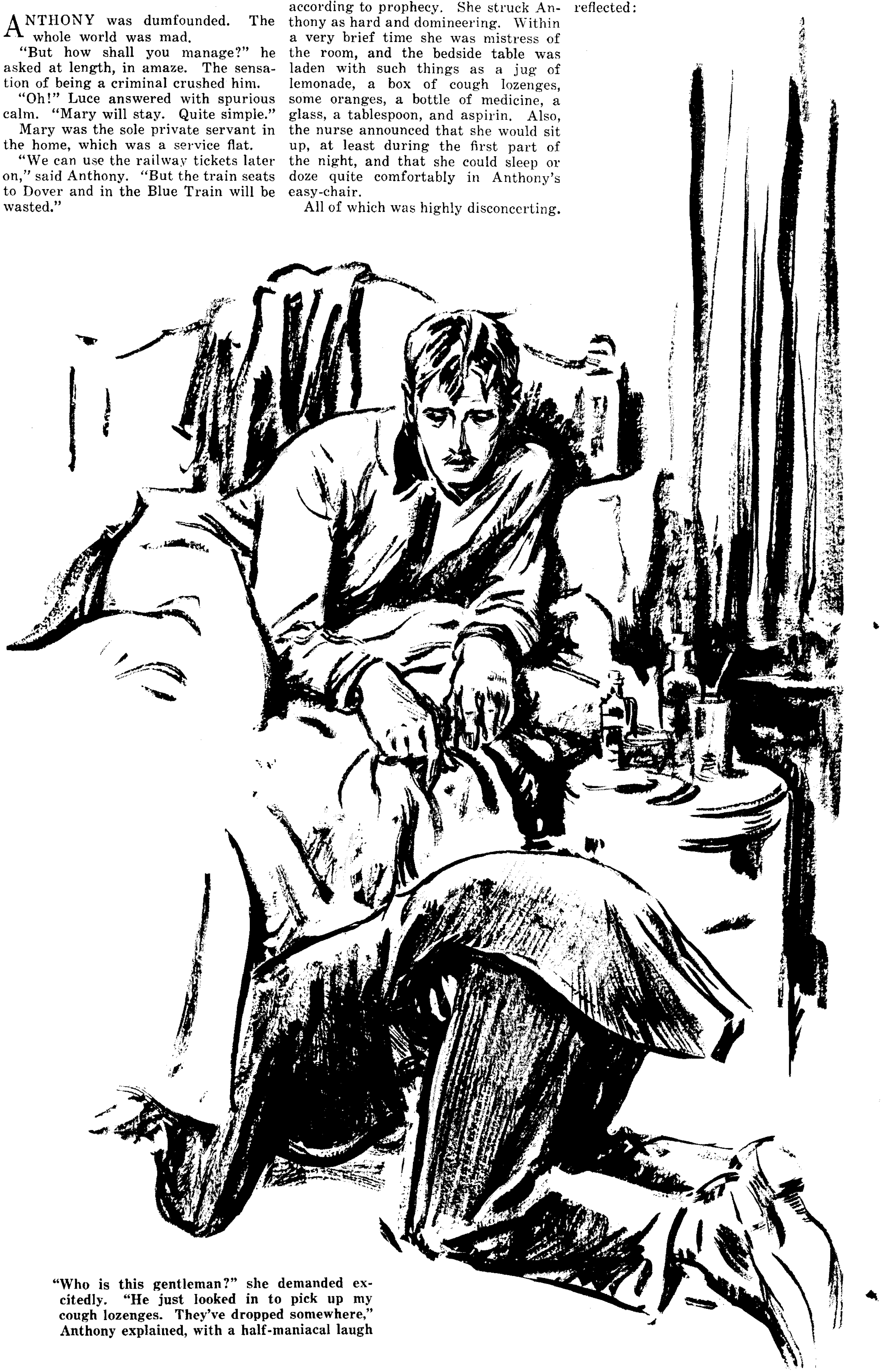
Anthony slept. Upon waking he noticed that the trunk had gone from the room.

The nurse arrived in the afternoon, according to prophecy. She struck Anthony as hard and domineering. Within a very brief time she was mistress of the room, and the bedside table was laden with such things as a jug of lemonade, a box of cough lozenges, some oranges, a bottle of medicine, a glass, a tablespoon, and aspirin. Also, the nurse announced that she would sit up, at least during the first part of the night, and that she could sleep or doze quite comfortably in Anthony's easy-chair.

All of which was highly disconcerting. And an even more disconcerting event occurred at about ten o'clock. Doctor Bain paid a second visit.

"*I happened to be in the neighborhood*," said he, playing the casual, "so I thought I might as well look in."

Anthony, hardly a man to be deceived by any clumsy imitation of casualness, reflected:



"Who is this gentleman?" she demanded excitedly. "He just looked in to pick up my cough lozenges. They've dropped somewhere," Anthony explained, with a half-maniacal laugh

"This looks fishy. Doctor twice in one day! *Am* I ill? The fellow's a fool. Or is he cadging visits at a guinea a go?"

Just as the fool or cadger was finishing, Luce appeared in the doorway.

"Before you go, Doctor, I'd like a word."

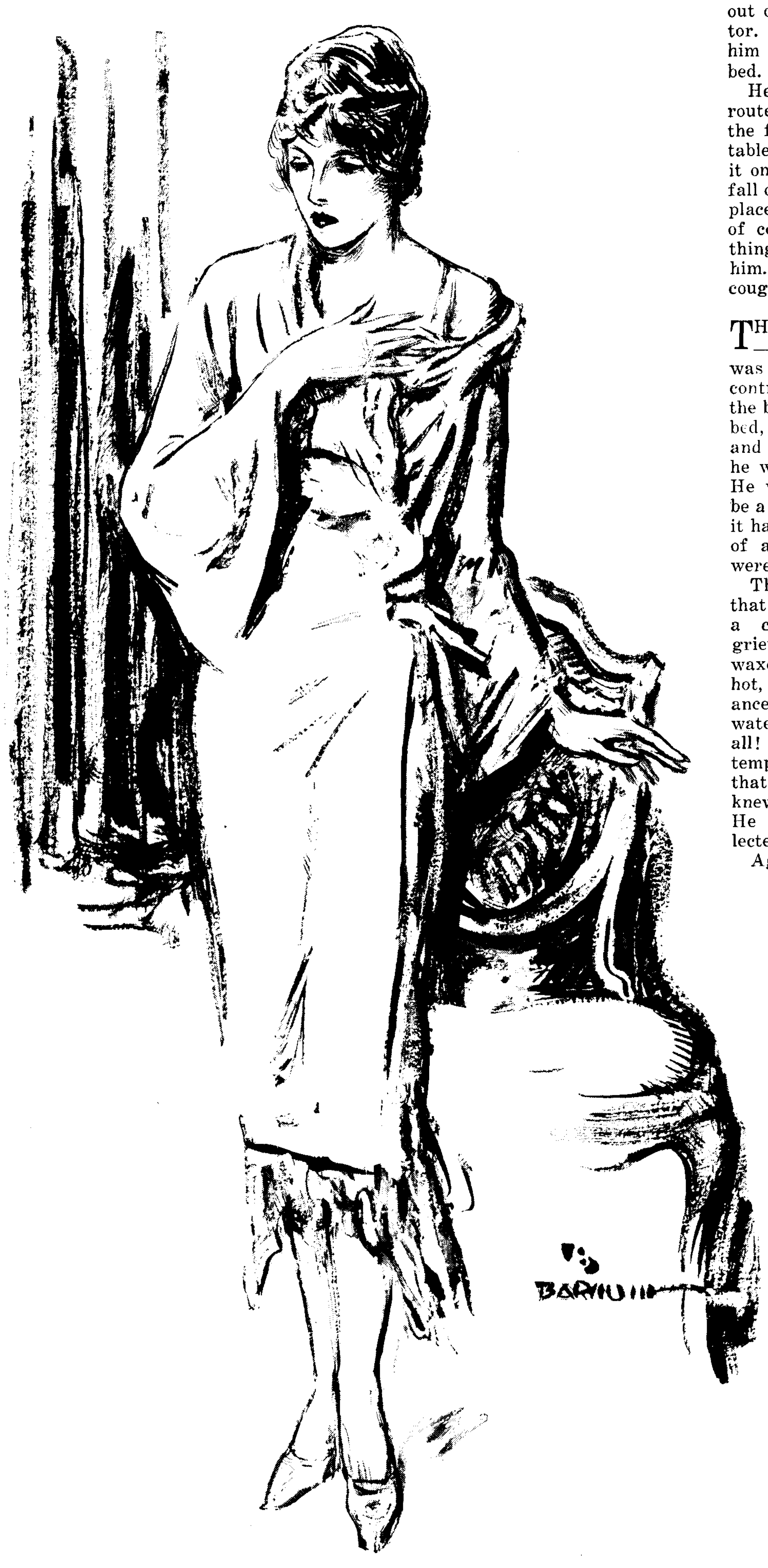
Luce left. The doctor left.

After a quarter of an hour or so Luce reappeared.

"Nurse," she said, "can you spare a minute?" And to Anthony: "Rosie's not well."

Luce left. The nurse left, and as she passed out she switched off the electric light.

About an hour and a half elapsed before the burglar sneaked into the room.



But in the meantime much had happened—in Anthony's soul. He had begun to feel lonely, neglected, and once more the influence of the soul on the body became evident. For, feeling lonely and neglected, he felt ill again. He was hot. The red glow of the electric radiator seemed like some dim glare from Hades. It produced in him a very uncomfortable sensation, and he slipped out of bed and extinguished the radiator. Which unconsidered action left him in complete darkness far from the bed.

He reached the bed, by a roundabout route of groping, hurt his toe against the foot of the night table, jarred the table and heard something drop from it on to the floor. By the sound of its fall on the carpet he knew that the misplaced object must be the metal box of cough lozenges which among other things the doctor had prescribed for him. Yes, he had had a very slight cough.

THE cough now suddenly grew worse —for no reason except that that box was lost on the floor. But, from mere contrariness, he would not search for the box. He insinuated himself into the bed, pulled the clothes round his neck, and coughed loudly in the hope that he would be heard over the whole flat. He was not heard. He determined to be a martyr. His body ached as though it had been whipped. He was conscious of a pain behind his eyes. His lips were dry.

Then the soles of his feet discovered that the hot-water bag was practically a cold-water bag. Monstrous! His grievance as a dying man forsaken waxed colossal. Strange, if he was too hot, that he should manufacture a grievance out of the coldness of the hot-water bag! Surely illogical? Not at all! The women responsible for the temperature of the bag did not know that he was too hot. For anything they knew he might be shivering with cold. He was indeed being criminally neglected. . . . There could be no excuse.

Ages passed. He looked at the little radium timepiece on the table. To his astonishment and disgust the silver-green signs on the dial indicated that the hour was eleven-thirty. He had been utterly abandoned for some ninety minutes! Infamous! He might have died.

And why had he been abandoned? Simply because the infant was a little unwell, or deemed to be a little unwell. The infant, then, was everything; and he was nothing! Naught! Yet who was the more important: the babe, who might develop into a brainless and insipid female creature, or himself, a genius of an inventor, a man who had done marvels in the application of science to industry, a celebrity whose name was not infrequently in the papers and whom the mightiest chairman and directors of enormous commercial enterprises saluted with marked respect? . . . No sense of proportion in the minds of women! No justice on earth! His resentment was righteous and acute, and he held it at a white heat.

Now Mr. Michael Fassbrooke, who was about to be in the same room as this resentment, had none of the characteristics of the ordinary burglar—except the desire to possess other people's property by stealth and without paying for it. Some Irish blood pulsated in his veins. He "worked" alone, eschewing all gangs or cliques. He knew a very great deal about the police, having been a sergeant-inspector of constabulary in an important provincial city.

He had been drawn, much against his will, into a blackmail conspiracy in the force of that city. The conspiracy having been exposed, Mr. Fassbrooke, partly by reason of his pleasant manners and partly of a certain difficulty in establishing his guilt, had been allowed to resign.

THE episode had filled him with a grievance against society. After some starvation he had come to London, and, by the dodge of forged credentials and answering letters of inquiry addressed to himself under a false name, had obtained a clerical post in the West End Travel Agency.

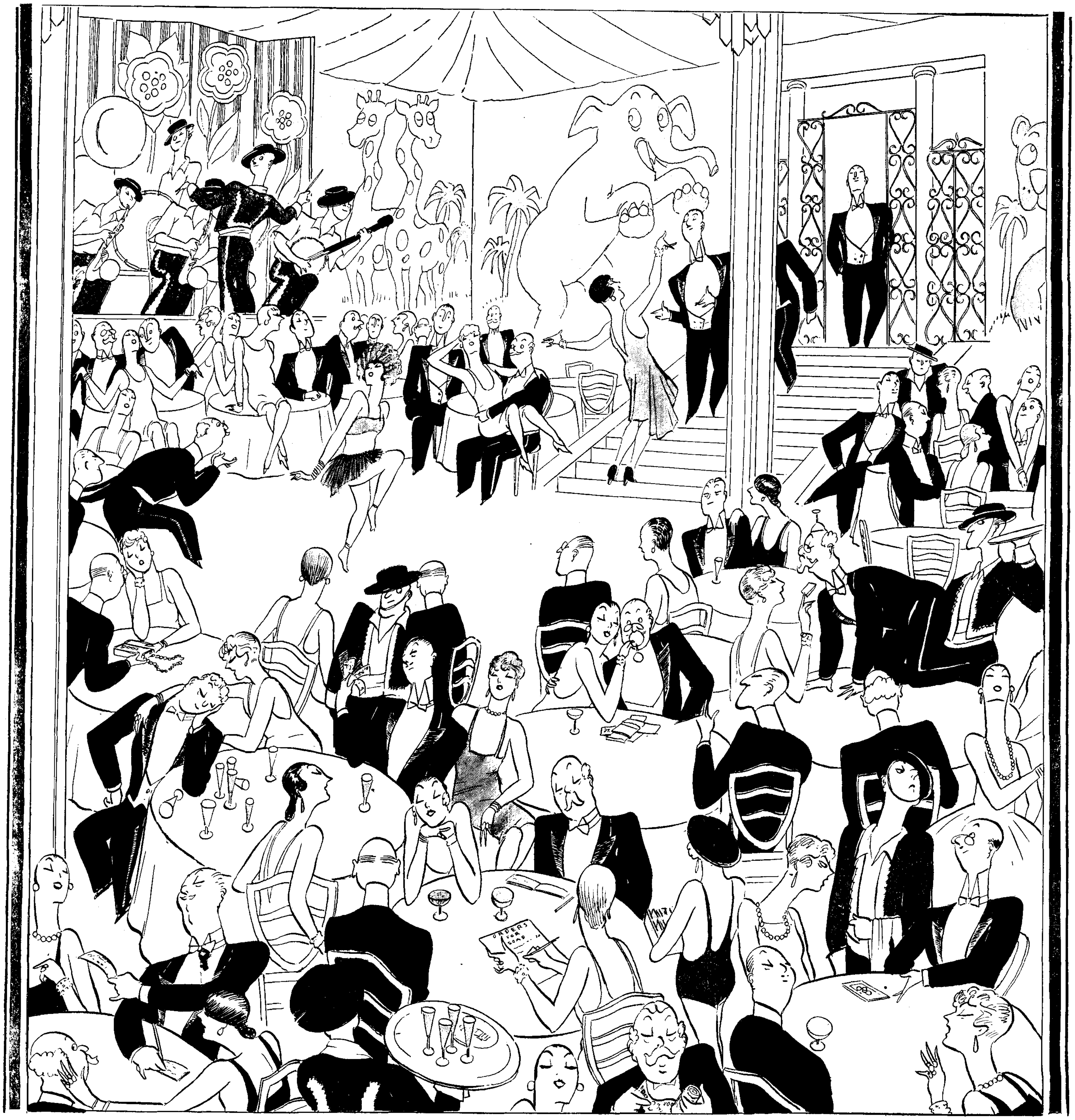
A small but growing agency. A small but not growing salary. However, the smallness of the salary did not trouble him; what he wanted was the post. The post enabled him to know when people of means were shutting up their homes. Only a week earlier Mrs. Luce Reels, across a counter of the agency, while receiving from him various tickets and vouchers, had herself told him all relevant details of the Reels family movements.

He had asked her if she had an "All-in" insurance policy on the Reels flat. No, she had not. In her opinion to insure the contents—especially jewelry—of a flat on the eighth floor of a vast block was to throw money away. True, she possessed a ruby necklace, far too valuable to expose to the risks of trains-de-luxe. But Mrs. Reels, as she quietly and confidentially explained to the urbane and confidential Mr. Fassbrooke, had discovered the ideal method of keeping jewelry from harm. Saying no word to anybody, not even to her husband, she had just deposited it, as it was, without cases, on the top of a wardrobe, where no burglar would ever dream of looking. Mr. Fassbrooke had openly expressed his admiration of her ingenuity.

Thus, on the night of Anthony's resentment, Mr. Fassbrooke knew positively that the Reels flat would be empty. He knew almost everything as to the flat and its tenants. The one trifling item which he did not know was that Mrs. Reels had telephoned to the agency in the morning to ask whether the train reservations could be disposed of, and had been regretfully told that they could not be, time being too short for so complex an operation.

MR. FASSBROOKE, in evening dress, had reached the eighth floor of the vast block by the simple device of going up in the lift—to the ninth floor, and walking down the stairs to the eighth. The night liftman, incurious and utterly unsuspicious, had saluted him with respect, taking him for a friend of some tenant of the ninth floor—a friend who knew his way about the place. The principal bedrooms of the Reels flat gave on the north quadrangle. The squalid service room (for waiters) next to the Reels flat was, as generally at that hour, empty. Mr. Fassbrooke entered it by the door and left it by the window.

In a minute he was on one of the Reels balconies. In another minute he had by means of an instrument easily opened a French window. The blind was drawn; the curtains were drawn; but neither blind nor curtains can present any serious obstacle to a determined malefactor. . . . Mr. Fassbrooke stood within the room, which was as dark as a polar night when snow is about to fall. (*Continued on page 62*)



Illustrated by
George Shanks

Bright Girl

By Walter Davenport and Emanuel H. Lavine

The star salesmen of their sex do their best before dawn—in a night club. And who should know more about it than a police reporter?

IN TWENTY-FIVE years of night police reporting I have met a number of ladies who have in one way or another run afoul of the law. Some were amazingly guilty and some were justified in wearing that look of injured innocence common to all of them. . . . It was a relief to meet Lily.

From a peasant's hut in Hungary, by way of a crowded steerage and Ellis Island, Lily had come a long way—socially as well as geographically. Through a wide variety of vicissitudes, she had arrived now at a night-club table where, beginning an hour before midnight, she presided as hostess. And as a hostess Lily had everything—which is to say that she was richly endowed and talented. For Lily that week which did not enrich her by at least two hundred dollars was seven days of hard times.

I met Lily in a magistrate's court where they were about to arraign a middle-aged play-boy for stealing money from the bank that had employed him. She was there voluntarily. She had been informed that the unhappy man's lawyers were considering offering, as an excuse for his thefts, that he had fallen into the soft white hands of a siren—a night-club hostess who had hypnotized him and thereby rendered him insensible to righteousness.

"They mean me," said Lily. "I'm here to serve notice that while I don't know anything about hypnotism I'm the girl he was chasing. If that's what it did to him, I'm guilty. And I'd like to say that I never worked so hard on a boob in my life as I did on this one. He came into our night club about a year ago and since then he's promised me everything from the Stock Exchange to a ride on the cars. I've got here a bundle of letters to prove it. Whatever else was the matter with him he certainly was a cute little letter writer. Also I've got a little book here in which I keep an account of everything married men give me and the name of the girl or boy who saw them give it to me. Everything in the open—and witnesses—for this little girl."

"How do you know they're married?" I asked Lily.

"Save your silly questions for your wife," said she. "What I was going to say is that I am working in a night club where my wages wouldn't buy chewing gum for a guinea pig and I make my living by kidding gentlemen into being generous. There's more percentage for me in a bottle of champagne than in a highball so I talk champagne. Chicken sandwiches at a dollar apiece don't get me far on the cut I get, but caviar canapé is something else again. I have to work hard to get caviar out of a guy who's used to cabbage. Also it's up to me to show him why he ought to slip the entertainers a hundred now and then so that they won't get the blues, and I get a cut of that too. And then, of course, if he likes me a lot he ought to be big enough to say it with a little jack for my little self. Us girls can't go into the history of every dollar that rolls by."

A Tough Racket

Lily sighed mournfully as she reflected upon her lot.

"Well," she concluded, "if digging this sap for less than twelve hundred dollars makes me the goat, I'm guilty and I'm here to say so. I also want to say that I could have had more, I guess, if—"

Lily went into details. I told the defaulter's lawyer that she was present and led him to her. He listened to her fine candor and then crossed her off his list of witnesses.

"Well," said she, "I just didn't want you to be making a lot of wisecracks about sirens without knowing how it was. Drop in some night and be a sucker, will you?"

"Tomorrow night?" he suggested.

"Right," agreed Lily. "And don't forget to bring the client's bank roll."

Lily's account of herself and her tasks forms a very fair picture of her part of the night-club racket. Even the cops pay it the homage of referring to it as a "tough racket," thereby setting it apart from the "soft racket" such as, for example, diamond strutting. A diamond strutter is a pretty lady whom an enterprising jeweler garnishes with expensive jewelry and turns loose upon women who simply can't stand seeing any other female thus decorated without inaugurating a campaign of quick acquisition. In no time the jeweler has his victims among the husbands and others financially responsible for the baited lady's happiness and business is apt to be brisk. The strutter gets anywhere from ten to twenty per cent of the sale.

Not infrequently your night-club hostess will strut diamonds as one of her numerous side-lines—stocks and bonds, gowns, shoes, high-priced perfumery and even real estate and automobiles. But this is limited to the so-called better-class clubs supported by the rich.

In the early development of America's post-prohibition night club it was entirely feasible to operate such a place without more sex appeal than the customers themselves brought with them. Competition produced the hostess. Today the commonest of speakeasies may call themselves night clubs and it would be a waste of time and money to try to operate without hostesses. I am speaking, of course, of those establishments where dancing is one of the attractions.

The manners and methods of the hostess vary with the quality of the place. Down among the dregs you'll be entertained by a vicious variety of ladies from bobbed-haired bandits to frank Delilahs. In the élite circles you'll be goaded on to synthetic joy by condescending beauties who are quite likely to be residents of a higher personal moral plane than your swift country-club set. And without exception they'll be better business women.

Cautious but Thorough

Your night-club proprietor engages, as a very necessary part of his equipment, a chief hostess. She must be the possessor of as much fascinating and alluring personality as possible. She must have a following—that is, a retinue of men friends who find it easy to spend money under her direction.

In a sufficient number of cases to make it general custom, she selects her assistants (Lily was an assistant) and it is for her to see that these assistant hostesses are pretty, durable, of stout nerves and digestion and mentally nimble. It's a great deal to look for, I'll admit, but even that is not all. They must have sex appeal (the hostess calls it personality), be good dancers and ready diplomats. They must never forget that while a gentleman has a dollar remaining he is right—however wrong he may be.

Not, mind you, that all hostesses have all these virtues. And men may give thanks therefor too; what earthly chance would they have were the world thickly sown with ruin of that sort?

Contrary to the more bitter of the hostesses' traducers, her value to her employer is greater if her moral fiber is staunch. The only happy ending that the boss hostess or the proprietor calls perfect is that which marks the conclusion of the customer's finances with practically nothing given in exchange. And strange as it may sound, I know several night-club impresarios who summarily dismissed young hostesses for their inability to elude the ultimate.

The reason does not lie in common morals; it is rather in business expediency. The physical demands on a hostess' stock of health are obviously numerous. She reports for work at, say, ten o'clock at night. She is supposed to be at her post of entertainer until three or later. Between these hours it is her job to sell the place—to make it so attractive that the customer will make a habit of the club.

She can't do this with dull wits or lazy muscles—the penalties of dissipation. Below the very top flight of clubs she rarely gets a salary but is dependent upon commissions which vary but which we may consider to be fifteen per cent. With all the artfulness at her command she is expected to keep her guest buying—food, drink and favors. She is expected to lower his regard for ten-dollar bills and teach him that for a man of his obvious importance a fifty-dollar tip to the orchestra is about as little as he can do and retain his self-respect.

She is assigned to parties in this wise: As you enter the night club, a stranger, you are scanned by at least three people whom long and continuous contact with the world has made uncannily shrewd at quickly estimating and evaluating the human animal. The manner of the doorman as he lets you in gives the coatroom attendant his cue. Under the light the skillful bandit who takes your things treats you casually, contemptuously or deferentially according to his reactions to your appearance and quality of your gear.

The head waiter is hovering at your elbow, or perhaps the boss hostess. And again you are given a swift, merciless survey. Then if you are a lone male or in a party of men, a hostess or hostesses are called. (I am assuming, you understand, that you have been adjudged worthy of a hostess' attention.)

The quality of the hostess assigned to you depends largely upon the impression you have created. No use wasting a high-powered saleswoman's time on pikers, you see. And it is entirely possible that, in the best night clubs, you have no chance whatever of immediately winning a star member of the hostess crew unless you are a known member of her following.

Young women of this lofty office in our commercial existence are not easily obtainable either by you or the club. Therefore they are very likely to develop prima-donna temperaments and entertain only whom they choose and when they please. They enjoy a salary in addition to relatively fat commissions and, although such examples are rare, I know of assistant hostesses who are paid a hundred dollars a week merely for letting men wage financial wars for their cold smiles.

What might easily have developed into an elegant gang war was averted some time ago by the decision of one of our very best hostesses to marry the remarkably incompetent son of a rich South American. She was one of America's female super-saleswomen, her right to which title she continued to demonstrate by taking her ungifted husband back to his father and trading him in for several hundred thousand dollars.

At least five night clubs are battling for her services. One of them, in its eagerness to contract for her exclusive services, went so far as to tell her that she might sell the wares of her own bootlegger. And no wonder. It is said of this darling that in five consecutive nights she sold twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of merchandise to customers who considered her one of the finer things in life; and she did it with such ease, and even boredom, that it was not necessary for her to repowder her nose once after any of the transactions.

I am able to get only a partial list of the things she sold. I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that I have overlooked several parcels of mid-town real estate and a hockey team franchise. But I do know she sold dolls (one splendid young business man buying twenty-five of them at twenty dollars apiece), candy, gold and silver cigarette cases, perfume at twenty-five dollars an ounce (she wouldn't think of selling it in less than dozen-bottle lots because it was for the benefit of something), toilet sets, jewelry, gowns, hats, a hundred cases of Scotch, and a nice shiny motor which had been given to her by a gentleman recently deceased.

Such talent is rare, which explains why rival night clubs were willing to go to war for her. But she hated excitement; it gave her a headache, she said. Therefore she had struck out for herself with the cunning results set down above. She is now living relatively quietly on her own estate in the country.

So fertile is the field in which the better-class hostesses operate (the type of hostess who is invariably referred to in emergencies by the newspapers as an ex-Follies girl) that a clever hostess may be a scout for a dozen business houses. After she is through with a man he is likely to own anything from bonds in the Republic of China to a partnership in a song-publishing house.

Big Business Takes a Hand

At least one large stock brokerage went into the hostess racket scientifically during the latest bull market. From its own staff of handsome young salesmen and from the staffs of rivals it formed a night-club squad. There was nothing helter-skelter about their operations. They worked under a manager and in regular hours, except that the hours were those of the night.

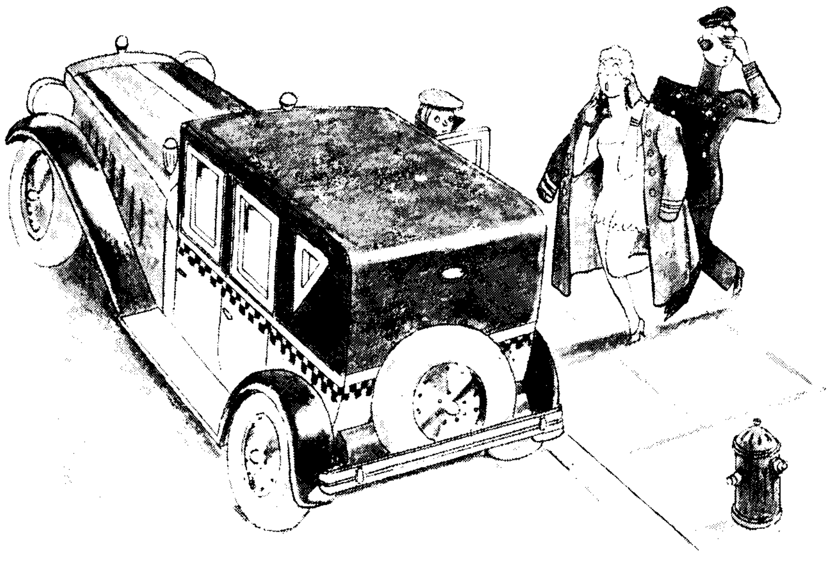
Their jobs were to meet all the hostesses of the most expensive night clubs and, after selecting the keenest of the girls, make agreements with them whereby the bond house would give double commissions to hostesses who produced customers for the young men. One of the young women did so well (she is supposed to have piloted accounts aggregating more than a million dollars into this brokerage's hands) that she completed the job by marrying the young fellow. Theirs was such smooth teamwork that they are still working together although she's no longer in a night club. Her scene of operations is the northern New Jersey country clubs and the like. She flushes them and he bags them.

These hostesses sold stock and bonds or contributed to the selling, in much the same way that they engineered other sales from which they got commissions.

"Never," said one of Miss Guinan's little girls during one of the few calmer moments in that great woman's trial, "never try to sell a gentleman anything more than a dozen dolls or a few hundred cigarettes until you really know him. Always find out what he wants to buy and then look at your book and find out who among your gentlemen friends sells it."

The swagger night club steers as wide of the common racketeer as possible. To be sure, it may sell his alcoholic wares and have one of his representatives hanging around in the event of such trouble

(Continued on page 59)

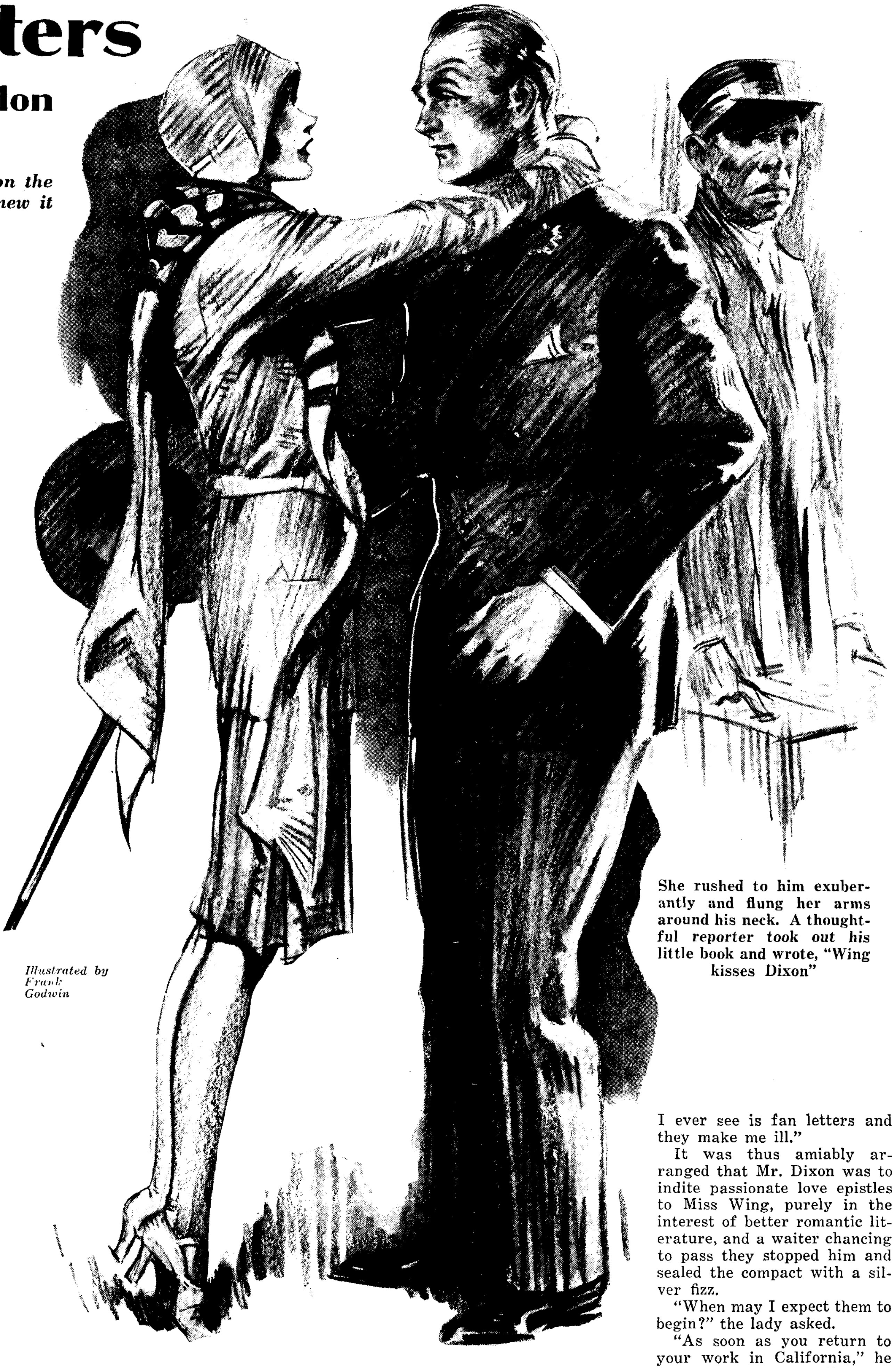


Commandeering a taxi and wrapping her in his coat he took her to the station

Love Letters

By Frank Condon

The story of a man who won the girl he loved—and never knew it



She rushed to him exuberantly and flung her arms around his neck. A thoughtful reporter took out his little book and wrote, "Wing kisses Dixon"

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"I BELIEVE," said the gentleman who, after staring at her for a long time, had just met the lady, "that you are one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen."

He spoke seriously, almost with the manner of a doctor in consultation. He was not a flirt.

"Very nice of you to say so," the lady murmured. "Could I get you to put it in writing?"

"I am tempted to put it in writing," he continued with a slight smile. "Don't you know who I am?"

"No," returned the lady, without embarrassment.

"I am George Dixon."

"Go right ahead," she urged. "I'm still dumb about you."

"The novelist," he said gravely.

"Out of my line," she declared. "I knew a George Dixon who owned a clay pigeon factory in Duluth."

"But I know you. Yes, indeed. You are the charming Marcia Wing, movie queen, breaker of hearts, creator of styles and despair of directors."

The lady lightly waved a jeweled hand.

"Publicity bunk," she explained. "Queen *nothing*. If I was a queen, would I be in New York making personal appearances in stuffy, side-street theaters? Just a nice little girl, trying to get along—that's me. So you're a novelist? What kind of books do you write?"

"Love stories," admitted Mr. Dixon, without the slightest trace of annoyance. "Sit down here and we will talk of our art."

"Better talk about money," she advised, sinking gracefully into a divan. "I know more about money."

AROUND them moved a gay crowd of intellectuals who had gathered in a studio on Fiftieth Street, to discourse and grow moderately inebriated at the expense of a rich man who had made his pile in furs, and who loved to gather about him the shining lights of this and that profession. His name was unknown outside the fur trade, but he was slowly acquiring new fame as the sponsor of snappy parties. Sometimes he brought in entire choruses of Broadway musical plays, or foreign noblemen, who could not talk at all, but could eat in any language. He had a gold piano and no hair. The food he served was super-food. His parties cost him four thousand dollars, or it might have been forty thousand. None of the guests ever knew or cared.

Mr. Dixon sipped a cocktail, regarded his lovely companion with a thoughtful eye, and grew mildly confidential.

"My work," he said, "is not as good as it used to be. I am what you might refer to as a slipping novelist."

"Who says so?" Miss Wing demanded.

"My publisher, Mr. Braunswig, who is far from being a dumb egg. Likewise, my readers, who are no longer as legion as they might be. I seem to have lost my wallop, and why wouldn't I, after all these books and all the years?"

"Oh, cheer up," Marcia advised. "I could tell you my troubles, too, if I wanted to."

"Do so, by all means. It might comfort your soul."

"I have no soul," she said, stopping a waiter in flight.

"You said something a moment ago," he continued, "that started a train of thought. You asked me to put it into writing."

She nodded.

"Not a bad fancy at all," he said in a musing tone. "My next novel is to contain plenty of love letters, and my old efficiency as a writer of red-hot love letters seems to have vanished. So Braunswig says. Suppose I wrote the letters to you?"

"What?" asked the actress, whose attention had been wandering, attracted to a gentleman with bushy hair who was present because he claimed to be the rocking-chair champion of Scotland.

"WOULD you mind if I wrote love letters to you?" the novelist inquired. "You are so beautiful I would be certain to put fire into them."

"I should be tickled to death," Marcia replied. "I adore to get love letters. All I ever see is fan letters and they make me ill."

It was thus amiably arranged that Mr. Dixon was to indite passionate love epistles to Miss Wing, purely in the interest of better romantic literature, and a waiter chancing to pass they stopped him and sealed the compact with a silver fizz.

"When may I expect them to begin?" the lady asked.

"As soon as you return to your work in California," he informed her. "It will be delightful to write love letters to you, Miss Wing, for you are without doubt one of Nature's rarest flowers."

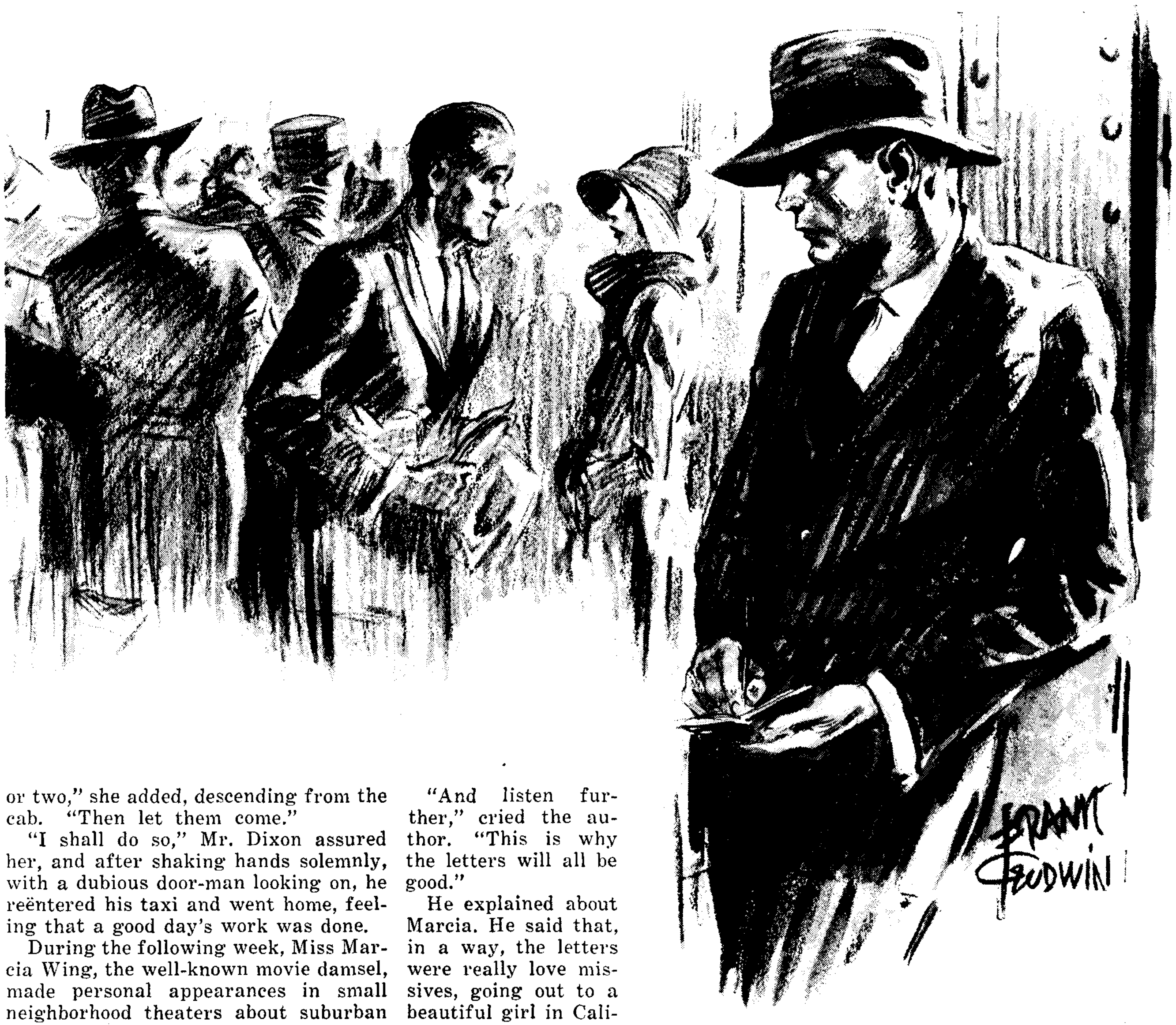
"Make them good and hot," she suggested brightly, "and see if I care. I never did get my share of real love letters. No girl ever does."

When the fur gentleman's party was ended, Mr. Dixon politely escorted Miss Wing to her hotel and said again he was delighted to meet her.

"I always thought novelists were fresh," she said gratefully. "But you certainly behaved like a gentleman."

"Thank you," he said, smiling.

"I'll be back in the studio in a week



or two," she added, descending from the cab. "Then let them come."

"I shall do so," Mr. Dixon assured her, and after shaking hands solemnly, with a dubious door-man looking on, he reëntered his taxi and went home, feeling that a good day's work was done.

During the following week, Miss Marcia Wing, the well-known movie damsel, made personal appearances in small neighborhood theaters about suburban New York. She stepped before the curtain, following in each instance a movie in which she appeared, and said in a bright voice and with assumed gayety, "Hello, everybody. . . ." This constitutes the personal appearance of a movie star and doubtless makes untold thousands happy.

AFTER a brief period of personally appearing, to the vast edification of humble America, Miss Wing entered a compartment car and bowled back to Hollywood, forgetting somewhere along the route that she had ever met a slightly bald novelist, and that he had promised to write her romantic love notes of a most tender character.

In his luxurious work-room, which had raised flowers on the wallpaper and gold carvings, Mr. Dixon dashed off his first love lyric to Marcia and when it was finished, he read it aloud, feeling it was rather good. "Dearest Marcia," it began and went on from there, gathering speed and warmth. Presently, Mr. Braunswig, the publisher of Dixon novels, dropped in for a social moment and inquired about this and that. Dixon was beaming.

"My next book," he cried enthusiastically, "will be a bird. It will knock them silly. It will sell even unto the hundred thousands."

"I trust so," the publisher replied coldly. "Your last book was a dud."

"So I have heard you say," the novelist remarked, "but that is the past. My new book will be called Two Lovely Blue Eyes. Do you like that?"

"So-so," murmured the publisher.

"It will contain burning love letters from the hero to the heroine. Listen and let me read you one of the letters."

Before Mr. Braunswig, who was a heavy man with jowls, could protest or leave the room, George Dixon seized the sheets from his desk and read rapidly and in a voice vibrant with feeling.

"Not bad," the publisher admitted.

"And listen further," cried the author. "This is why the letters will all be good."

He explained about Marcia. He said that, in a way, the letters were really love missives, going out to a beautiful girl in California, Miss Wing, the movie person.

Mr. Braunswig, a shrewd business man, heard him out in cold amazement.

"You don't mean you actually intend to mail those letters?"

"Certainly, I do. That is the smart part of it. I am writing them to a beautiful woman, and not just merely writing them. It will bestow upon them the golden glow of reality and help our book. Think of the sales!"

Mr. Braunswig gazed pityingly at the semi-bald novelist.

"The mind of a child," he said, shaking his head sadly, as business men do when dealing with authors. "You are a novelist of repute. You write scorching love letters to a movie dame, placing yourself absolutely in her power. Then what does Miss Bing do?"

"The name is Wing," Dixon corrected.

"Very well—Wing. What does Miss Wing do? She gathers your letters into a neat bundle, ties it with pink ribbon, calls in her attorney and sues you for two hundred thousand dollars for breach of promise."

Mr. Braunswig took a long drink of water. "Don't mail any love letters to Hollywood," he advised solemnly.

"Very well," murmured George Dixon, in keen disappointment. "There may be something in what you say."

Within the next week, the novelist dashed off a dozen letters beginning "Dearest Marcia," or "Fair Maiden," or "Honey Baby," or whatever came into his mind, and presently he could lean back in his imported morris chair and stare at the top of his mantel with its precious heap of unmailed missives. He was about to begin the thirteenth love note, when his butler brought him a telegram. It was from California. It was from Marcia. It said: "First love letter a knock-out. Keep it up, big boy, and you may win a blushing bride. Yours, Marcia Wing."

Upon reading this telegram five times over, Mr. Dixon rumpled his hair and walked rapidly to and fro in agitation. He thought of telegraphing Miss Wing, stating there must be some mistake. This notion he canceled, as leading to complications. He next thought of telephoning that stalwart pillar, Mr. Braunswig, but decided not to do it. Braunswig would call him a liar.

Braunswig would say he was a weak-minded idiot who actually wrote letters to movie actresses. He continued to pace the floor in restless perturbation, picturing future lawsuits, visualizing large, black, scandalous headlines and wondering how much a good lawsuit would cost a novelist.

UP IN the remote Bronx, there stood a young man with a thin face, who, had he known Mr. Dixon, might have brought him mental balm. The young man stood directly over another man, who had a towel in his collar. The standing youth held in his hand a shaving brush with which he was lathering the recumbent customer. This young man was another George—George Vogelsang, third chair back as you stroll into the Bronx Elite Barber shop.

This George was not a great intellect at all, nor a thinker, but merely a second-class barber, a simple-minded lad of humble means, inclined to dreaming and wondering how one could get to be something other than a barber in the Bronx. He lived in a single room in a soiled lodging house and when he had time, he went to the movies, as many a barber does. He was, in brief, rather a pathetic young man.

On the evening when Marcia Wing made her personal appearance in the Bronx Palace Grand, George Vogelsang sat in a twenty-five-cent seat, which meant he sat up in front where it is hard on the eyes. He stared intently at Miss Wing. He continued to stare at the spot where she had stood long after she disappeared, and when he walked from the theater, George stumbled slightly, like a man who is dreaming, or partly dazed.

Going to his bare room, he removed the water pitcher from a small table, smoothed out a bit of paper, and wrote: "Dear Miss Wing: I saw you tonight."

That was the beginning of the first love letter from George Vogelsang to the movie damosel. In succeeding days he poured his soul out of the end of a fountain pen, and if it was not real love, George never knew the difference. The infatuation of a Bronx barber with a movie lady resembles in many ways any Great Love. Being a plain and unsophisticated man, George put down upon paper whatever occurred to him, and once again Marcia was moved and presently sent George Dixon a telegram reading: "You are certainly a wonder. If I didn't know, I would sure fall for you, George, because you are the world's one and only letter writer. Marcia Wing."

THIS communication sent Mr. Dixon into a week of nervous indigestion and when the lynx-eyed Braunswig asked him what he was worrying about, the novelist answered evasively. A final telegram from the sun-kissed coast added nothing to his joy, for it advised George that Miss Wing was coming back to New York City to sign her new contract. She hoped he would meet her at the train.

When the Transcontinental Cannonball drew into Grand Central Station, Mr. Dixon was present, wearing a boutonnière and a nervous manner. Several celebrities were on board and newspaper men hovered and circled restlessly, like brown buzzards over a dying steer.

Marcia Wing, lovely in tweeds, leaped blithely from the train, perceived the waiting novelist, rushed to him exuberantly and before he could do anything about it flung her arms around his neck and kissed him right royally. A thoughtful reporter, leaning against a pillar, took out his little book and wrote, "Wing kisses Dixon."

"You darling!" Miss Wing cried, and the author thought he was going to be kissed again. She removed from her handbag a packet of letters and flourished them in triumph, and to the numb portrayer of human passions she said enthusiastically: "I took good care of them for you."

"Thank you so much," George said in a relieved voice. He immediately seized the letters and thrust them into his pocket, feeling very much like a man who has just stepped on the fuse as the sparks approached the gunpowder.

"You certainly are a bear when it comes to writing love letters," gurgled the lady. "You sure are the cat's whiskers. How can you think of such things to say?"

Mr. Dixon merely mumbled a reply.

"What I do wish to know," she continued curiously, "is why did you go and sign them George Vogelsang?"

"Vogelsang?" faltered the novelist, sparring for time and thinking rapidly.

"Sure."

"Vogelsang," he repeated slowly, fingering the letters in his pocket, "is my middle name. Sometimes I use it in my work. Fact is, many of my earlier things were signed George Vogelsang, so it's a sort of habit."

"Oh," said Marcia. "Well, time's limited, Mr. Novelist. I'm here to talk business with a lot of hard-boiled business men, but we surely ought to have lunch together, after all this impassioned wooing."

After the lunch, which was quite impersonal and

(*Continued on page 68*)

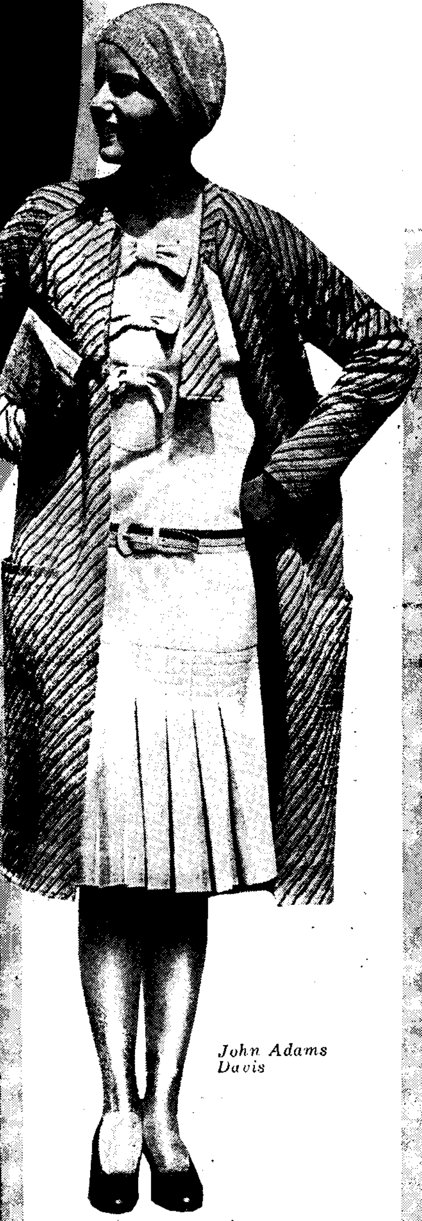
The Look of the Month

The Bride: A pre-nuptial portrait of Miss Eleanor Lee Flagg, daughter of Mrs. C. Douglass Green of Mamaroneck, New York, recently married to William Moffat Bramwell of Bronxville, New York

Fotograms

John Adams Davis

The Sport: Zippy zephyrs of fall numb the fingers of the most ardent croquet addicts, spoiling their fun until spring. Alexander Woollcott, who introduced the pajama play suit to the game, shows the correct stance for the difficult pendulum shot in a match with Neysa McMein



John Adams Davis

The Fashion: The new raglan coat ensemble, shown above, cleverly combines a natural kashmir jersey dress with a Chanel type diagonal jersey coat. In the quilting party at the left, the girl in the chair is wearing a rayon quilted robe with matching dotted mull lining, and her companion has one of India print lined with calico. Shown by Best & Company

Culver Service

The Stage: The triple-titled George M. Cohan, actor-playwright-song-writer, toys with luck in his new drama, Gambling, which teems with mystery, murder and suspense

It has been a pleasant trip through October with stopovers at these pictured points of interest

Society: At the tender age of sixteen Miss Jane Caulfield, youngest daughter of Governor Henry S. Caulfield of Missouri, shows a versatile interest and ability in writing, sports and politics. She has won honors in literature and athletics as a student at Mary Institute in St. Louis, where she is preparing for a college course in journalism

Harris Ewing

Warner Brothers

The Screen: He's probably planning another hard day of heroing, is John Barrymore, in this restful scene from General Crack, filmed with sound from the historical novel by George Preedy, whose great serial, The Prince's Darling, goes merrily along on page 26

The Author: Words leap nimbly from the typewriter of this ankling author, Charley Paddock, whose final article on Jim Thorpe's athletic career is on page 30

Acme

PAPA

It's good-by snobbery, when true love comes in. The lady had to learn it, but Papa knew it all along

By Dana Burnet

AN ESPECIALLY prosperous day in Wall Street had left Papa tired but happy. As he drove uptown in his car, through the bright June afternoon, he reflected with satisfaction that his profits for the past week had netted him almost a million. There had been a time in John Purdy's life when a million dollars had seemed to him an inconceivable mathematical illusion. Today, as the result of his own shrewdness, a little luck, and an infinite capacity for taking chances, he had converted that illusion into reality ten times over.

At the age of forty-seven Papa was a simple, handsome, robust widower, who played the market for pleasure, took his profits, loved his daughter and believed in a benevolent Providence, preferably Presbyterian. He was a good man, was Papa.

So he came home, that afternoon, to his palatial Park Avenue apartment with a serene spirit and a tranquil mind. Removing his hat and coat he stepped into the living-room; and at once his tranquillity was shaken. It was practically destroyed. For at the far end of the room he saw his lovely daughter standing clasped in a young man's arms.

"Lois!" blurted out Papa. *"Lois!"*

The girl lifted her golden head from the young man's shoulder.

"Oh, hello, Papa," she said, in a voice that sounded distinctly unhappy. Then she put her head back on the young man's shoulder, and wept.

"My Godfrey!" exclaimed Papa, striding across the room. "What is it? What's the matter? And you—young man! Leggo my daughter! Leggo this minute!"

The young man craned his neck to show a distressed countenance to Mr. Purdy.

"We're saying good-by, sir," he explained sorrowfully. "It's almost killing us both."

"Oh, it is, is it?" returned Mr. Purdy, feeling just a trifle dazed.

"Yes, it is," mourned Lois; and freeing herself from the young man's embrace she flung her arms around her father's neck. "Papa," she cried. "I love him, and he's going away. Henry's going away."

"But—my Godfrey, Lois!—who is he? Far's I know I never saw him before."

"THAT'S so," said Lois, lifting her head. "Papa, this is Henry."

"Henry who?" demanded Papa.

"Henry Van Dyne, sir," said the young man.

"Van Dyne? Van Dyne? Seems to me I've heard the name."

"Oh, yes, you have, Papa," cried Lois. "It's one of the oldest names in New York, and Henry belongs to it. I mean, he's a *real* Van Dyne, and that's practically the whole trouble."

"It's a rotten break for me," announced young Van Dyne, gloomily. He was a tall youth with blond hair only a shade darker than Lois'. He had ingenuous blue eyes that were clouded over, now, with the intensity of his suffering. "You see, sir," he said to Mr. Purdy, "I'm engaged to a girl Mother wants me to marry. She's an awfully nice girl, and all that, and I—I thought I was in love with her, till I met Lois the other night."

"The other night?" queried Papa. "What other night?"

"Saturday night, wasn't it, Lois?"

"Yes, it was Saturday night," wailed Lois, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"And this," observed Papa, "is Thursday. So you've known each other just five days."

"That doesn't matter," replied his daughter. "We fell in love with each other the moment we met. Didn't we, Henry?"

"We really did, sir."

"It was at that Charity Ball at the Ritz. The orchestra was playing I Want to Kiss You Over and Over Again. Do you remember, Henry?"

"I'll never forget it," declared Henry, fervently.

"I'll never forget that Charity blow-out myself," remarked Papa. "It cost me a-plenty to get Lois a ticket to that blow-out."

"You shouldn't talk about it, Papa," murmured Lois.

"Why not?" retorted Mr. Purdy. "Those society people never come around us unless they want money. All they want out of me is my money, and that's a fact." He turned suddenly to Henry. "By Jocks, young man! Now I know where I heard your name before. There was a lady named Mrs. Van Dyne who wrote me asking for my subscription to that ball. She any kin to you?"

"Yes, that was Mother," said Henry apologetically. "She's strong for charity, Mother is."

"M-mm!" said Papa. "She certainly come at me strong enough, and no mistake. Well! So you're that Mrs. Van Dyne's son, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think you're in love with my daughter, do you?"

"I *know* I am, Mr. Purdy."

"Well, well," said Papa. "Well, well, well. . . ."

"He really is!" Lois assured her father. "And I'm in love with him, and he's going away tomorrow, and I'm just heartbroken over it, and—oh, Papa! Can't you do something about it?"

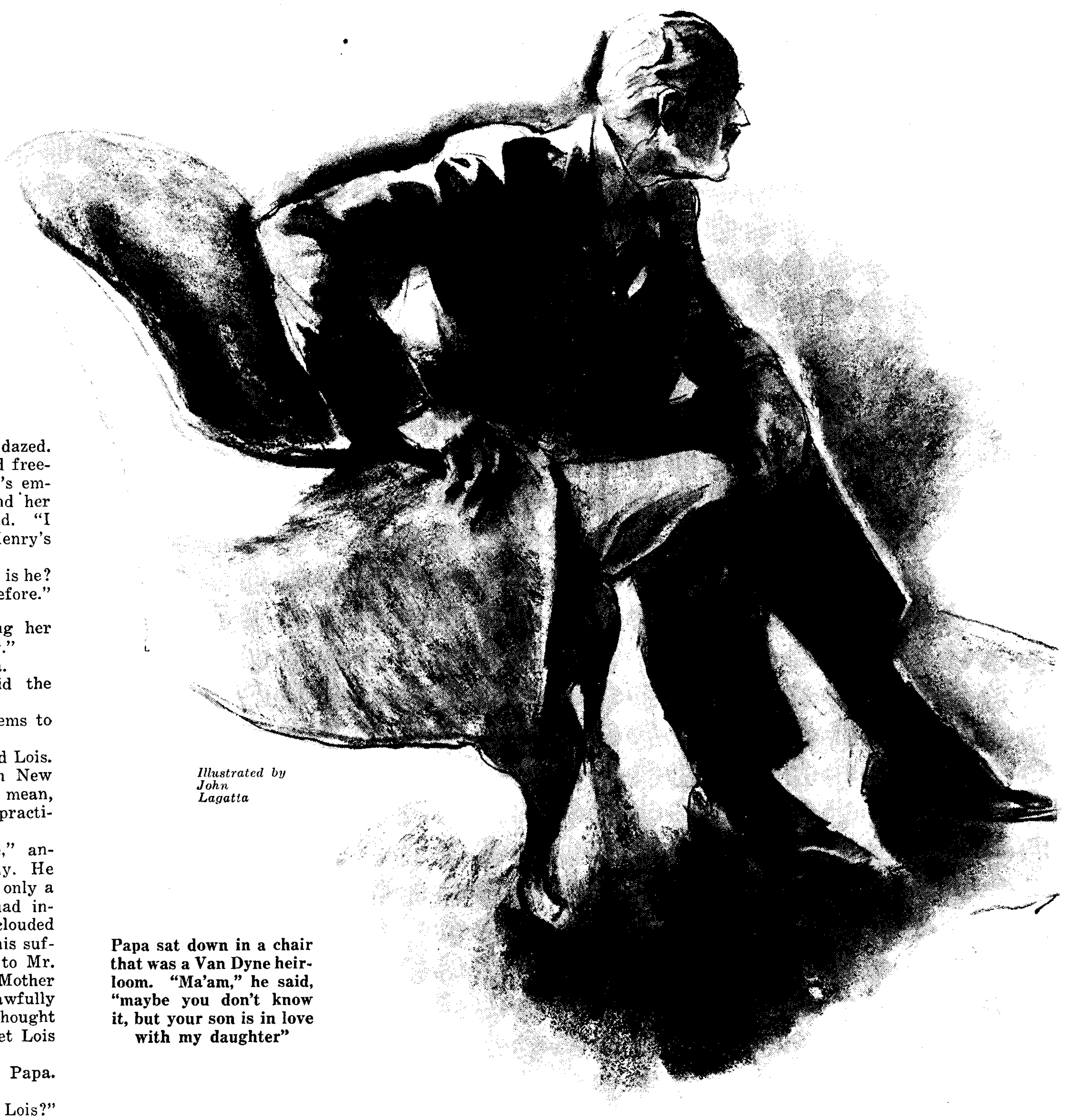
"WAIT a minute," said Papa. "Wait a minute. Where's Henry going?"

"He's going away up in Maine, to study for his bar examinations next fall," answered Lois miserably.

"Maine's not so far," said Papa.

"It seems like the end of the world to me, sir," gloomed Henry. Suddenly he made a lunge at Lois, and caught her in his arms, and hugged her. "Lois!" he said, "I'll never marry anyone but you!"

Then, with a stifled groan, he released her and rushed out of the room. Lois said: "Oh! He's gone!" and burst into fresh tears. Mr. Purdy stood gazing at her in grief and bewilderment.



Illustrated by John Lagatta

Papa sat down in a chair that was a Van Dyne heirloom. "Ma'am," he said, "maybe you don't know it, but your son is in love with my daughter"

"Stop it, Lois," he said, "or you'll have me crying, too."

"Can't you help me, Papa?"

"What can I do, honey? If it was something you wanted like a Christmas or a birthday present I'd buy it for you in a minute. You know I would."

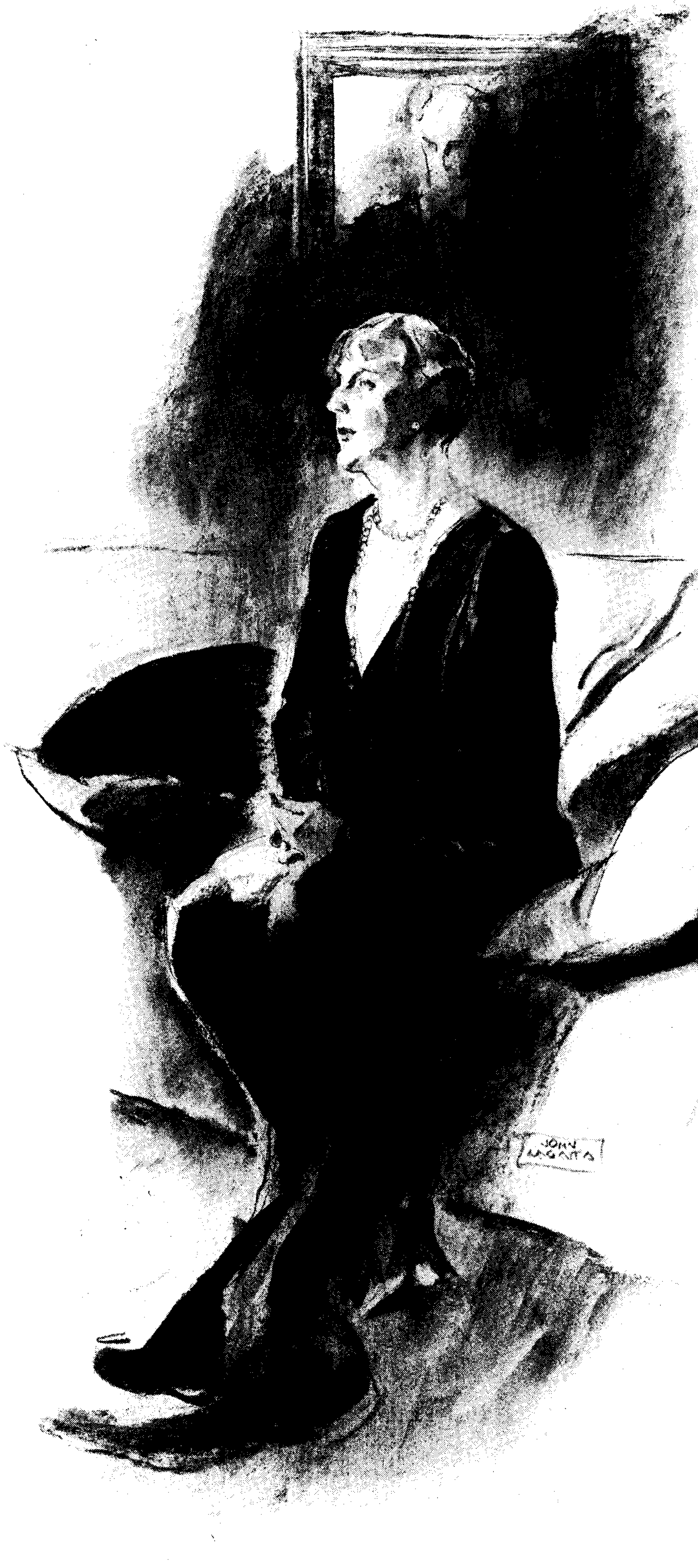
"I know you would, darling."

"But I can't buy Henry for you. Not from them—from that Van Dyne family."

"Oh, no, you can't."

"That Van Dyne family is so high and mighty I guess it would rather die than marry into a family that ain't in the Social Register. Not that the Purdys don't go back as far as anybody. Your great-great-grandfather Purdy once ran for governor of New Jersey, and that's a fact. And another one of your grandfathers—I forget how great he was—has got his face and part of his chest in the picture showing the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

"So I guess when it comes to ancestry the Purdys are as good as the Van Dynes any day. I bet if you looked up the Van Dynes you'd find they had some self-made ancestors in their family tree, too. And anyway," concluded Papa, wittily, "we all come out of the same tree, didn't we?"



"Oh!" breathed Mrs. Van Dyne. *"Don't* I know it! I received a letter from my son this afternoon. . . . He wrote me from Maine, where I thought he was peacefully studying"

"Yes," said Lois, "and I wish we'd stayed there! Then there wouldn't be all this terrible social distinction. I don't see why I can't marry Henry—"

"Wait a minute," said Papa. A thoughtful look had come over his face. "I got a sort of idea."

"Oh, Papa!"

"You go away, Lois. Go bathe your eyes with boracic. They're all red. I got to set down and think."

Lois kissed him, and left the room. Papa sat down in his favorite chair, lighted a cigar, and began to think. A simple man, Papa, but not an unresourceful one.

Several days later Mrs. Regina Van Dyne was informed by her butler that a gentleman was below stairs, and wished to see her on a matter he described as important. Mrs. Van Dyne, for the past half hour, had been pacing the floor of her boudoir in great agitation. She said angrily that she would see no one.

The butler bowed and gave her the gentleman's card.

MRS. VAN DYNE glanced at the name on the card. She started. She went quickly to her dressing table, snatched up a letter that was lying open there, and compared the name on the card with a certain name mentioned in the letter.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, exhaling a long breath. "Oh . . . yes, Hobson . . . I *will* see the gentleman. Ask him to wait, please."

The butler departed. Mrs. Van Dyne sat down before her mirror and swiftly, with lipstick and powder, restored to order the slight chaos of a countenance still youthful and lovely. She gave a pat to her beautiful chestnut-colored hair, in which the silver hardly showed, and went regally downstairs to her drawing-room, where the gentleman waited.

"MR. PURDY!"

"Mrs. Van Dyne, I'm pleased to meet you, ma'am."

"You are the father of that—! You have a daughter named Lois, have you not, Mr. Purdy?"

"I have. And that's why I've come to see you—"

"Kindly sit down."

Papa waited till Mrs. Van Dyne had seated herself. Then he sat down, rather gingerly. The chair was a Van Dyne heirloom but Papa didn't know that.

"Ma'am," he said, "maybe you don't know it, but your son is in love with my daughter."

"Oh!" breathed Mrs. Van Dyne. "*Don't* I know it! I received a letter from my son this afternoon. . . . A most distressing letter! He wrote me from Maine, where I thought he was peacefully studying, and told me he was madly in love with a girl named Lois Purdy, whom of course I'd never heard of."

"No," said Papa. "And I'd never heard of your son till the day he come—came—to say good-by to Lois. So you see it's just as much of a shock to me as it is to you, ma'am!"

Mrs. Van Dyne replied: "Impossible!" and glared at Papa. But the look he gave her in return caused her to moderate her glare. There was something a trifle disconcerting in Papa's steady gray eyes. "Mr. Purdy," she said, in a milder tone, "you don't—you can't—know what this means to me! My son Henry was practically engaged to a girl—a delightful girl—of excellent family—whom I thoroughly approve of. Now he tells me—oh, that dreadful letter!—that his engagement was broken off the night he left town. *He* broke it off, over the telephone, because of your daughter. He also tells me he's desperately unhappy—almost out of his mind—can't study, can't eat or sleep—or even go fishing in the lake. And Henry was always so fond of fishing!"

"I like to fish myself," said Papa.

"Oh!" breathed Mrs. Van Dyne. "If only his father were alive! He'd know what to do! But I—it's so hard for me, Mr. Purdy. I am only a woman, and I—"

"You're a very handsome one, ma'am, if I may say so. And remarkably well-preserved!" remarked Papa, gallantly.

MRS. VAN DYNE straightened up with a little jerk. For a moment she held her rigid pose; then she relaxed and smiled. "I'm only forty-five," she said, with a naïveté that was really charming. "My husband was ten years older than I. I depended upon him absolutely. . . ."

"I understand," said Papa. "My wife—God bless her!—depended on me up to the day she died. I know all about women depending on their husbands, ma'am. So if you don't mind listening to me, I'll be glad to advise you in regard to this matter of our children falling in love with each other."

"Advise me!" said Mrs. Van Dyne. "Oh, yes, no doubt! Yes, yes, yes! Of *course* you want your daughter to marry my son Henry."

"No, ma'am. That's just it. I don't."

"You . . . what?"

"I said I don't."

"You don't?"

"I certainly do not," stated Papa, firmly.

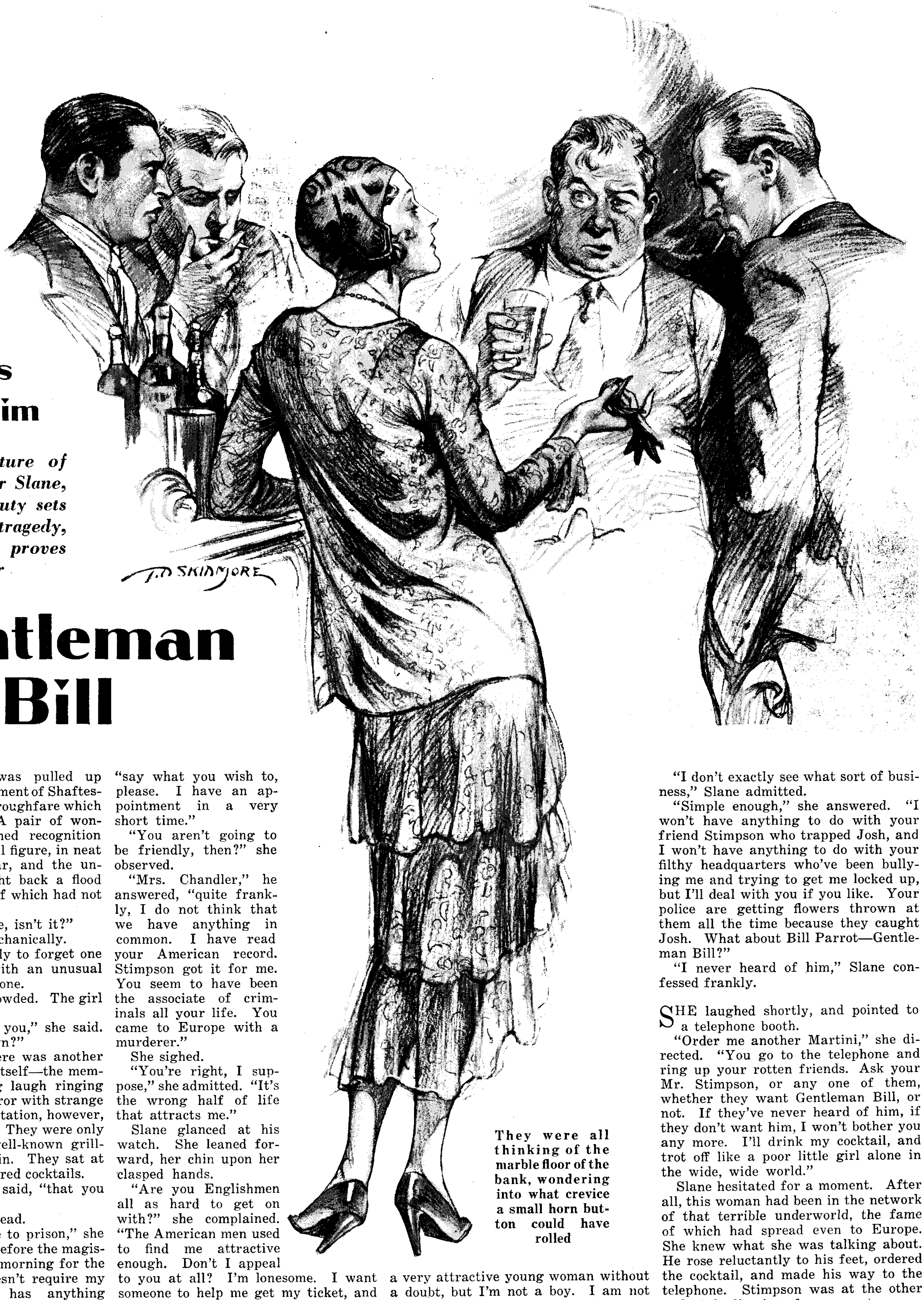
Mrs. Van Dyne seemed not to believe her own ears. "And why," she asked in amazement, "don't you?"

Papa planted (*Continued on page 69*)

Gentleman Bill

By E.Phillips Oppenheim

Another adventure of Detective Jasper Slane, in which a beauty sets the stage for tragedy, and the drama proves a thriller



They were all thinking of the marble floor of the bank, wondering into what crevice a small horn button could have rolled

JASPER SLANE was pulled up short upon the pavement of Shaftesbury Avenue, a thoroughfare which he seldom used. A pair of wonderful black eyes flashed recognition into his. The slim, small figure, in neat blue serge, was familiar, and the unusual voice, too, brought back a flood of memories, the thrill of which had not yet passed.

"It's Sir Jasper Slane, isn't it?"

He raised his hat mechanically.

"We are scarcely likely to forget one another," he replied, with an unusual note of gravity in his tone.

The pavement was crowded. The girl looked around.

"I'd like to speak to you," she said. "Where can we sit down?"

Slane hesitated. There was another memory, too, asserting itself—the memory of that shrill, long laugh ringing through the room of terror with strange inhuman note. His hesitation, however, was merely momentary. They were only a few yards from a well-known grillroom. He led the girl in. They sat at a corner table, and ordered cocktails.

"I had an idea," he said, "that you were in prison."

The girl shook her head.

"They didn't send me to prison," she replied. "I've been up before the magistrate three times—this morning for the last time. Chicago doesn't require my extradition. No one has anything against me. Even your frozen-faced magistrate admitted that this morning. He had the impertinence to give me a lecture on keeping good company, and turned me loose."

Slane had no wish to prolong the interview, and his manner proclaimed the fact.

"And now, Mrs. Chandler," he begged, "say what you wish to, please. I have an appointment in a very short time."

"You aren't going to be friendly, then?" she observed.

"Mrs. Chandler," he answered, "quite frankly, I do not think that we have anything in common. I have read your American record. Stimpson got it for me. You seem to have been the associate of criminals all your life. You came to Europe with a murderer."

She sighed.

"You're right, I suppose," she admitted. "It's the wrong half of life that attracts me."

Slane glanced at his watch. She leaned forward, her chin upon her clasped hands.

"Are you Englishmen all as hard to get on with?" she complained. "The American men used to find me attractive enough. Don't I appeal to you at all? I'm lonesome. I want someone to help me get my ticket, and see me off home. You're not even asking me to dinner. No more politeness and talk about engagements, please. You needn't be afraid of me. I have fifty thousand dollars in the bank here, and twice as much in New York. Be human. Stop and talk to me a little while."

"Mrs. Chandler," Slane said, "you're a very attractive young woman without a doubt, but I'm not a boy. I am not a seeker after adventures. That may sound brutal, I am afraid, but then you Americans are plain-spoken sometimes, aren't you?"

"That's true," she murmured, without removing her eyes from his. "I've rather a crush on you though. However, if that's your answer, let it go. But can't we talk business?"

"I don't exactly see what sort of business," Slane admitted.

"Simple enough," she answered. "I won't have anything to do with your friend Stimpson who trapped Josh, and I won't have anything to do with your filthy headquarters who've been bullying me and trying to get me locked up, but I'll deal with you if you like. Your police are getting flowers thrown at them all the time because they caught Josh. What about Bill Parrot—Gentleman Bill?"

"I never heard of him," Slane confessed frankly.

SHE laughed shortly, and pointed to a telephone booth.

"Order me another Martini," she directed. "You go to the telephone and ring up your rotten friends. Ask your Mr. Stimpson, or any one of them, whether they want Gentleman Bill, or not. If they've never heard of him, if they don't want him, I won't bother you any more. I'll drink my cocktail, and trot off like a poor little girl alone in the wide, wide world."

Slane hesitated for a moment. After all, this woman had been in the network of that terrible underworld, the fame of which had spread even to Europe. She knew what she was talking about. He rose reluctantly to his feet, ordered the cocktail, and made his way to the telephone. Stimpson was at the other end of the line in a few moments.

"Are you alone?" Slane inquired. "I want to ask you a few questions."

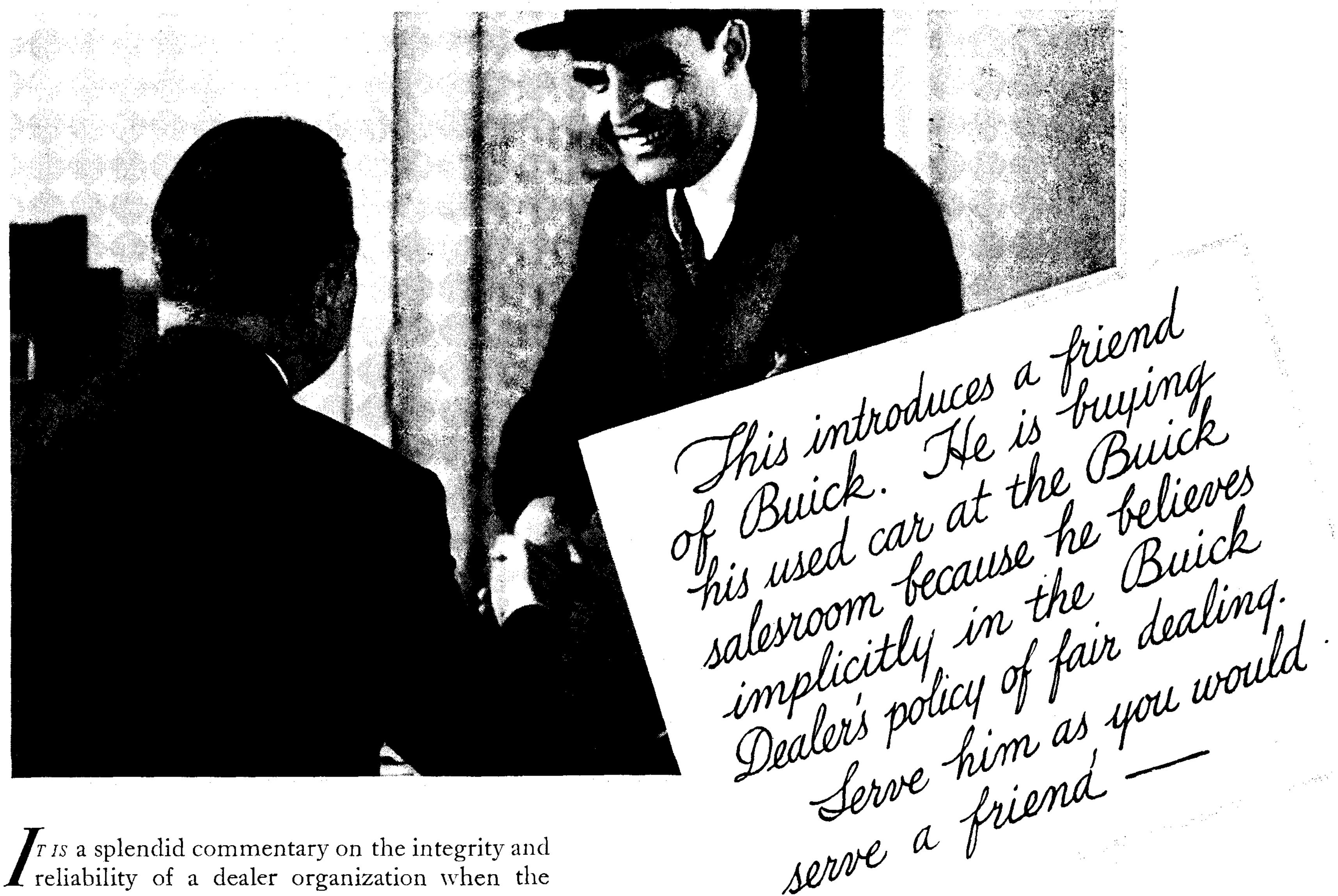
Stimpson's reply seemed to come a little gravely.

"Yes, I'm alone. You're still at the Trocadero, I suppose?"

"How the mischief did you know that?"

(Continued on page 20)

Take this message to your Buick dealer when you buy your used car



This introduces a friend of Buick. He is buying his used car at the Buick salesroom because he believes implicitly in the Buick Dealer's policy of fair dealing. Serve him as you would serve a friend —

It is a splendid commentary on the integrity and reliability of a dealer organization when the Buick Motor Company can deliver such a message as this to the used car buyers of America.

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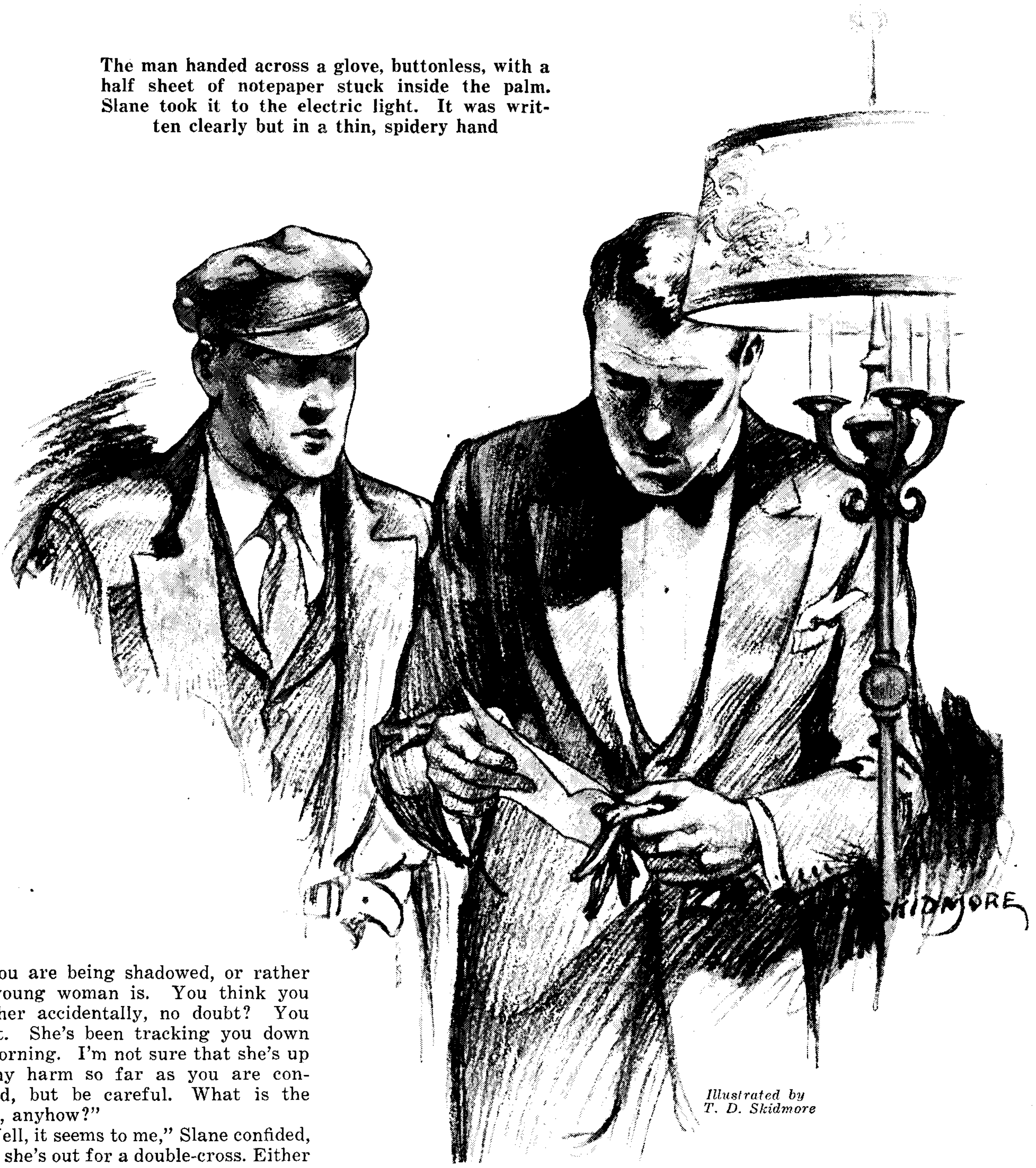
The man handed across a glove, buttonless, with a half sheet of notepaper stuck inside the palm. Slane took it to the electric light. It was written clearly but in a thin, spidery hand



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

“You are being shadowed, or rather the young woman is. You think you met her accidentally, no doubt? You didn’t. She’s been tracking you down all morning. I’m not sure that she’s up to any harm so far as you are concerned, but be careful. What is the game, anyhow?”

“Well, it seems to me,” Slane confided, “that she’s out for a double-cross. Either a person by the name of Gentleman Bill, or myself.”

There was a brief silence at the other end of the telephone. Then Stimpson’s voice again.

“You’ve left the girl while you telephone to me. What was the excuse?”

“To know whether you wanted Gentleman Bill.”

“Yes, I want him all right,” Stimpson admitted. “It’s the Foreign Department really. It’s Pulsen who’s going at it, but we want him. I’m not sure, though, about your young lady friend.”

“Nor am I.”

“Look here,” Stimpson continued, “it’s a quarter to six now. Are you doing anything particular?”

“No.”

“Keep in touch with the young woman, but get rid of her for the present. I’ll see you at Ciro’s in the American Bar in half an hour.”

“The American Bar at Ciro’s,” Slane repeated, a little surprised. “That’s a new hunting-ground, isn’t it?”

“At half past six,” Stimpson murmured. “Ring off now, Sir Jasper, there’s a good fellow. . . .”

SLANE returned to his place. He felt the girl’s eyes watching him as he crossed the room.

“Well,” she asked, “how did the mention of Gentleman Bill go?”

“Stimpson was interested all right,” he acknowledged, “but I fancy he must have another case on. He doesn’t seem frightfully keen.”

“He will be when you’ve talked it over with him, as I suppose you will before long,” she said coolly.

Her eyes sought his, and there was tenderness enough in their dark depths, whether it was mendacious or otherwise. Her fingers caressed the back of his hand. He was fascinated by the sight of her wonderfully manicured nails, talon-like in length. . . . A man entered from the restaurant end of the place. At that hour there were few people about, and they both turned their heads to look at him. Slane could feel the girl by his side stiffen.

The man lounged up towards them —clean-shaven, thick-necked, with an ugly figure and bulbous eyes. He wore the plain gray suiting of an American business man, but his appearance was that of a fighting man gone morally to seed.

“Hullo, Leda!” he replied. “Who’s your friend?”

“Ask me another,” she rejoined carelessly. “I came in here because I was sick of being followed, and the gentleman asked me to have a drink.”

“Followed?” the newcomer repeated uneasily.

She nodded.

“Don’t go out that way,” she advised, pointing to the Shaftesbury Avenue entrance. “I don’t understand the game, but foreigners don’t seem exactly popular over here just now. See you later, Ed.”

The man hesitated for a moment. He looked at Slane—a cunning, reflective regard. Then he turned unwillingly away. Even after he had passed out of sight, the girl gazed after him.

“He’s the pick of the bunch, he is,” she muttered. “If he’d known you were in at Josh’s taking, it would have been the little black hole for you, pretty quick.”

“You seem,” Slane remarked dryly, “to have some queer friends.”

“YOU don’t understand,” she sighed. “They’re killers, these men—every one of them. I’m no chicken. I can stand seeing men get what’s coming to them, but I can’t make ’em understand that over here they’ve got to quit. I hate to leave you. I wanted to have a long talk with you, but with Ed around I think you’d better go.”

“Where are you staying?” Slane asked. “I imagine that Stimpson would like to have a talk with you.”

“Well, he won’t have it where I’m staying,” she replied shortly. “I’m at the Gigantic Hotel. You’d better not come and see me there, though. Can’t I come to you? You needn’t be afraid of Ed or any of the gang following. I can give them the slip easy.”

“It’s a long way out,” he warned her.

“Number 14 St. James Avenue,” she told him, smiling. “I know all about it, you see. Twenty minutes in a taxicab. Can I come to dinner tonight?”

“You can come tomorrow night,” he told her. “At eight o’clock.”

She looked nervously around.

“And your friend from Scotland Yard?”

“We’ll dine alone,” Slane promised, “but listen—what am I to call you?”

“Leda,” she decided promptly.

“Listen, Leda, then,” he continued. “You seem to me to be mixed up with a pretty dangerous gang. If you want to quit, why do it, but I’d be careful how you got seen about with any of us connected with, or friendly with, the police. Your friend who rejoiced in the name of Ed looked a little malicious. He might easily find out who I was. Stimpson would be worse. I think our folk at Scotland Yard are quite capable of dealing with your lot without any information from you. Hadn’t you better leave the whole business alone?”

The girl moistened her lips. She looked at Slane long and with a certain mystery in the depths of her eyes.

“If I quit,” she said, “I shall be in for it so long as they’re going. I shall be in for it just as much as though they knew I’d squealed. And I want to quit—you know why.”

Slane was not more impressionable than most men, but he felt a little shiver as her arms for a moment half caressed him. He knew quite well that only the presence of a few stray clients who had just entered, and the waiter who was attending to their wants, had prevented her lips from brushing his.

THE fat man, collarless, and in his shirt sleeves, turned away from the window and laid the telescope upon the table. There were big drops of unwholesome sweat upon his forehead. He moistened his protuberant lips.

“Get me a drink, Leda,” he demanded.

The girl rose and made her way deliberately to the sideboard. She filled a tumbler half full of whisky and splashed in a little soda water. The man snatched it from her and gulped down three quarters of its contents.

“You’re losing your nerve,” she observed. “What’s the matter with you, Ed?”

The man who had disturbed her with Slane on the previous afternoon looked up from a pile of phonograph records with one in his hand. His fingers were shaking so that it slipped and fell upon the carpet. She looked at both men in contempt.

“Gone soft!” she scoffed. “If you take my advice, you’ll quit.”

“Maybe you’re right, girl,” the fat man admitted. “I feel safer in the old burg, even though we’re in bad with the cops. I’m for the Atlantic after this.”

“You’d never land, and you know it,” the other man sneered.

“What d’you mean?”

“Just what I say. There were a couple of bulls on board in New York harbor. Travis was there—the man who turned square. He tapped me on the shoulder just before he went down the gangway. ‘You’ve had all the luck, Ed,’ he said, ‘breathing the fresh air at this present moment. Breathe it where it’s good, on the other side. Don’t you try bringing the old man back. It wouldn’t go with us.’ That’s what Travis said to me, and he meant it too.”

“We got to live somewhere,” the fat man groaned.

“You won’t live anywhere long if you don’t quit drinking,” the girl told him calmly. “Look at you. You’re shaking as if you had palsy.”

“Ain’t I likely to?” he snarled. “Ain’t we got the whole thing worked out to a second, and ain’t they ten minutes late already?”

“LISTEN! There’s the lift!” she cried softly.

Curiously enough, the same thought seemed to come to both of the two men. Their hands traveled to their hip pockets. They heard the opening of the doors, the rattle of a key in the lock, a familiar whistle. An expression of beatific relief convulsed the fat man’s face. The door (Continued on page 66)

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Lucky Babies

Lucky indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have".

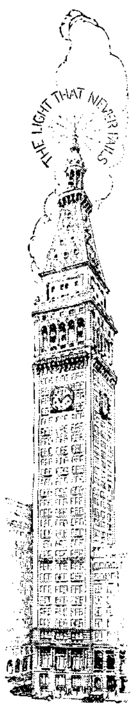
Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning?

Even when diphtheria is not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects.

The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect. Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Prevention of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with *treatment* of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.

This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly cooperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't Crowd Them

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Let nature take its course lest today's prodigy become tomorrow's laggard, recommends Dr. Wadsworth in this article of vital interest to all who have to do with children

Marguerite pleased her parents and bored their friends by "speaking pieces"

What a dull girl is Marguerite today. Her parents are responsible

LITTLE Marguerite, hands clasped behind her back, stomach out and feet wide apart, gazed at the ceiling and recited in a singsong treble the story of Little Red Riding Hood in verse. Her fond parents watched her with eyes shining with pride, and the rest of us looked uncomfortably at the floor, or occasionally at the infant prodigy.

When she had finished, and had received the customary murmured eulogy, her mother urged her to give us the first stanzas of Evangeline. This was too horrible, and several of the men were seized with fits of coughing and had to retire to the porch for air.

This happened fifteen years ago. Today Marguerite is struggling through her sophomore year in college, unloved and unsung. Whether she knows enough to blame her dullness on the vanity of her parents or not, I don't know. But she is the perfect pattern of what happens when nature is not allowed to take its course, when the child is subjected to a system of forcing which leads to precociousness in early youth, and retardation later.

Although we have got away, to a great extent, from the old system of education which said, "Here is what must be learned; *learn* it," we have also progressed from the kindergarten to the nursery school, and are now sending our children to school at the tender age of two and a half. We spare the rod more than in the old days, but we make up for the lack of discipline by an increase in competition.

Reading, writing and arithmetic may not be considered as important as they once were, but the development of the child's individual powers has become paramount, to an extent which makes it disgraceful for him not to show marked individuality at an early age. The complexity and pace of life have increased.

We now hear that the "emotional atmosphere of the home" is detrimental to the child; he is no longer allowed to "just grow," but must have directed play, impersonal upbringing, and early association with other children to develop his social sense.

Of course there is a lot of reason in the modern theories of education, but I think there is a tendency to let them carry us too far, at the expense of the physical and psychological welfare of the child.

Physically a child is a baby until he becomes articulate. Like the young of any other species, he can make himself understood by his mother long before he becomes articulate in the ordinary sense, and until then his mother is the person best fitted to care for him. There are cases where the mother cannot care for the child, and must delegate her work to someone else. Then nurses or day nurseries must be resorted to.

Flexible Mother Instinct

If the mother is inefficient or indifferent, which occasionally is the case, either the nurse or the day nursery does the job better than she herself can do it. But in the average instance any custodian of the little child except his mother is a makeshift.

We suppose the well-known and somewhat maligned mother instinct was given to us for a definite purpose—to make the child paramount in importance to his mother until someone else can take care of him as well, or until he can make his wants clearly known to anyone. Fortunately the mother instinct can be artificially or vicariously developed. It is notable among nurses who choose, as their specialty, the care of young babies just after the mother and baby leave the hospital, and it is a life saver for mothers who leave the hospital in a depleted physical condition.

But the baby's nurse who is really devoted to her charge is not adaptable in her devotion. She cannot include other small children of the household in her affection, and is inclined to be oversevere with them, or to sacrifice their interests to those of her particular charge.

Similarly, supposing a person in charge of a day nursery or nursery school is capable of developing a vicarious mother instinct, which she sorely needs if her charges are under four years of age, can we expect her to expand that instinct to include a number of children—say ten or more? We may expect it, but we are expecting the superhuman. It is hard enough for a woman to be interested in and continuously just to ten children if they are all her own and of different ages, so that not all their demands are conflicting.

Let us be quite honest with ourselves before we send our children to the nursery school. Are we doing it because we believe it an advanced measure of modern education, because we believe the emotional atmosphere of the home is bad for the child, and because he needs contact with other children, or are we doing it that we may have more freedom for our own pursuits?

If we are really acting for what we believe are the best interests of the child, then we must ask ourselves several other questions:

First: Has the child really passed babyhood? Is he articulate? Does he know what he wants and will he ask for it, or is his particular lingo only intelligible to his mother?

Second: Is the child well? Does his health, so to speak, take care of itself, or must he be fussed over?

Third: Is he easily excited or overtired?

The child who is not articulate, as we have said before, will not get the proper physical care away from home. The child who needs fussing over to eat properly, or perform his other functions properly, makes demands on a busy teacher which cannot be satisfied. The child who is easily excited or overtired will find the stimulation of association with several other children unbearably fatiguing, to the detriment of his physical and mental health.

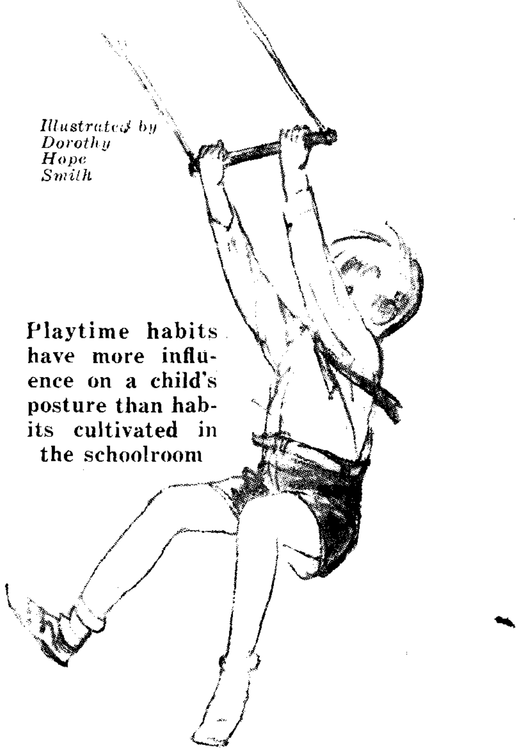
Dangerous Contacts

Even when the child seems a suitable subject for a nursery school he should be sent on trial at first. If he comes home overtired and irritable, or if he seems less happy than formerly, or if his sleep is disturbed, he should be kept at home.

Theoretically, contact with other children of his own age will teach him to stand up for himself. Sometimes, if there are aggressive children in the class, it has the effect of cowing him. Unfortunately, the child who has been unmanageable at home is frequently sent to a nursery school in the hope that the teacher there can accomplish things in which the mother has failed.

This type of child victimizes both the teacher and the other children. He is capable of leaving imprints of fear on other milder children, which may never be overcome. Ideally the nursery school refuses to take such children; but if they are accepted, (*Continued on page 50*)

Illustrated by Dorothy Hope Smith



Playtime habits have more influence on a child's posture than habits cultivated in the schoolroom

Ready for Winter *while you wait!*

No special servicing required when you protect your car with Denatured Alcohol

WINTER'S on the way! Stalking down out of the North! Bringing sudden cold snaps . . . freezing temperatures . . . sweeping sleet and snow.

And with them . . . the danger of frozen motors, damaged radiators, cracked cylinders!

But don't worry! At the nearest garage or filling station displaying the orange and green sign there is complete protection waiting.

Just tell the service man you want Denatured Alcohol. He'll consult a handy chart. Find out instantly what your car needs. Fill the radiator with the proper solution. Test it . . . to show you how fully you are protected . . . and you drive away!

No fuss! No bother! No lay-ups from six hours to two days! . . . *and no extra service fees!*

More important . . . no danger of a gummy motor next spring! No chance of rotted rubber . . . corroded metal . . . clogged radiators!

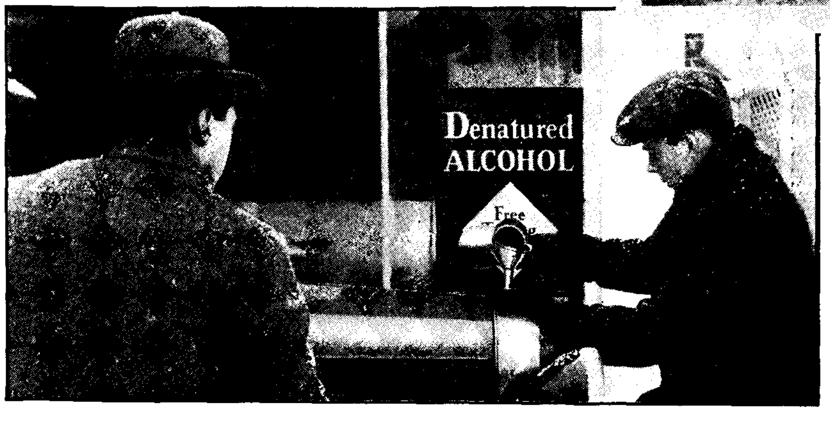
Remember . . . Denatured Alcohol is the only *thoroughly* tested anti-freeze. It has been in successful use for more than 20 years. It is the only freeze-preventive universally endorsed by both motor-car and radiator manufacturers!

At the first sign of cold weather . . . play safe! Put in Denatured Alcohol, the sure anti-freeze.

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Incorporated, Graybar Building, New York City.

Denatured
ALCOHOL

LET IT SNOW! Even sudden storms needn't cause you worry. By consulting a protection chart (see left) your service man can tell how much Denatured Alcohol your car needs. And by checking the solution with the Alco-tester (right) he can tell you the exact degree of temperature to which you are protected. Simplest, surest, safest anti-freeze protection known.



SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS! This is all there is to it, really! Just pour in Denatured Alcohol! No overhauling, no tightening up. And it means complete protection.

SIX INDISPUTABLE FACTS

You've heard a lot about anti-freezes. Here are the real facts in the case . . . the indisputable reasons why more motorists use Denatured Alcohol than all other anti-freezes combined.

1 An entire season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs less than half as much as one filling of some preparations.

2 Denatured Alcohol is harmless to radiators, engines and electrical systems. It will not corrode metal parts and does not cause leaks.

3 No special servicing is required to make your car ready for winter. Just put Denatured Alcohol in your radiator as it is.

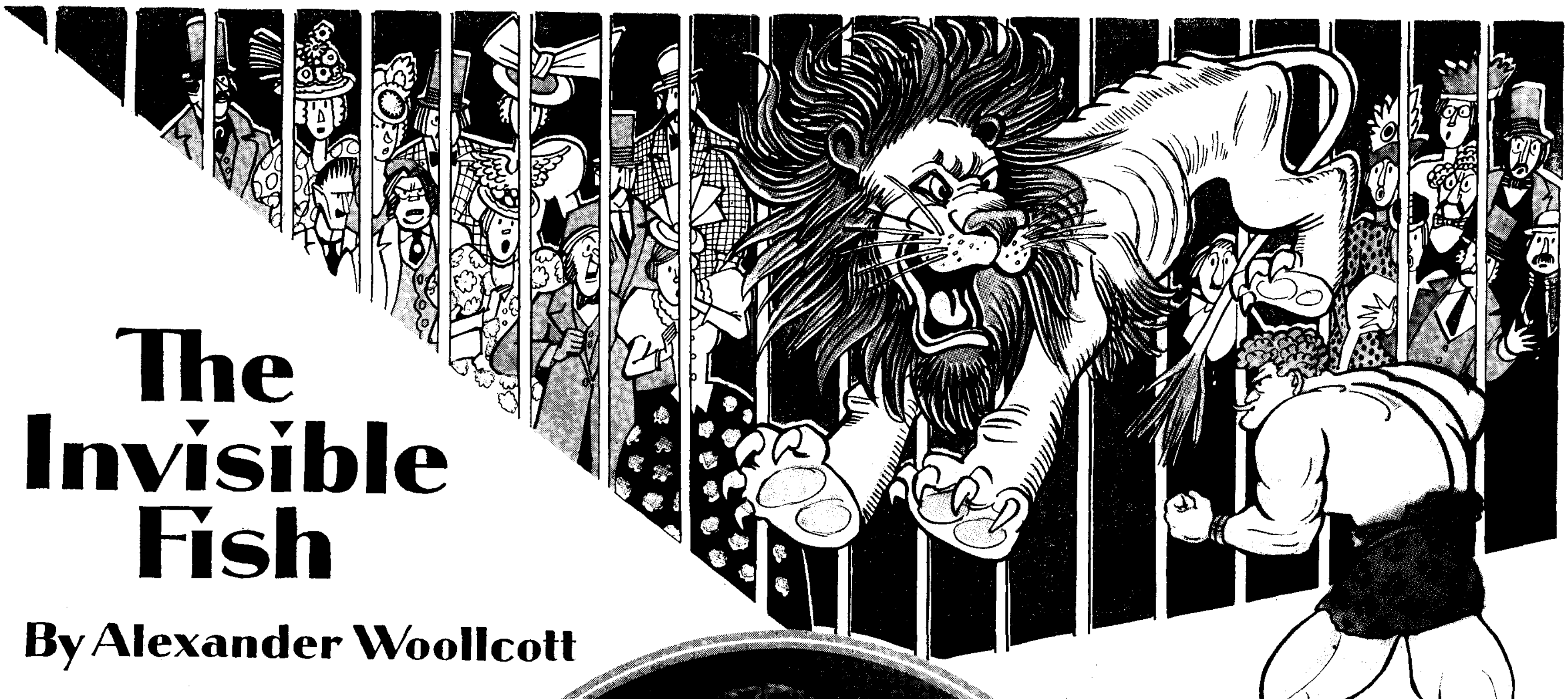
4 Every car manufacturer approves Denatured Alcohol. The firm that made your radiator is also emphatic in its endorsement.

5 If your protective solution is lost through accident or carelessness, the cost of replacement with Denatured Alcohol is usually one-sixth that of replacement with some preparations.

6 You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Buy it when you need it, wherever you are.

Save time and money with

DENATURED ALCOHOL



Drawing by Herb Roth

The Invisible Fish

By Alexander Woollcott

Think, if you will, of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., with nothing between him and starvation except a contract with a professional strong man. And think what were his extremities when he had to agree to feed his strong man to a lion so that he himself might eat. Ill luck was Mr. Ziegfeld's. The strong man all but ate the lion. So what could Mr. Ziegfeld do but give himself over to a long list of Follies? You can't blame him when you know the whole truth

Albert Davis Collection

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., is the indisputable leader in the field of musical comedy and review in America

IN THE show business they tell, with a delight that could derive only from a complete indifference to the ethical questions involved, the story of the small-scale impresario who was faced with the prospect of a disastrous year. The freak he was managing fell out of a boarding-house window and broke its neck. There he was, with an empty booth in the side show, and the season but half under way.

Hastily drying a tear, he hurried to a near-by farm, came back driving a democrat wagon loaded with resentful fowl, and hung up a sign announcing the special engagement for one week only of those astounding phenomena, the Dancing Ducks of Denmark. And it is quite true that while he himself subjected his harmonica to the strains of Turkey in the Straw (not previously regarded as a typically Danish tune), these ducks, hitherto unsuspected of any such talent, trod a most spirited measure in their new cage, shaking their webbed feet and slapping them down somewhat in the manner of the late Bert Williams when inspired by the same melody.

It was only after several of them had been purchased at enormous cost by wide-eyed farmers, eager to have such creatures among their stock, and after several others, dying, as you might say, in harness, had been thriftily eaten by the management, that the meddlesome S. P. C. A. raided the entertainment. Its agent had detected that the resourceful young showman was merely placing a lighted lamp under the floor of the cage and letting nature take its course—much as it might with you, for instance, were you to find yourself standing on a hot stove lid.

Good Eyes Were Needed

Thwarted by this stern, strong-handed interference, the baffled impresario grew wrathy, melancholy and pensive, in the order named. But next day the crowd eddying around his booth was larger than ever, his patrons staring fascinated at a new phenomenon, a great glass bowl filled with water occupying the place of honor. The barker invited one and all to step up and see how good their eyesight was. Over the bowl a new and even larger sign announced the first appearance in America of that world-famous, mystifying prank of nature, the Brazilian Invisible Fish.

However, I set out to devote this pastoral letter to an account of the brief, violent and unholy agreement that was once entered into between an obscure young adventurer named Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and, as party of the second part, an aged and vegetarian lion named Wallace. That was long ago, years before Ziegfeld's name became as recognizable as a trade-mark, a kind of universal guarantee that at any harlequinade presented by him you would behold more squanderous settings, lovelier pageantry and damsels fairer to see than you would find on any other stage in the land.

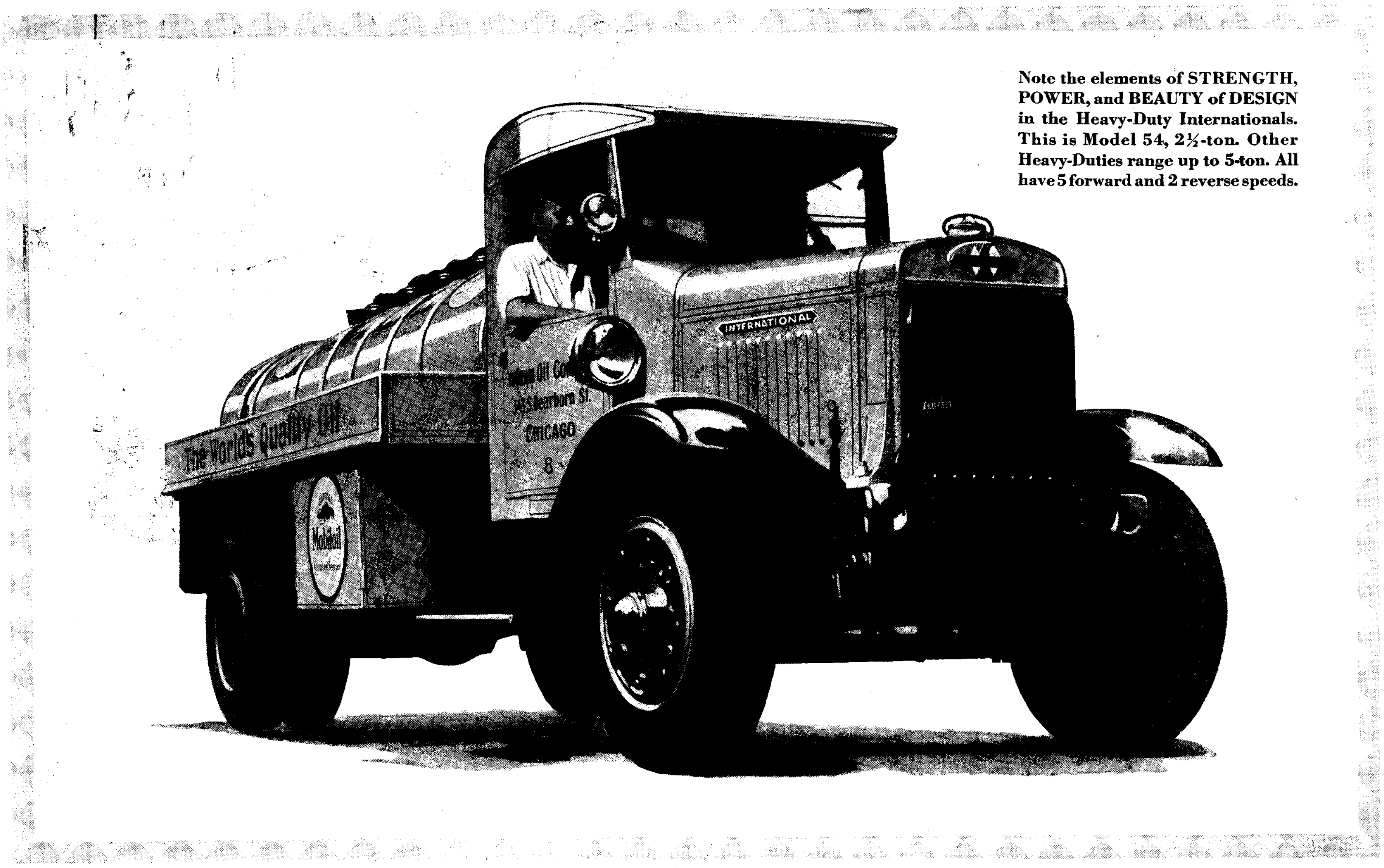
I must insist, with some sharpness, that no one has been more bored than I have been at the paralyzing and narcotic opulence of many of Ziegfeld's extravaganzas. But though younger impresarios have challenged him from time to time, he remains, I suppose, the indisputable leader in the field of review and musical comedy, the master of such revels in the America of his day.

He has been at it in New York City for more than a quarter of a century, and yet, when the night comes for one of his curtains to rise for the first time, a kind of frenzy seizes Manhattan. The price of tickets on the curb rises to dizzying heights—one hundred dollars, two hundred dollars for a single pair. Traffic for blocks around his theater ties itself into nervous, anticipatory knots. The police reserves are called out to keep the restive citizenry in order. For even those who have no tickets assemble on the sidewalk outside for what would seem to me the dubious pleasure of watching the arriving limousines disgorge those who have. Then these crumb-seekers will linger doggedly until midnight, for the even scantier satisfaction of watching the gentry come out again.

The Old Shenanigan

This piled-up momentousness, this infectious notion that something prodigious is under way, is no accidental by-product, no touching public recognition of sheer merit, but the direct result of canny showmanship. And it is the point, if any, of this story that whenever you come upon a master showman on Broadway you can count upon this—that he learned his tricks not at Yale or Harvard, nor by cultural tours of meditative inspection through the capitals of Europe, but by mountebank trial flights in the midways and sideshows of his youth.

Indeed, anyone at all familiar with the deep and (*Continued on page 64*)



Note the elements of STRENGTH, POWER, and BEAUTY of DESIGN in the Heavy-Duty Internationals. This is Model 54, 2½-ton. Other Heavy-Duties range up to 5-ton. All have 5 forward and 2 reverse speeds.

King of the Highway

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International Trucks include the ¾-ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Company-owned branches at 174 points and dealers everywhere have the line on their display floors for convenient inspection. Catalogs on request.

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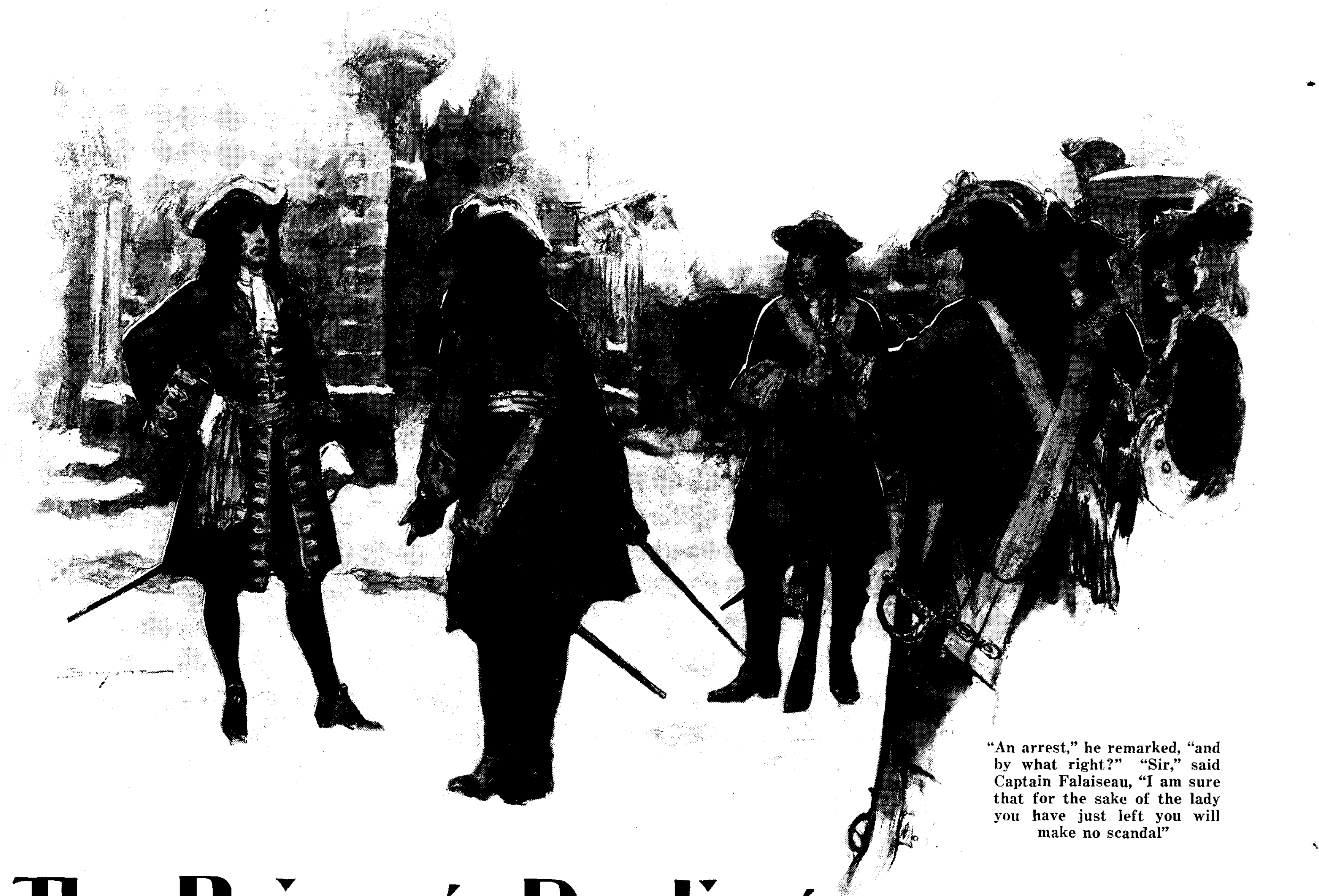


"An arrest," he remarked, "and by what right?" "Sir," said Captain Falaiseau, "I am sure that for the sake of the lady you have just left you will make no scandal"

The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

IX

The Story Thus Far: Urged on by her impoverished father and her two dissolute brothers, Madelon von Neitschütz, a lovely and intelligent girl, rejects the suit of the man she loves—Delphicus de Haverbeck, an army officer—to marry Johann Georg, the young Elector of Saxony. Her fiancé, however, learning why she is accepting him—merely to save her family—marries another woman and compels Madelon to become his mistress.

De Haverbeck, heartbroken, leaves the country, and Madelon accompanies her royal lover to his court, in Dresden, where, as the "Countess de Rocklitz," she soon becomes a power. But she still loves De Haverbeck; and, after he has won fame as a soldier, she contrives to have him sent by the Emperor on an important mission to the Elector's court.

At the first opportunity Madelon tricks the young soldier into a secret meeting. She declares her love, begs him to flee with her. De Haverbeck, a man of unblemished honor, repulses her sternly.

Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony, hates the von Neitschützes. His spies inform him regarding the meeting. He warns the Elector to have De Haverbeck watched.

Again Madelon lures the young Marshal to a rendezvous—in her home. To keep the appointment she drugs the Elector and leaves him asleep. Again De Haverbeck is cold to her passionate proposals; harshly rejects them. Stürm, learning of this second meeting, tries to awaken the Elector, but finds him too heavily drugged. Then he sends for Falaiseau, captain of the guard for that night. . . . At last, after years of waiting, he has Madelon—and the von Neitschütz family—in his power!

WHEN Marshal de Haverbeck left the house of Madame Rocklitz he paused for a moment, uncertain; for he had not been thinking in the least what his movements now would be, but had walked out of her presence and her mansion as if he did not know what was before him, giving no mind to any further action. The Elector's coach, which he had half expected to see, had gone. The snow had ceased to fall. The moon had broken through the heavy banks of wintry clouds, and seemed to promise a more serene season in the space of bluish sky which its beams illuminated. De Haverbeck, a distracted and troubled man, still hesitated: to return to his lodgings or go to his friends? He could bear no more tonight. He must seek oblivion, even if this were no more than sitting over cards and drinking with pleasant, easy company who knew nothing of his distresses. And tomorrow he would be able to put all this behind him, to go to his estates and take up a quiet, well-ordered life of common affairs.

When De Haverbeck reached the corner of the short street, the only way by which he could leave the mansion which stood at the end of a square, he perceived, waiting there, what he at first thought was a hearse, for loose straggling clouds had passed over the moon. He soon discovered that the vehicle was a plain carriage, without arms, with one horse and an ungainly driver. As if escorting the gloomy coach a squad of soldiers waited in the shadow.

De Haverbeck was passing them when the officer stepped up to him, respectfully barring his path:

"Marshal de Haverbeck, I have to ask you to accompany me."

De Haverbeck paused, quickly calculating his chances of escape—the number of men opposed to him—these were already closing round him. . . .

"An arrest," he remarked, "and by what right?"

"Sir," said Captain Falaiseau, who had been very precisely trained in his part by Stürm, "I am sure that for the sake of the lady you have just left you will make no scandal."

De Haverbeck stood silent. Certainly Madelon was ruined if he made a resistance that would cause a public tumult in the street; some gossip would blow the matter abroad; he was too well known in Dresden. . . .

"Is this by the Elector's orders?"

"Sir, it is not."

By hers, then. There was no one else. These men had been posted here, a trap. If he left her early he was to be arrested. If he had stayed till the dawn, no doubt the way would have been clear enough; and she had instructed the soldiers to remind him (how needlessly!) that he could not raise a brawl without ruining her—poor Madelon, indeed, so sly and cunning.

"It seems I must go with you," he said. "But I hope you have, sir, well considered your responsibility. You will have to account for this."

He was amazed that Madelon's power should extend so far that soldiers should be at the bidding of a woman's spite and passion.

Falaiseau asked for his sword. De Haverbeck hesitated. This went hard with him. He believed that if he had wished he could have got away from all of them. He gave up the weapon and entered the somber carriage.

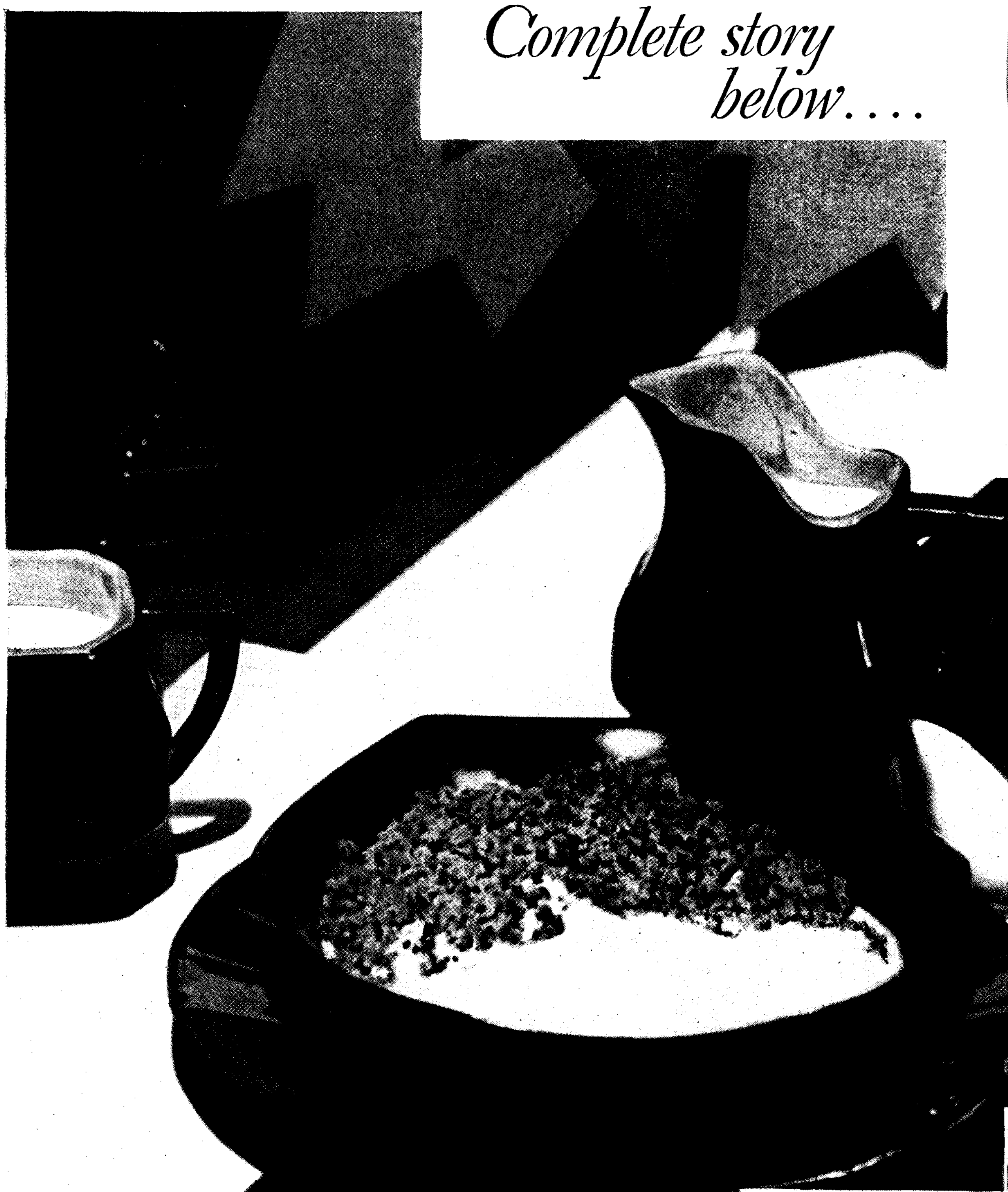
HE THOUGHT that he had left her insensible between life and death, scarcely knowing the things of this world from those of the next, or being able to distinguish reality from the shapes created by their mutual anguish. And yet she must have had this sharply enough in her mind. This was his reflection during that dark drive. Pleasant company! Falaiseau sat opposite him and said nothing.

When the carriage stopped De Haverbeck stepped out and beheld a huge black bulk before him, rising up sharply against the sky, where the moon now rode high and free, the phalanxes of clouds falling back behind a void of silver; more soldiers were waiting for him. They took him over a bridge and through a heavy gateway and there, in an inner

(*Continued on page 29*)

Want to know why "There's a Reason"?

Complete story below....



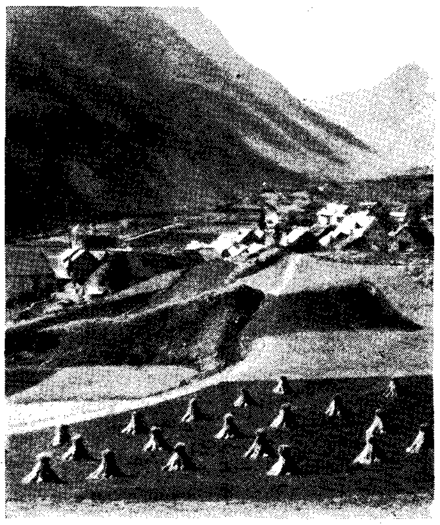
Here's an enticing crispness you've never met before. Here's a nut-like sweetness—a malt-sugar-tinged goodness—you'll long to meet again. Over and over again! *THAT'S* a reason

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

Make the small breakfast safe! Serve Grape-Nuts with whole milk or cream! Delicious! Sustaining! So easy to digest!

THAT'S a reason



Two golden grains—wheat and malted barley—are specially milled to make Grape-Nuts—specially milled to preserve precious, health-giving mineral elements.

THAT'S a reason

Beautiful teeth—because they work! The mushy foods of civilization, too freely used, cause dental woes. Grape-Nuts is one modern food that properly exercises teeth.

THAT'S a reason

Rarin' with energy—overflowing with happiness—growing almost visibly! Health like this comes from proper food. Grape-Nuts is packed with vital food elements.

THAT'S a reason

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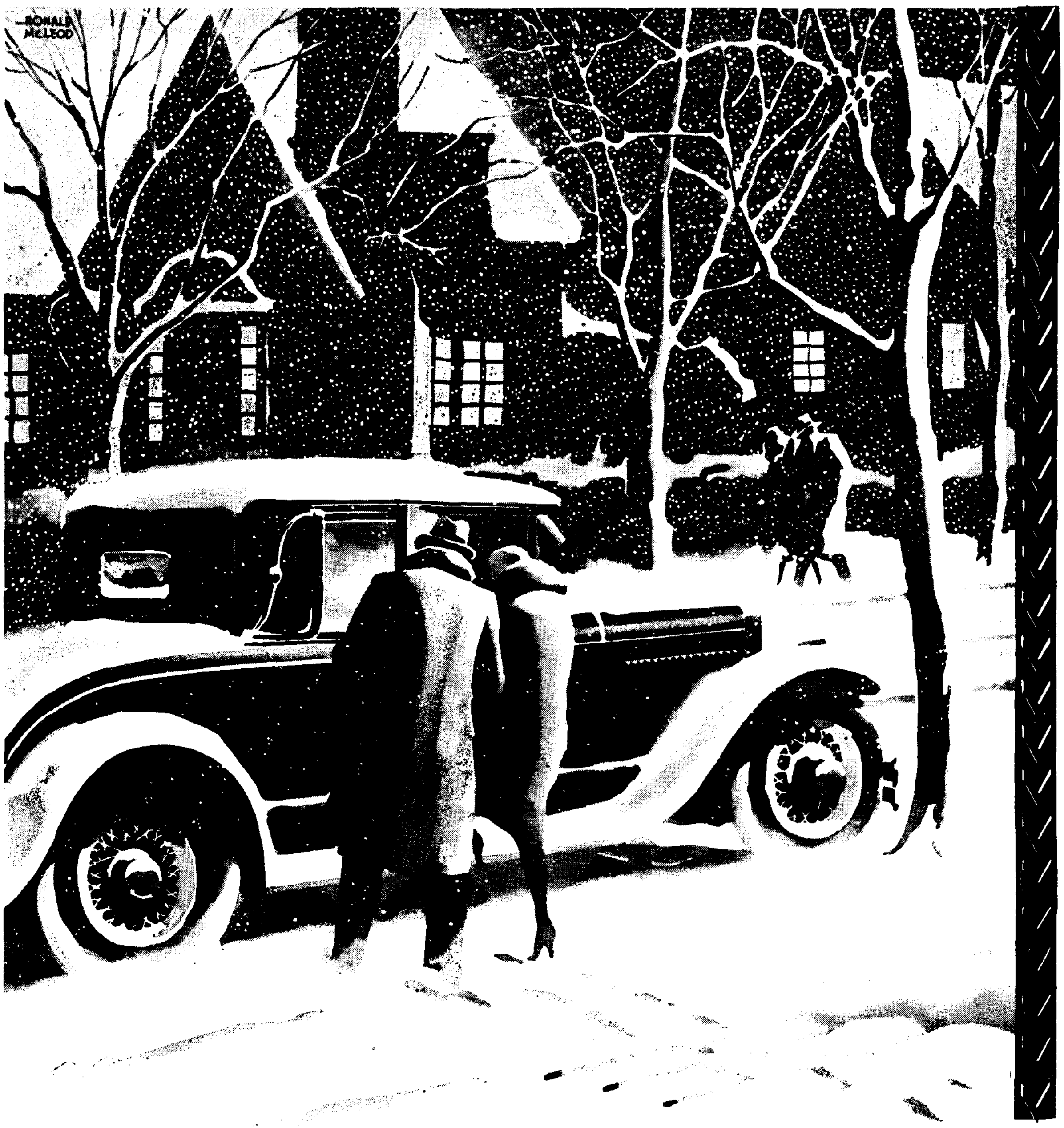
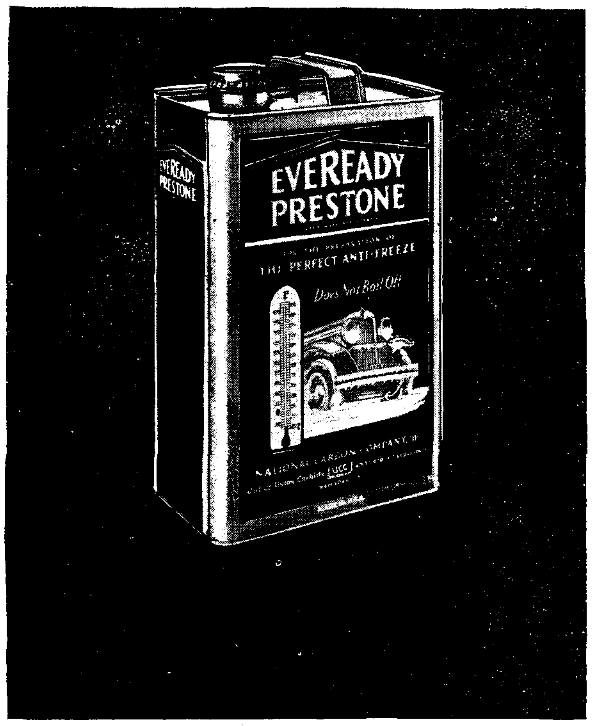
>>> GET YOUR CAR READY NOW >>>

A LITTLE PREPARATION FOR WINTER DRIVING EARNS A BIG REWARD IN ALL-SEASON SATISFACTION





9 POINTS

OF SUPERIORITY

1 Gives complete protection.
2 Does not boil off.
3 Positively will not damage cooling system.
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5 Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6 Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
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8 Odorless.
9 Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

Thoroughly tested and 100% approved by the American Automobile Association.

COLD-WEATHER driving brings continued hardships and repeated dangers to every water-cooled automobile engine. Your car—to perform as it should—requires, and deserves, some simple preparation to carry it safely through the long, hard winter months almost here.

Everyone knows how essential it is to have free-flowing winter lubricants in the crankcase, transmission and differential. The importance of vigorous, hot ignition in cold weather is obvious. But many motorists neglect the most needful of all duties—*cooling system service.* The cooling system is the most vulnerable part of every water-cooled car in freezing weather—it should be in *perfect* working order.

Rust and scale collect in radiator and water-jacket during summer driving and may hinder circulation. Have them flushed out, thoroughly—start winter with the cooling system *clean.* Then see that there are absolutely no leaks, *anywhere,* in hose and pump connections, radiator, gaskets, packings, drain cocks. All connections should be *tight* . . . leak-proof!

Now your car is ready for Eveready Prestone—the surest safeguard against freezing known. Put one supply in a clean, tight cooling system and you can forget about freezing hazards *all winter.*

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courtyard where some porters came out with flambeaux to meet them, the prisoner paused and looked round him at the high enclosing walls.

"Where am I?" asked De Haverbeck.

"In the Königsberg," replied Captain Falaiseau. He asked De Haverbeck to come into a small guardroom in one of the tower gates and then requested him to turn out his pockets. De Haverbeck complied dryly—a rouleau of rix dollars, some loose money, a watch and seals, a notebook and silver box—a Saracen dagger with a handle of jade set with balas rubies.

Falaiseau returned all these save the dagger; this had been picked up on the banks of the Tisza after the Turkish rout and De Haverbeck valued it oddly.

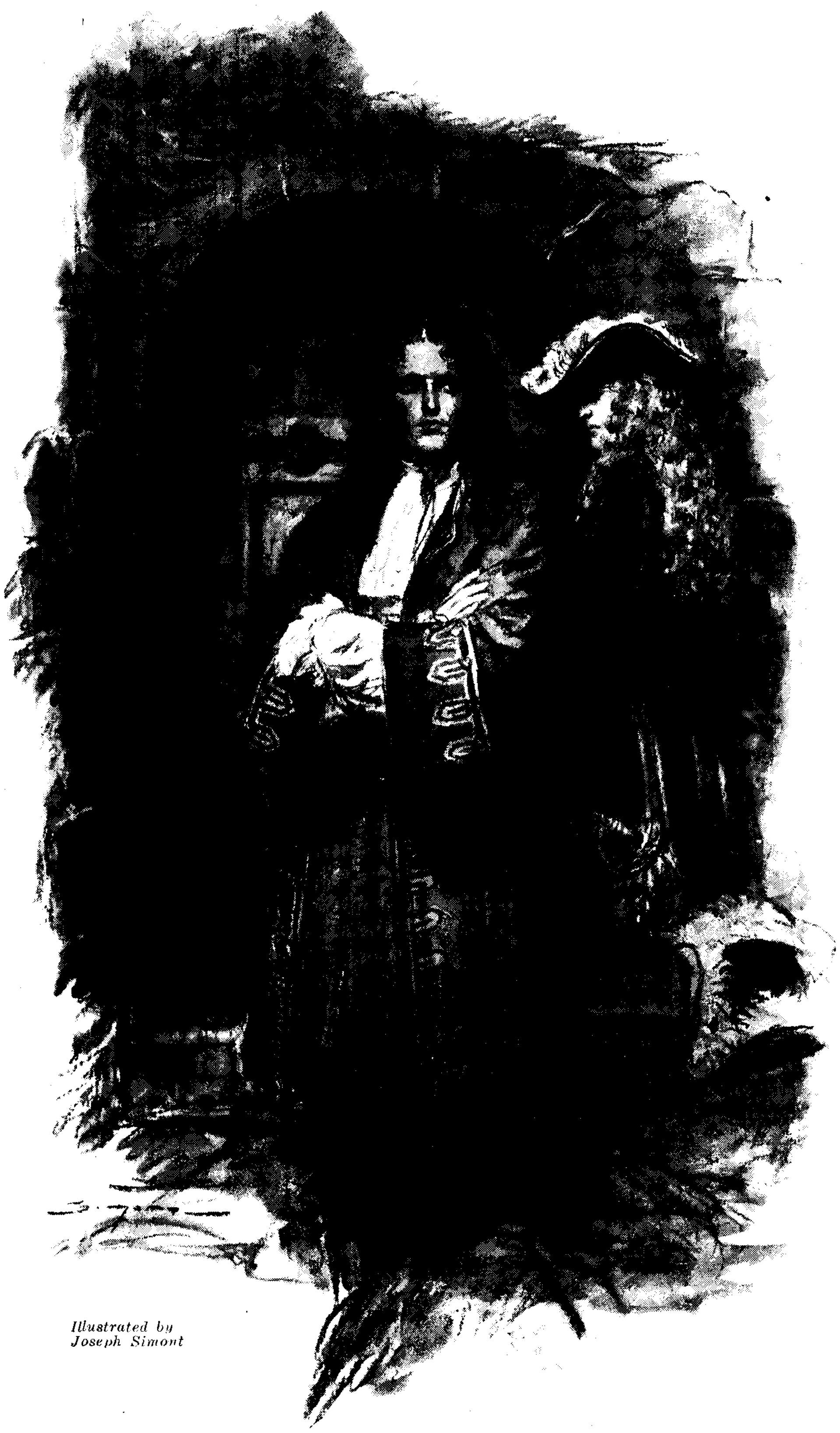
"I am sure," said Falaiseau, civilly, "it will be returned immediately to Your Excellency—with your sword and your liberty."

FERDINAND STÜRM managed this perilous affair with the greatest discretion. He was at his best in a matter like this, so vital and so delicate, that required such caution and exact handling. He was immediately alert, cool, eager. There was no manner of disorder in the Residenzschloss, no breath of scandal stirred in the busy corridors or crowded antechambers. Captain Falaiseau was a very prudent man—one who hoped much from the favor of Stürm. It was given out that Marshal de Haverbeck had gone to his estates in Saxony and would return to take leave of the Elector in a day or so. . . . When the Rocklitz did not appear in her place at the morning levée of the Electress it was whispered to someone, somehow, delicately and carefully, that the lady was ill and had caught some manner of chill on the parade ground the day before.

Stürm was early by the bed of the Elector and watched him wake, with sighs and groans and strugglings, from his long, drugged sleep. When, at length, he returned to full consciousness, Stürm made some quiet apologies for his presence, saying that he had heard that the Elector was ill, and had come early to make his inquiries, and then, hearing that he was not ill but merely sleeping heavily, had waited, because he had something to say to him. But neither the prince nor the minister spoke of the scene of last night and the resignation which had been proffered and taken. Johann Georg was drowsy and confused. He appeared to find himself in his own red-canopied bed; as he stretched and yawned and moved he turned sick and could hardly hold up his heavy fair head.

"I wish Your Highness' approbation for the arrest of the Baroness von Ilten and her partner. I had news last night that they are very actively concerned in this matter of witchcraft, which, as Your Highness feels, is a plague and a disgrace to Saxony."

He purposely had not mentioned the name of Françoise de Rosny, and no train of thought was roused in the Elector's still half-drugged mind.



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"I pity Your Highness, that you are so far lost in your passion," and he turned his back on the Elector. Johann Georg stared at him

"Arrest whom you will," groaned Johann Georg, "and a plague on all devils, and clear them out as fast as you may. But, in God's name, leave me in peace, for I feel confoundedly sick."

Stürm said:

"There is nothing to disturb Your Highness with today. All this business was done yesterday; and Marshal de Haverbeck has departed for his estates."

At this name the prince remembered in a very confused fashion that he had had De Haverbeck watched the night before, but supposed, as no report had been sent him, that nothing had come of that, and now it seemed grotesque to suppose that anything should come of it. Then his mind traveled heavily round to Madelon, and he wondered where she was. He wished her sent for. He could not say this to Count Stürm, and he was silent until the minister had departed. He then insisted on his gentlemen helping him out of bed. But he could not walk far, and sat down heavily, feeling robbed of his strength, and wondering what sickness had fallen on him. He demanded that inquiries should be sent to Madame Rocklitz, whether she was in the palace or whether she had returned to her own house. He could not recall if he had spent the night in her apartment or not. He had awakened in his own, and it seemed inconceivable that he had been interrupted with her and carried there. He could not trust himself to speak of any of these things, but puzzled over them in his confused mind, sunk in a chair by the stove in his bedgown, half asleep again.

THE sickness of the Elector and his inquiries for Madame Rocklitz came quickly to the ears of her father, never for long far from the Residenzschloss, nor, indeed, from the apartments of the Elector. He did not like this news—he was afraid that if the Elector was ill he might be taken with a pious fit; he saw, later that morning, the Electress and certain clergymen going into the young man's chamber, and this sent an ugly fear creeping round his heart. Von Neitschütz did not like, either, Ferdinand Stürm's brisk, sly looks and the way he went easily and delicately with his invalidish step and tapping cane about the corridors and antechambers of the Residenzschloss. Von Neitschütz believed the minister had been dismissed, but there appeared no sign of his leaving his duties. He had been that morning in consultation with De Rébenec, who did not look as discomfited as he should have. Then there was the queer news that Marshal de Haverbeck had left Dresden, taking leave of no one.

Von Neitschütz went quickly and heavily through the streets in which the snow had now melted, and which were fresh with pleasant April air, to his daughter's house in the quiet square in the Neustadt. He listened to no excuse of her fatigue or illness; indeed, the tale that she, together with the Elector, might be ill filled him with a new and deeper misgiving. He thought of infection, of smallpox, which neither had had. He forced into her room, putting her women rudely aside. He had no sooner opened the door than he paused, startled in his rude entry, for he had surprised her on her knees.

"YOU praying, Madelon?"

He spoke coarsely to cover his awkwardness.

The Countess Rocklitz had risen instantly to her feet. She had been kneeling before a wide chair with arms covered in white flowing satin. Her face had been in her hands and her bright head bent. She wore a loose morning robe of muslin and silk, and a fur tippet. She shuddered continually although the fire was close to her. Her father, peering at her nervously and anxiously, thought she did not look ill, but fatigued; and in quick, hoarse, alarmed tones he told her of the malady of the Elector, the satisfied air of Stürm, and the fact that the divines and the Electress had gone to the room of Johann Georg. . . .

"Poor wretch," murmured Madelon.

"And I do not like the looks of Stürm," repeated von Neitschütz, fixing her with a hostile glance from his hollow light eyes, "flitting about the Residenz as sly as the devil. I thought the Elector gave him his dismissal last night, but there's no talk of it. De Haverbeck has gone on a sudden, and left Dresden. I could see that Colt and Spanheim were uneasy—why has De Haverbeck gone?"

"Aye, he will have left Dresden, he has done his work," murmured Madelon. "What do you want of me?"

"Why, I want you to come to the Residenz at once," declared her father. "At once; you do not want that other woman to get any influence over him, do you? After all, he is only a fool and a boy, and he may get frightened when he is ill. Who knows what's the matter with him? Were you with him last night?"

"I left him about ten o'clock," said Madelon dully.

"Well, he may be sleeping off his drink, or he may have caught a malady—how do I know? But it's best that you should come at once to the palace and not mope here. What's the matter with you, my girl? You look poorly and sullen."

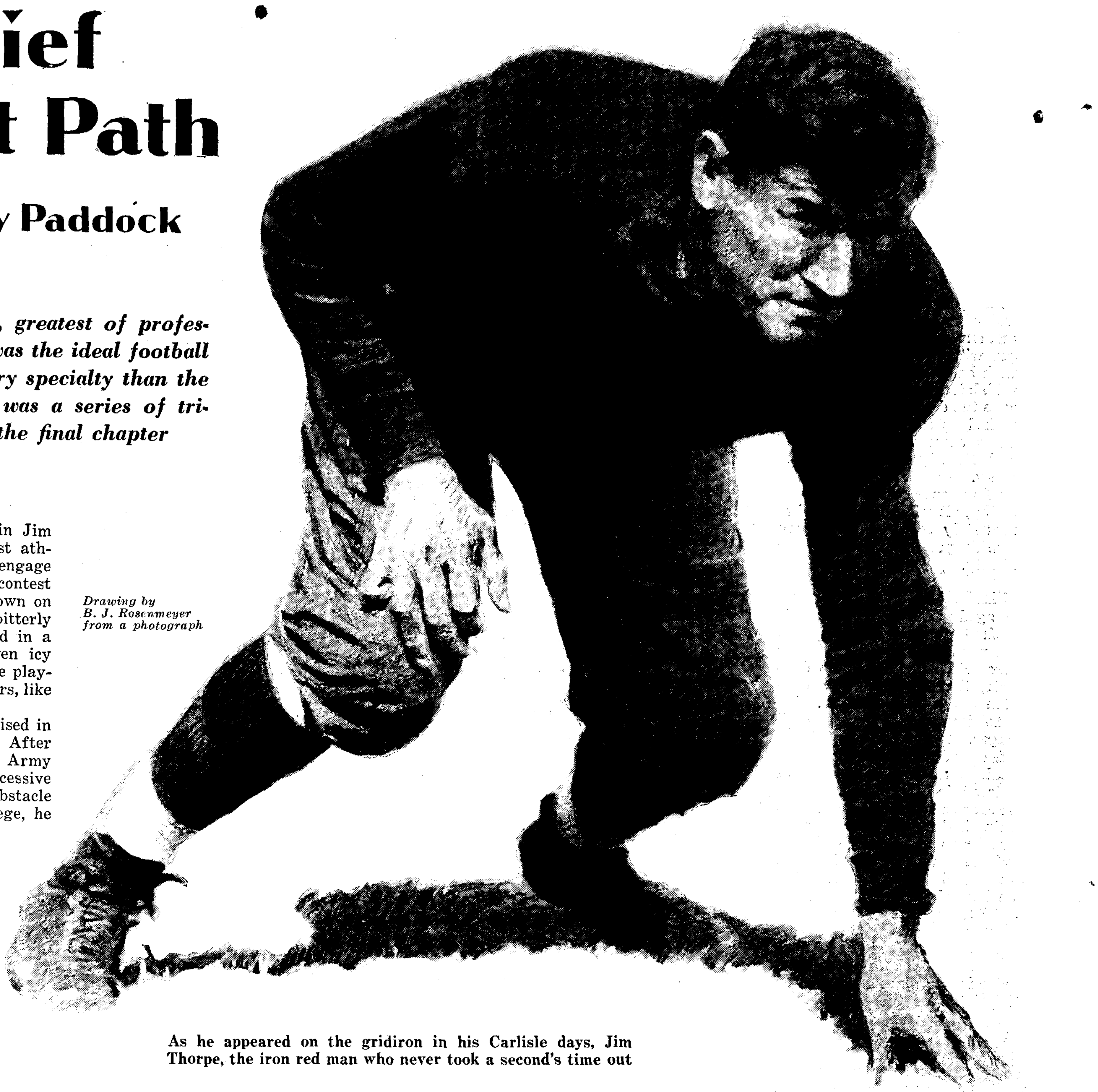
"Why should I," asked Madelon, "look gay?"

"Brace yourself," commanded von Neitschütz, sternly. "Our affairs have gone wrong. I don't know what it is, but I scent mischief. I did not like Stürm's damned face. (*Continued on page 78*)

Chief Bright Path

By Charley Paddock

Greatest of amateurs, greatest of professionals, Jim Thorpe was the ideal football player. Better in every specialty than the specialist, his career was a series of triumphs. Here is the final chapter



Drawing by B. J. Rosenmeyer from a photograph

As he appeared on the gridiron in his Carlisle days, Jim Thorpe, the iron red man who never took a second's time out

THE time came for Captain Jim Thorpe, America's foremost athlete and Olympic star, to engage in his last college football contest at Providence, R. I., against Brown on November 29, 1912. It was a bitterly cold day. The game was played in a heavy snow, and the wind-driven icy particles cut into the faces of the players and the ten thousand spectators, like bits of steel.

Thorpe entered that game bruised in body and almost broken in spirit. After having faced Syracuse, Lehigh, Army and Pennsylvania on four successive Saturdays, with an unexpected obstacle in Springfield Y. M. C. A. College, he found himself in no condition to meet the powerful Brunonians. He was unhappy about the Pennsylvania defeat, for the Quakers had risen up in their might and smitten the Carlisle constellation 34-26, scoring an unexpected triumph which spoiled an otherwise perfect season. It was about this time, too, that Thorpe was beginning to hear rumors in regard to his amateur status. He was harried and worried when he went to Providence for his last college battle.

But it did not affect him on the gridiron, for in addition to making three of his team's five touchdowns, he tore down the field for two spectacular runs of fifty yards, and was in on nearly every play as well as recovering and throwing forward passes. The final count read 32-0.

A Magnificent Comeback

It was in the second half that Carlisle did her scoring. In the first half, Thorpe had been beaten and broken. His spirit of despondency, coupled with the cold, dreary day, seemed to dampen his ardor and that of his team-mates. They lacked the snap, drive and fiery recklessness that had hitherto characterized them.

Thorpe came to life in that second half with a thirty-yard run, then plunged across the line for the first five points. Then he commenced to pass to Gresbeck and to Guyon and was soon himself again. On a series of off-tackle plays and short end runs, he took the ball the entire length of the field, while in the last quarter Carlisle tallied two more touchdowns. The last score was made after Thorpe had thrown the ball to Wheelock for a twenty-yard pass. Jim then crashed through the Brunonian line with another touchdown with less than a minute of playing time left.

Thus he brought his amateur football career to an end in a blaze of glory on Andrews Field. During that second half he was the whole show, both on the offense and the defense, plowing his way over the slippery snow-covered field and handling the wet ball without a fumble. It was a great close to a great career, and as the final whistle blew, Thorpe had established, among others, one record which could not be taken from him: he was never forced to leave a game of football during his college career, and never took time out even for a second, in spite of the fact that the Carlisle schedule was the hardest in the country, with Thorpe always doing more than his share.

By this it is not meant that Thorpe was never injured, for there was hardly an important game during those last two great years of his college career that he was not bruised, with either a bad leg or a bad ankle or a bad arm to hamper him, but he never quit, and the harder his opponents hit him the harder he came back at them.

This same great record of gameness he maintained for the first six years of his professional football career, playing in more than a hundred games and being the chief target of the opposition in every one of them without ever getting a serious injury. It is the most remarkable physical record of any football player who has ever lived. But Thorpe did something more than this for the professional game. He had commenced playing football for pay at the close of his first baseball season in the fall of 1913. He was a sensation in this new field and was in a measure the pioneer of the professional gridiron and a forerunner of the great stars which were to come, blazing the way for the future success of Grange, Wilson, Nevers and the rest, a decade later.

Professional Football

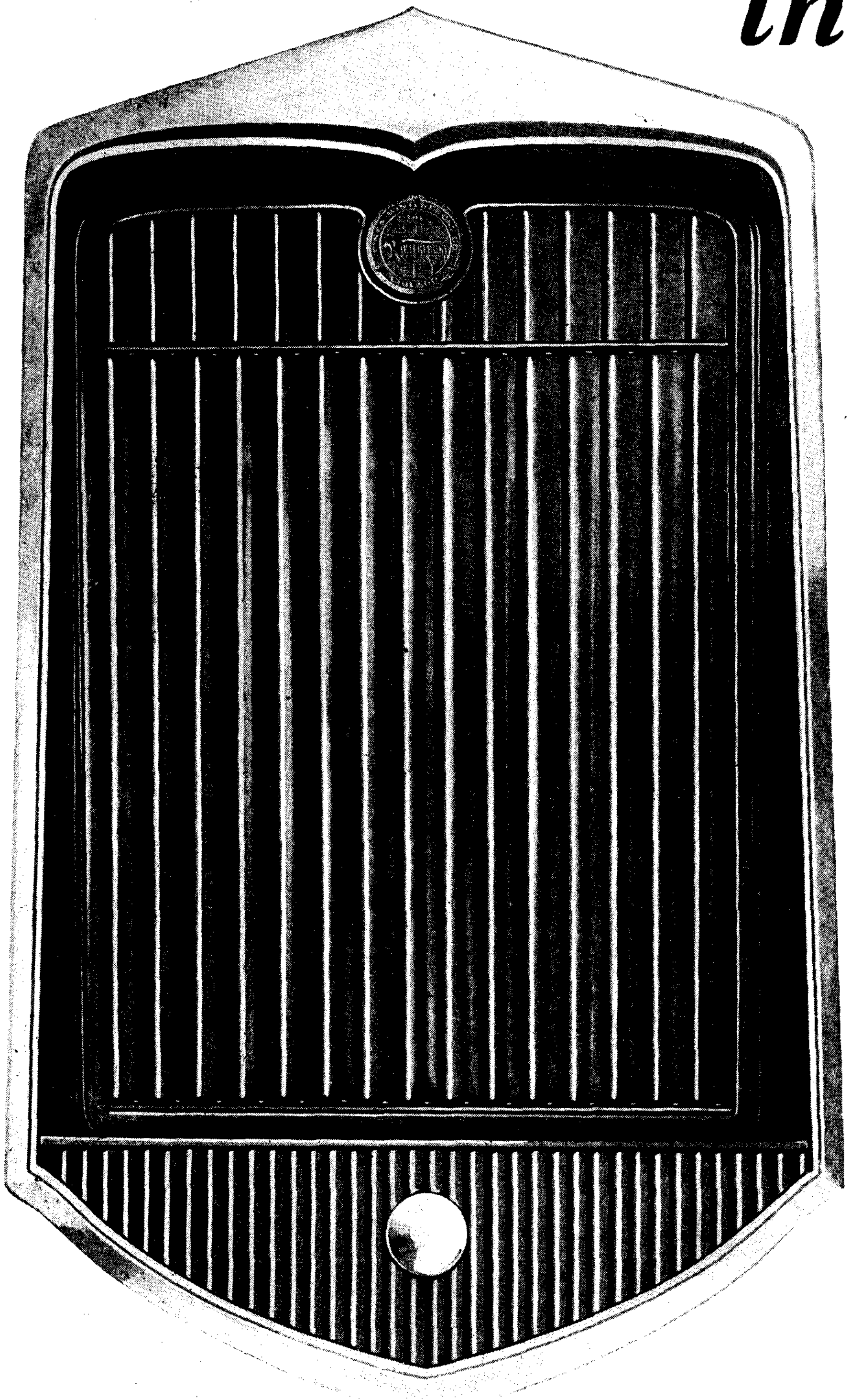
He possessed a tremendous amount of color, for besides being the greatest athlete of all time, Jim Thorpe was a red man—a romantic member of the fast-diminishing group of genuine Americans—and he seemed to possess all the glorious strength of a dying race. For wherever and whenever he played, large attendances were recorded and it was believed that as long as he continued to participate in football, he would be a box-office attraction.

The reckless abandon with which he attacked the game, however, bid fair to cut short his professional career and he found it necessary to resort to strategy. So he commenced to kick more and run less.

Thorpe learned to save himself in playing professional football, and found that all of the stars were doing the same. This does not mean that the professional game is easier than the college variety. Indeed it is more heartbreaking, because the youth who was a college star, able to crash through the line and evade the backfield defenders in countless brilliant runs, suddenly discovers that he is now opposed by old heads and keen students of the game, each of whom is an analyst in his own right, qualified to be a coach, and it is virtually impossible for him to break away for long and brilliant gains. Often he loses heart, and when he finds that he cannot come through, he gives up. Thus many brilliant young college players do not last long in the professional game, unless they are able to adapt themselves to these new conditions.

Thorpe, being an older man and possessing a vast amount of courage and resourcefulness, did not allow his failure to break through the line as in his college days to affect him seriously. Instead, he began to develop a new-found strategy which he employed with disastrous results to (*Continued on page 56*)

Announcing the new vertical Detachable PINES automatic WINTERFRONT



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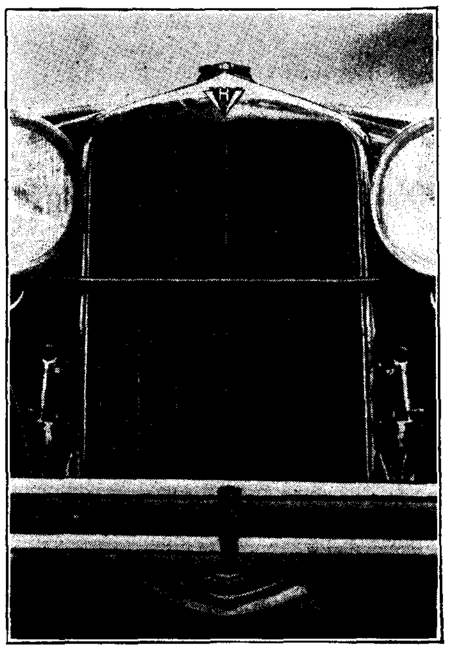

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The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

GLORIANA TRAFT'S fiancé, Ed Darnell, a scoundrel, steals some money and disappears. To escape the gossip, Gloriana goes West, to visit her uncle, old Jim Traft, a wealthy Arizona ranchman. En route, she meets Darnell, who vows to follow her.

Arrived at Flagerstown, where the Trafts live, she finds that her brother, young Jim Traft, is engaged to Molly Dunn, a pretty but illiterate Westerner. She likes the girl, but disapproves of the match.

Young Jim, however, has other worries—serious ones. As leader of his uncle's men—the Diamond Outfit—he must, somehow, end the activities of the Hash Knife Outfit, a band of outlaws who have been stealing cattle from the Traft ranch—the Yellowjacket—and selling them through one Bambridge, a rascally ranchman.

After a fist fight with Bambridge, in which he knocks the ranchman out, young Jim goes, unarmed and alone, to the Hash Knife headquarters, confronts Jed Stone, leader of the gang, and offers him $10,000 to clear out. "If you don't move off," he says, "I'll put you off!"

And to his amazement, Stone promises to leave. Croak Malloy, a tough member of the Hash Knife Outfit, however, shows battle—tries desperately to shoot Jim. Stone saves the boy's life—after which Jim gives his assailant a beating—with his hands!

The Hash Knifers leave—apparently. But, feeling sure they will return, Jim and his men lay their plans and prepare for war.

On his return to Flagerstown, the young leader is heartbroken to learn that Molly, feeling she is not "good enough" for him, has left the Traft home, broken her engagement, and gone to work in a store.

Another shock awaits him: Ed Darnell has arrived; he is working for Bambridge; he has told Gloriana that he will hound her—ruin her good name with evil talk! And worse still; Molly has gone to a dance with him, and has promised to go to another—being given on Christmas Eve.

The day of the dance Jim escorts Molly from the store to her new home—a simple little house on the outskirts of town. He isn't willing to lose her without a fight. "Molly," he pleads, "send word to Darnell that you won't go to the dance with him tonight!"

VI

"TELL Darnell I won't go to the dance with him?" Molly repeated. "Thet'd be a low-down trick."

"It does appear so," said Jim. "There are good reasons, however, why it would be wise for you to do so—unless you want to lose your good name in Flag."

"Glory said thet. I don't believe either of you. An' it's not square of you to—"

"You needn't argue the point. Answer me. Will you go with me instead?"

She hung her head, she clinched her little trembling hands, she shook all over.

Jim regarded her speculatively. If he had had a vehicle of some kind out in the street he would have picked her up right there, as she was, and packed her out, and carried her off home. But this drastic action could scarcely be undertaken now, though his finger tips burned to snatch her.

"Do you then care—something for this gambler and embezzler, Ed Darnell?"

"How dare you?" retorted Molly.

"I'm a darin' cowpuncher," said Jim. "I'll tell Mr. Darnell. Then mebbe you won't be so darin'."

"BY ALL means tell him. . . . You're a queer kid, Molly. Just to hurt me you'll flirt with this stranger, forgetting, or pretending to forget, that Slinger Dunn, your brother, perhaps the hardest nut in Arizona next to Croak Malloy, is my partner."

"Jim Traft, I'm no flirt—an' Slinger isn't a hard nut," she retorted, pugnaciously.

"You saw one of my Christmas presents—for you. What you think of it?"

"Gave me a nightmare."

"Have you any curiosity about the other?"

"Nope. I may be a poor little country girl, but you cain't buy me—you Mizzouri villain."

"You used to call me Mizzouri, with a kiss. Do you remember when we went wild turkey hunting?"

"I'm trying to forget. Oh, Jim, you've been so good—I—I—" She bit her tongue. "An' I will forget, if I have to go to the bad."

"You've made a fair start, Molly Dunn," replied Jim, curtly. "Say, has this Darnell so much as laid a hand on you?"

"Now! You insult me," she cried, with flaming face.

"But, Molly, be reasonable. You hinted that you'd encourage such things," protested Jim, justly nettled.

"I will—if you drive me."

"Don't you know I worship you?"

Her glossy head drooped.

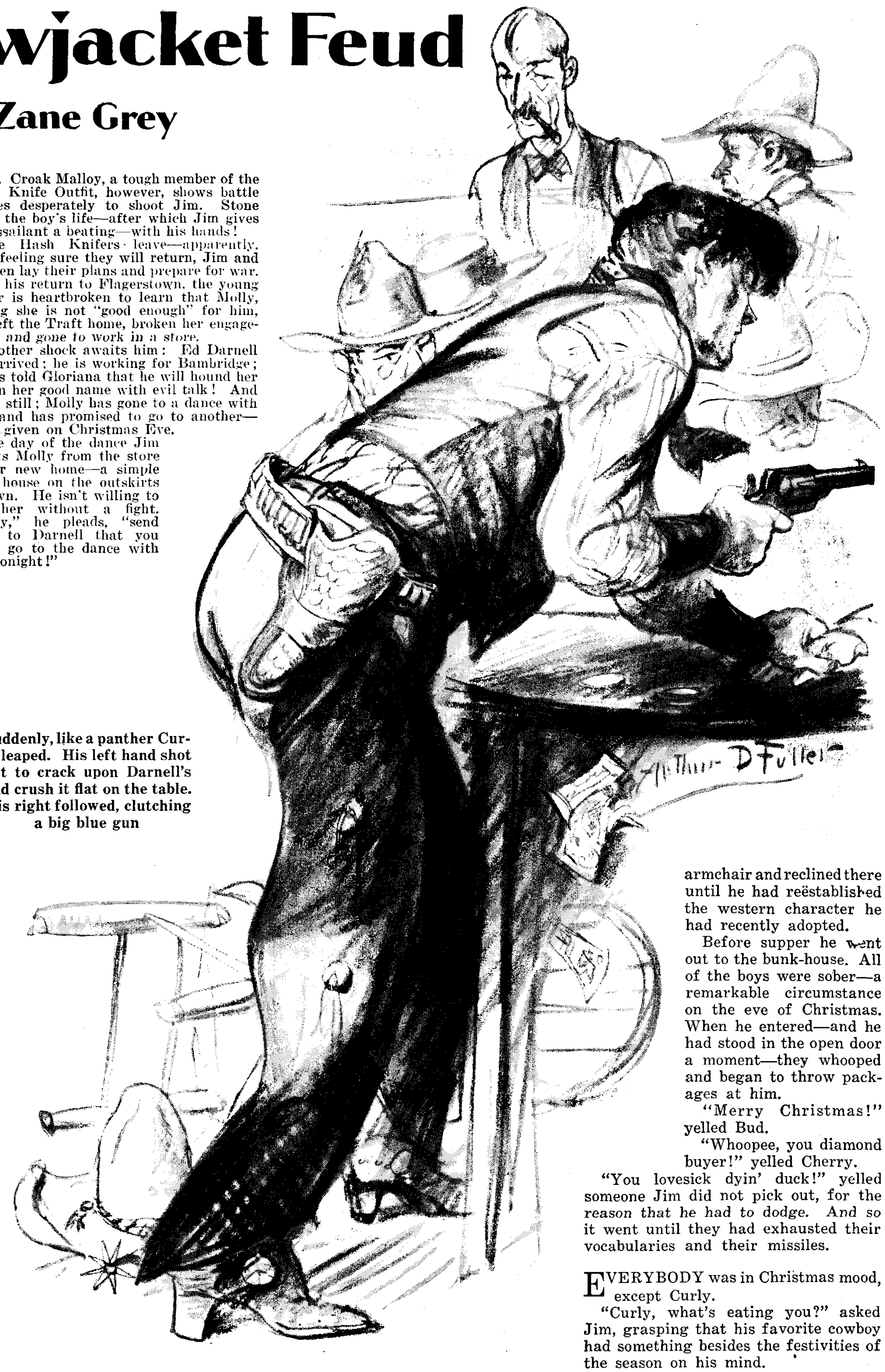
"Don't you realize you'll ruin me, if you persist in this madness? I can't believe it. But you might convince me, eventually."

Then she covered her face with her hands and the tears trickled through her fingers.

Jim grasped at the right moment to make his escape.

"I won't distress you any more," he said. "Don't cry and make your eyes red. I'll see you tonight. Please save a dance for me."

Then he rushed out to find the cold wind soothing to a heated brow. He trudged home, his mind in a whirl. It was nearly dark when he arrived. Gloriana was not in the living-room. Wherefore Jim threw himself into the armchair and reclined there until he had reëstablished the western character he had recently adopted.



Suddenly, like a panther Curly leaped. His left hand shot out to crack upon Darnell's and crush it flat on the table. His right followed, clutching a big blue gun

Before supper he went out to the bunk-house. All of the boys were sober—a remarkable circumstance on the eve of Christmas. When he entered—and he had stood in the open door a moment—they whooped and began to throw packages at him.

"Merry Christmas!" yelled Bud.

"Whoopee, you diamond buyer!" yelled Cherry.

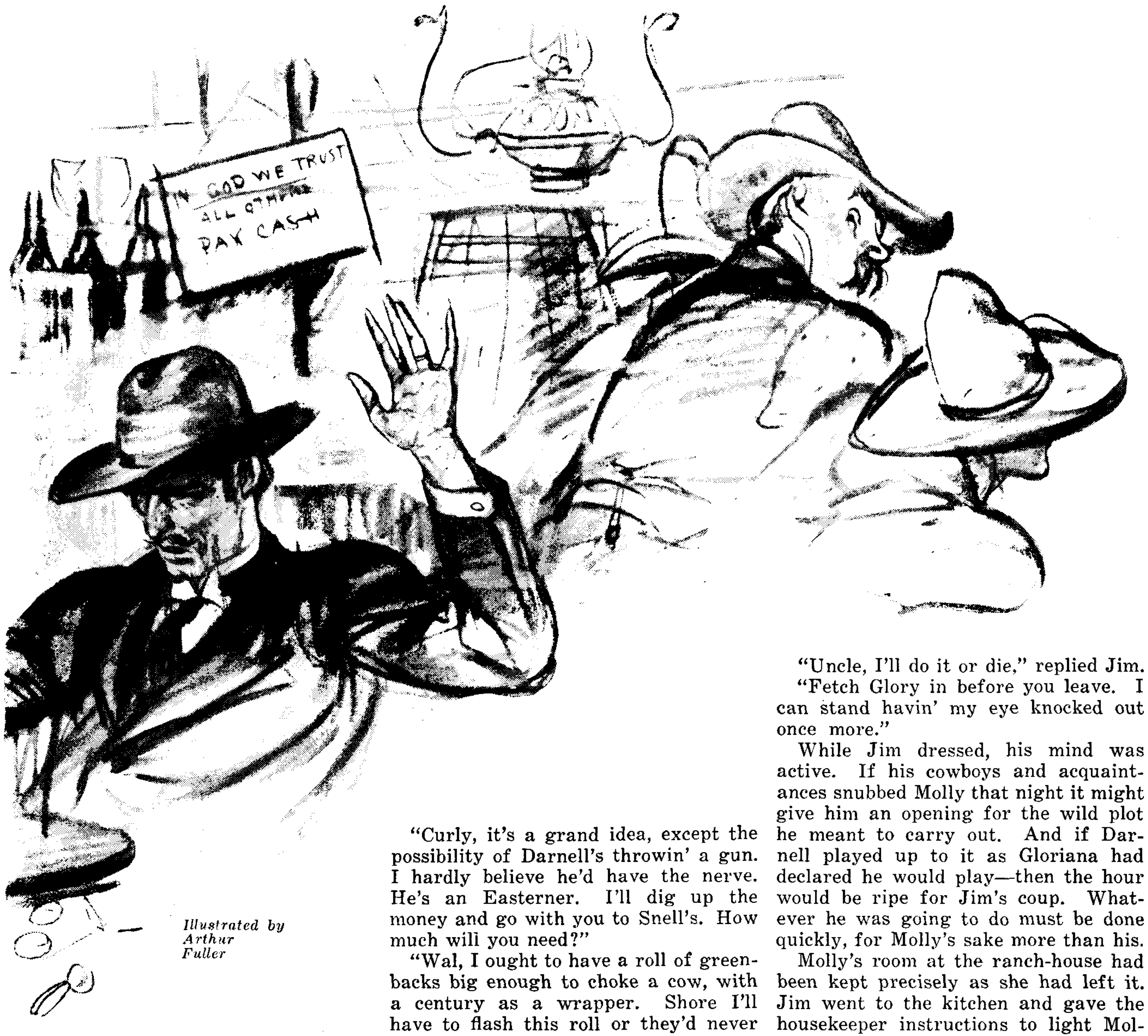
"You lovesick dyin' duck!" yelled someone Jim did not pick out, for the reason that he had to dodge. And so it went until they had exhausted their vocabularies and their missiles.

EVERYBODY was in Christmas mood, except Curly.

"Curly, what's eating you?" asked Jim, grasping that his favorite cowboy had something besides the festivities of the season on his mind.

"Ask Bud," replied Curly, gloomily.

"Wal, Boss, it ain't nuthin' much, leastways oughtn't fuss us till after Christmas," replied Bud. "Curly an' I made a round of the gamblin' hells this afternoon. I didn't know what was in Curly's mind. Anyway, the doorkeeper at Snell's tried to bar Curly out. Shore it's a swell place, but we reckoned it wasn't none too good for the Diamond. After I got in I seen why Curly pushed his gun against the doorkeeper's bread-basket. A bartender friend of Curly's had tipped him off thet there was a big game goin' on at Snell's. Wal, there was. Bambridge, Blodgett,



Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

another rancher we didn't know, an' Blake, a hotel man from Winslow, an' last this hyar Darnell hombre was sittin' in.

"You should of seen the coin of the realm on thet table. Wal, we watched the game. I seen Bambridge was bettin' high an' losin'. Looked like he'd whoop up the pots, an' Darnell would rake them in. Blake is no slouch of a gambler, an' he was shore sore at the game, either from losin' or somethin'. All I seen about Darnell was thet he was mighty slick with the cards. They just flew out of his hands. Curly, you know, is a card sharp hisself, an' he swore Darnell stacked the deck on every deal he had. An' Blodgett an' the strange rancher, anyhow, was gettin' a hell of a fleecin'."

"AHUH. So that's it," returned Jim, seriously. "Curly, I don't see anything in that to make you sad on Christmas Eve."

"Boss, there's shore two things," drawled Curly. "I've got to raise enough money to set in thet game at Snell's. An' I'm wonderin' if Darnell is as slick with a gun as he is with the cairds."

"What's the idea, Curly?" asked Jim, quickly interested.

"Boss, it's a fine chance to get rid of Mister Darnell without involvin' any of our lady friends, you know. Flag is such a hell of a place fer gossip. An' I reckon there's shore enough right now."

"Get rid of Darnell!" ejaculated Jim, curiously.

"Shore. I can set in thet game if I've a good-sized roll. Shore I'd flash it an' let on I was a little drunk. Savvy? Wal, I can nail Darnell at his cheatin' at cairds. If he pulls a gun—well an' good. If not he'll shore find Flag too hot a town in winter."

"Curly, it's a grand idea, except the possibility of Darnell's throwin' a gun. I hardly believe he'd have the nerve. He's an Easterner. I'll dig up the money and go with you to Snell's. How much will you need?"

"Wal, I ought to have a roll of greenbacks big enough to choke a cow, with a century as a wrapper. Shore I'll have to flash this roll or they'd never let me set in. But you can gamble I won't lose much of it."

"That makes it easier," said Jim. "I can manage somehow. . . . Now, fellows, about this dance tonight. It's at the hotel and the big bugs in town are back of it. No knockdown and dragout cowboy dance. Savvy? . . . I—I tried to coax Molly not to go with this Darnell, but she's stubborn. She's going. And we can't help it. I'm curious to see what comes off. Also a little worried about you boys. Anything up your sleeves?"

"We're goin' to cut her daid," said Curly, and his drawling voice had a steel ring. "Molly's a darlin', but she cain't play didoes with the Diamond."

When Jim related this bit of conversation to Gloriana, after supper, he was amazed to note she did not show any surprise.

"It'll be a good lesson, Jim," said Glory. "If only Ed Darnell runs true to form!"

"And what's that?"

"Molly is only pretty game for him. He'll play with her, but he won't champion her. He's keen after Sue Henderson. All these Flag girls have regular beaus who take them to dances. Darnell couldn't get any one except Molly. And you can bet he won't dance exclusive attendance on her."

"I don't like it, Glory," returned Jim, moodily.

"No wonder. It'll be a beastly Christmas Eve for you, Jim. . . . I think you'd better vamoose now, so I can dress."

Jim ran into the living-room to have a word with his uncle before dressing.

"Son, I'm goin' to pass on this dance," said the rancher, with a chuckle. "I reckon it wouldn't be any fun for me. I'll wait for Molly's party hyar next Wednesday. An' you see to it she's back home by then."

"Uncle, I'll do it or die," replied Jim.

"Fetch Glory in before you leave. I can stand havin' my eye knocked out once more."

While Jim dressed, his mind was active. If his cowboys and acquaintances snubbed Molly that night it might give him an opening for the wild plot he meant to carry out. And if Darnell played up to it as Gloriana had declared he would play—then the hour would be ripe for Jim's coup. Whatever he was going to do must be done quickly, for Molly's sake more than his.

Molly's room at the ranch-house had been kept precisely as she had left it. Jim went to the kitchen and gave the housekeeper instructions to light Molly's lamps about midnight, to start a fire in the grate, and to be careful about the screen. Lastly Jim took from his closet the fur coat he had bought for Molly, and with this on his arm, and his own overcoat, he hurried to the living-room.

Glory stood in the bright flare of lamps and fire, her furs on the floor, and she was pivoting for the benefit of her uncle.

Jim was not prepared for this vision of loveliness. Glory, in white gown with flounces of exquisite lace, and a hint of blue, her beautiful arms and neck bare, with a smile of pure joy on her face, and that dancing purple lightning in her eyes, was an apparition and a reality that sent the blood thrilling from Jim's heart.

"Glory, you look a little like your mother," Uncle Jim was saying. "But I reckon, only a little. . . . Lass, I—I hope we western folks are not too rough an' plain to—to make you happy. It shore makes *me* happy, an' almost young again, to look at you."

IT WAS late, according to western custom, when Jim and Gloriana arrived at the hotel, and the lobby was crowded. Jim saw Gloriana to the wide stairway which led to the ladies' dressing-room, and then went in search of his own. Curly and Bud were there, immaculate in dark suits and white shirts, which rendered them almost unrecognizable to Jim. Curly, particularly, looked handsome and clean-cut, and he did not appear uncomfortable, as did Bud. Slinger also showed up on Jim's entrance, sleek and dark and impassive, as striking in his black suit as when he wore the deerskin of the forest.

"Jim, I see you've disobeyed Ring Locke's orders," drawled Curly, disapprovingly.

"Curly, darn it, I couldn't pack a gun with this rig," complained Jim, designating the trim suit of black. "Where'd I wear that cannon you insist on my carrying?"

"Wal, if you went slappin' around me you'd shore hurt your hand. An' if you watch me you'll notice I don't turn my back to nothin'."

Jim sighed. Almost he had forgotten the menace of the time and place.

"I'll risk it. And if Croak Malloy shows up I'll dive somehow."

"Wherever you are you want to see Croak first," returned Curly.

"Slinger, you're going to dance?" asked Jim.

"I shore ain't hankerin' to make a slidin' fool o' myself. But I promised this mawnin', an' I reckon I cain't back out."

Curly looked rather fierce, and chewed at his cigarette, something unusual for the cool Texan.

"Well, come on, you Diamond," said Jim, at length. "Let's go get Glory."

She was waiting for Jim at the stairway, queenly and beautiful, her great eyes brilliant with excitement and interest.

"My Gawd, Curly, lemme hold on to you," whispered Bud.

Curly let out a little gasp, which was not lost on Jim, but Slinger showed no sign of being transfixed by Gloriana's loveliness. She came down to meet them, with just a hint of eager gayety, and apparently unconscious of the gaping crowd. After a moment of greeting, Curly elbowed an entrance for the others into the colorful hall.

"PRETTY nifty, I'll say," observed Bud. "What do you think of the style Flag's puttin' on, since you come, Miss Glory?"

"Very different from Jim's letter descriptions of western dance-halls," laughed Gloriana. "I like this."

"Jim, hurry an' dance with your sister so we can get a chanct," added Bud, very businesslike.

"Say, don't you gazaboes fight over Glory or dance her off her feet," replied Jim. "That happened last time. Glory came west to get well, and not to be buried. . . . Come on, Glory, see if boots and chaps have made me clumsy."

When he swung his sister out into the eddying throng of dancers she said: "Jim, I saw Molly in the dressing-room. Sue Henderson and her mother cut her dead. Mrs. Henderson, you know, is the leading social light of Flag."

"Poor, crazy kid," choked Jim. "This'll be a rotten night for her—and sure a tough one for me."

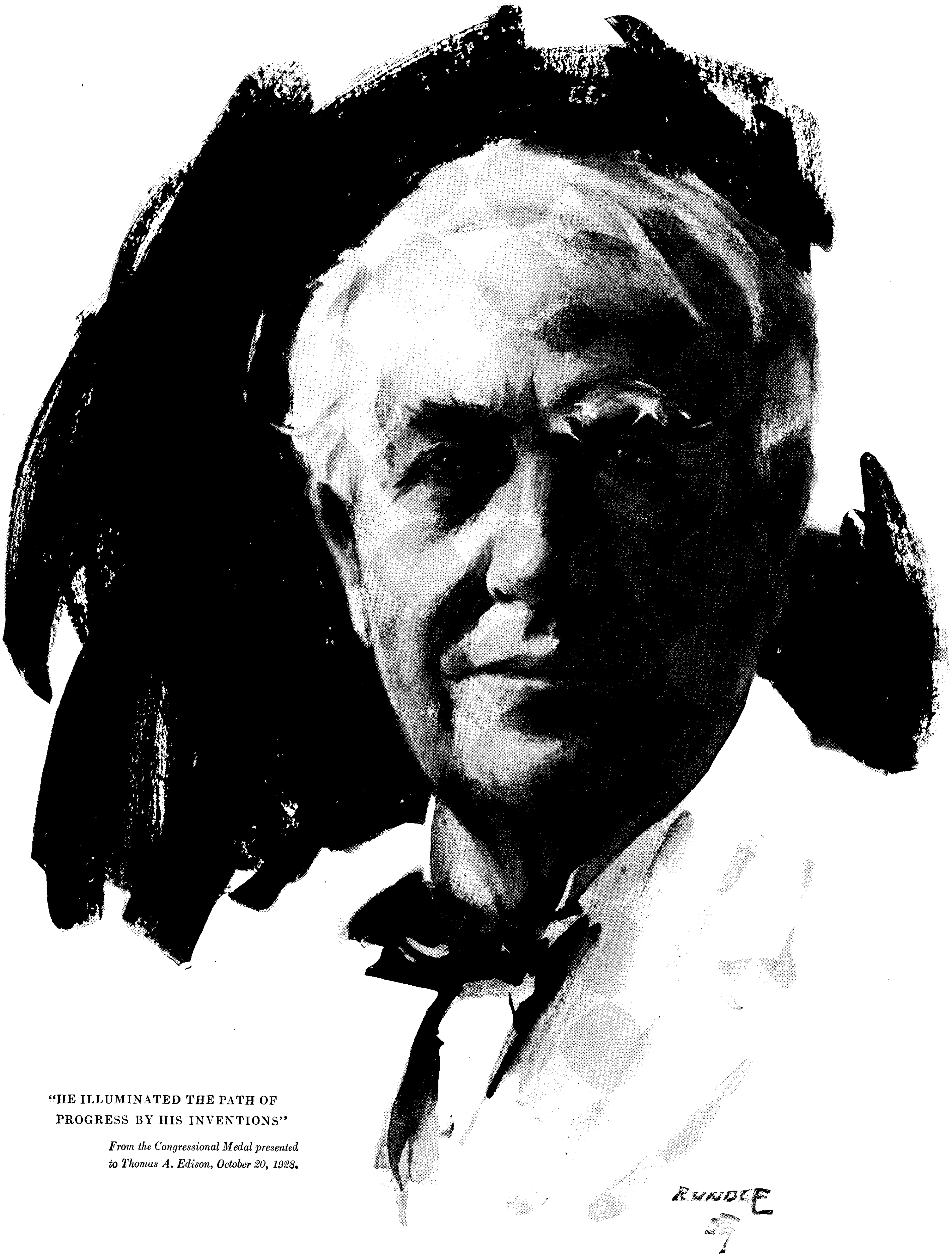
At the expiration of that waltz they were at the far end of the large room, and had to make their way through a whispering, staring crowd of dancers. Jim espied Jackson Way with a very pretty brunette girl. Jack tried to escape in the press, but Jim nailed him gayly: "Where you going, cowboy?" And so the blushing Jack and his fair damsel were captured and led across to Curly and Bud and Slinger.

"Glory, I'll leave you to the tender mercies of the Diamond," said Jim, after there had been a pleasant interchange of introductions, and some gay repartee. "But I'll keep an eye on you. . . ."

"Jim, there are Ed Darnell and Molly," interrupted Gloriana, suddenly. Her voice had an icy edge.

Before Jim glanced up he felt a jerk of his whole frame, as released blood swelled along his hot veins. He saw Molly first, and knew her, yet seemed not to know. As he met her dusky eyes, unnaturally large and bright, with an almost wild expression, his passion subsided. He smiled and bowed to her as if nothing untoward had happened. And

(*Continued on page 74*)



"HE ILLUMINATED THE PATH OF PROGRESS BY HIS INVENTIONS"

From the Congressional Medal presented to Thomas A. Edison, October 20, 1928.

LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE
THOMAS A. EDISON
DEDICATED TO BETTER VISION
1879
1929

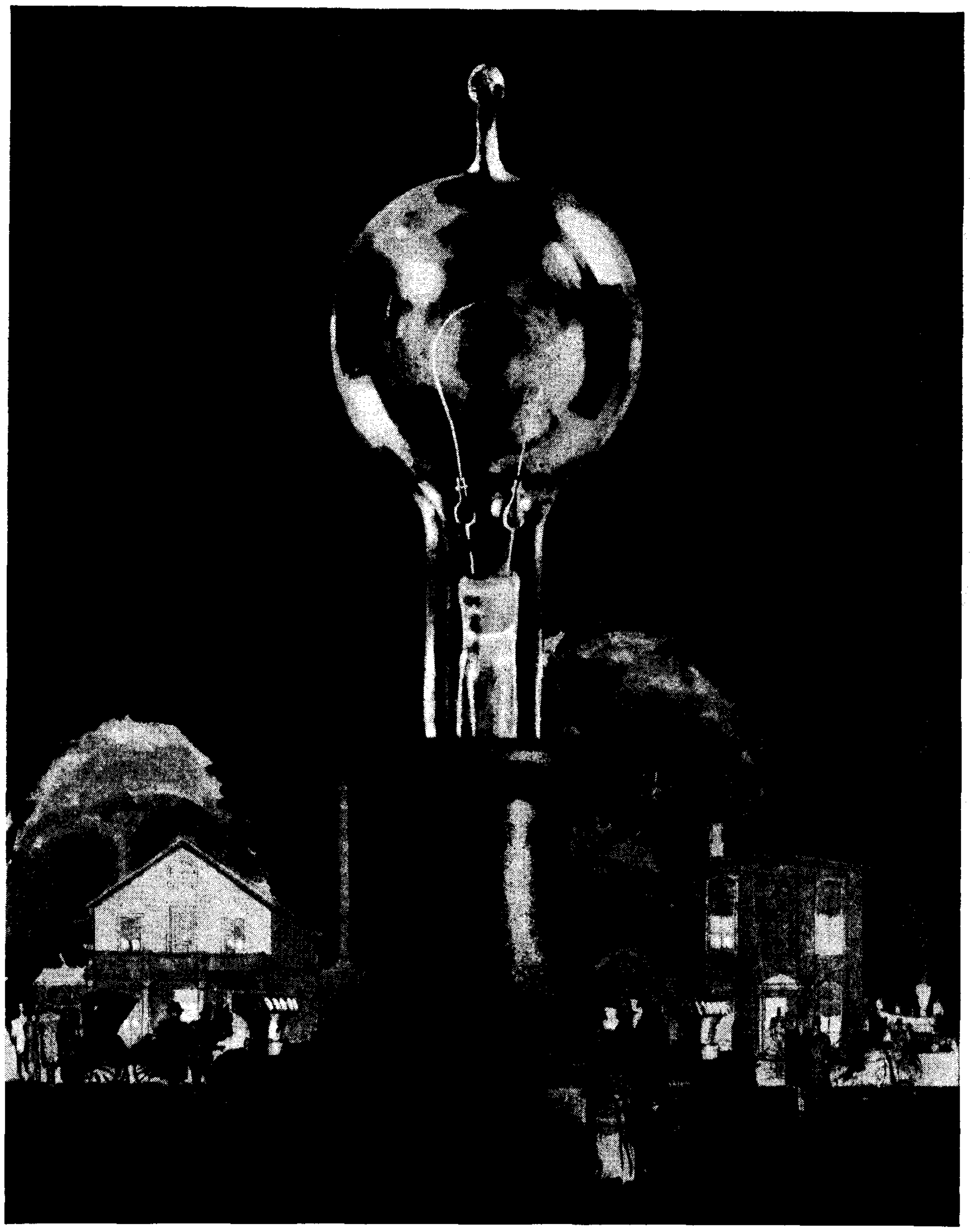
Light's Golden Jubilee

IT IS given to few men to look back over the span of fifty years and see with mortal eyes the blessings their genius has showered upon a grateful people . . . rarely is it possible for a grateful people to express to a living man their appreciation of his gifts and accord him those simple, friendly tributes which are beyond all bronze and beyond all marble.

Light's Golden Jubilee is that sort of tribute to Thomas Alva Edison. Though his life is filled to overflowing with contributions to the public good, he will always be best remembered and best loved as the Father of the Incandescent Lamp.

Light's Golden Jubilee is but an opportunity for the world at large to stand beside the man whose genius made possible a world forever free of darkness . . . a world of increasing productivity . . . a world of growing comfort, of expanding safety and improving health . . . and consider with him what fifty years have wrought.

The Miracle of 1879



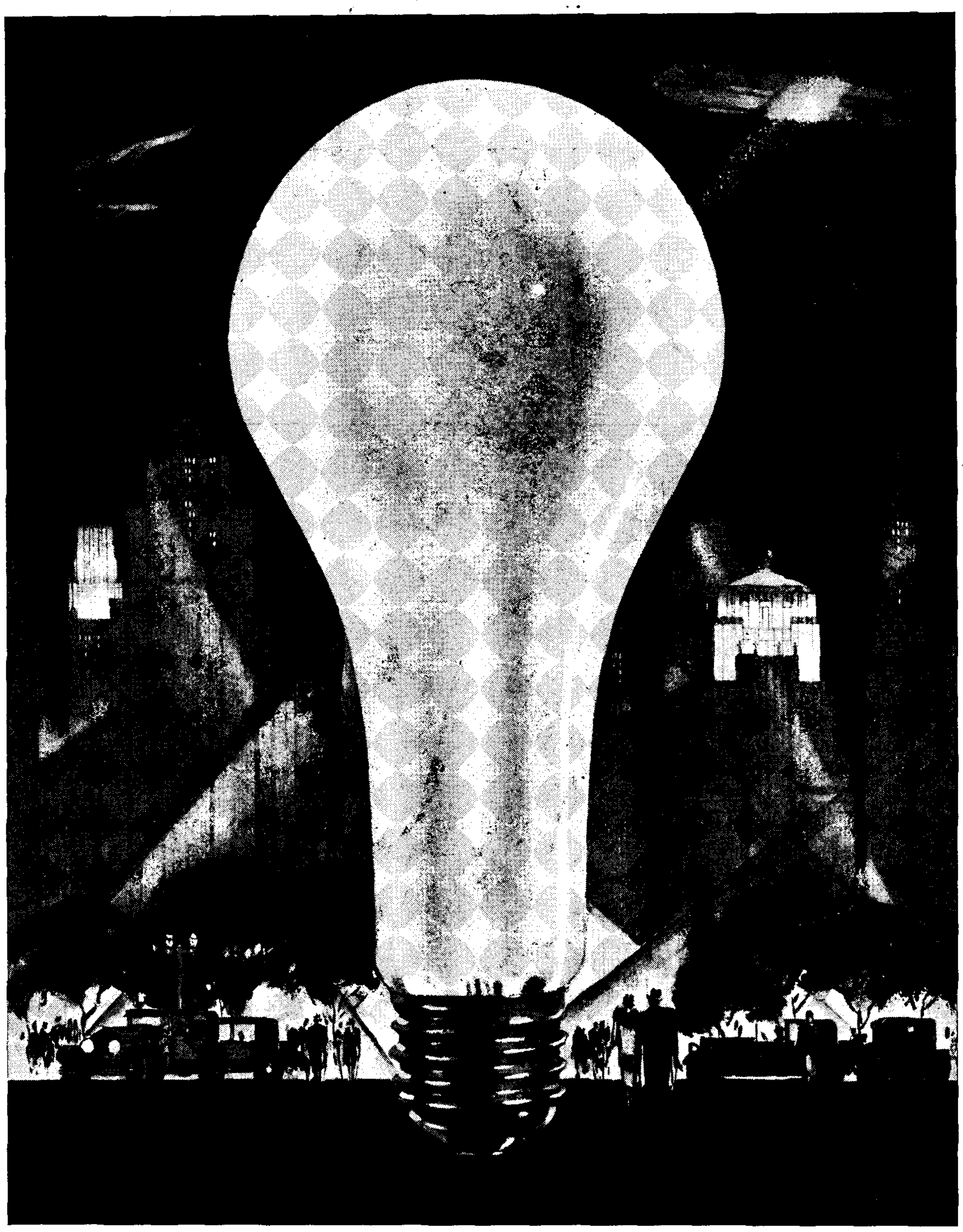
GOLDEN JUBILEE
THOMAS A EDISON
DEDICATED TO BETTER VISION
1879
1929

On October 21, 1879, in a small laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J., Thomas A. Edison demonstrated the success of his incandescent electric lamp, thus making a most important contribution to social and industrial advancement.

Edison's lamp and the system he invented in connection with it for the distribution of electric current to produce light and power have made a vast difference in the world. As a result of those inventions enlightenment has spread, people's every-day conveniences have been multiplied, and hazards have been removed from occupations in which millions of men and women are usefully employed.

Fifty years ago the lights in city streets were feeble and far apart. In horse cars, railway coaches and steamships oil was burned to overcome the terrors of darkness. Home lighting was poor and bothersome.

Without the incandescent lamp it would be impossible to light airships, or submarine vessels; the operation of underground lines of transportation would be impractical; shopping districts would be desolate at night, and it would be necessary to light each automobile lamp separately, by hand.



The Miracle of 1929

LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE
THOMAS A. EDISON
DEDICATED TO BETTER VISION

In countless ways electric light, which is the best and least expensive artificial light that people have ever had at their command, contributes to comfort, to convenience, and to safety.

The world is indebted to Thomas Alva Edison for many notable scientific achievements, among which his incandescent lamp and the system he invented for the distribution of electric light and power possess outstanding importance. Those triumphs alone would constitute an enduring testimonial to the genius of America's most venerated citizen.

National MAZDA lamps and Edison MAZDA lamps, developed directly from Edison's first incandescent lamp, exemplify supreme advancement in artificial illumination. With deep sincerity we join in paying tribute, on this fiftieth anniversary of that memorable occasion at Menlo Park, to the great man who wrought so marvelously in giving light to the world.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS ∴ EDISON LAMP WORKS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Any woman can buy new lamps for a few cents---
but she can't buy new eyes at *any* price

In its development of the incandescent lamp, the General Electric Company has made a substantial and permanent contribution to the conservation of eyesight—in the home and in industry. To Thomas A. Edison, who invented this lamp fifty years ago, the whole nation offers its praise and congratulation in the celebration of Light's Golden Jubilee.

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

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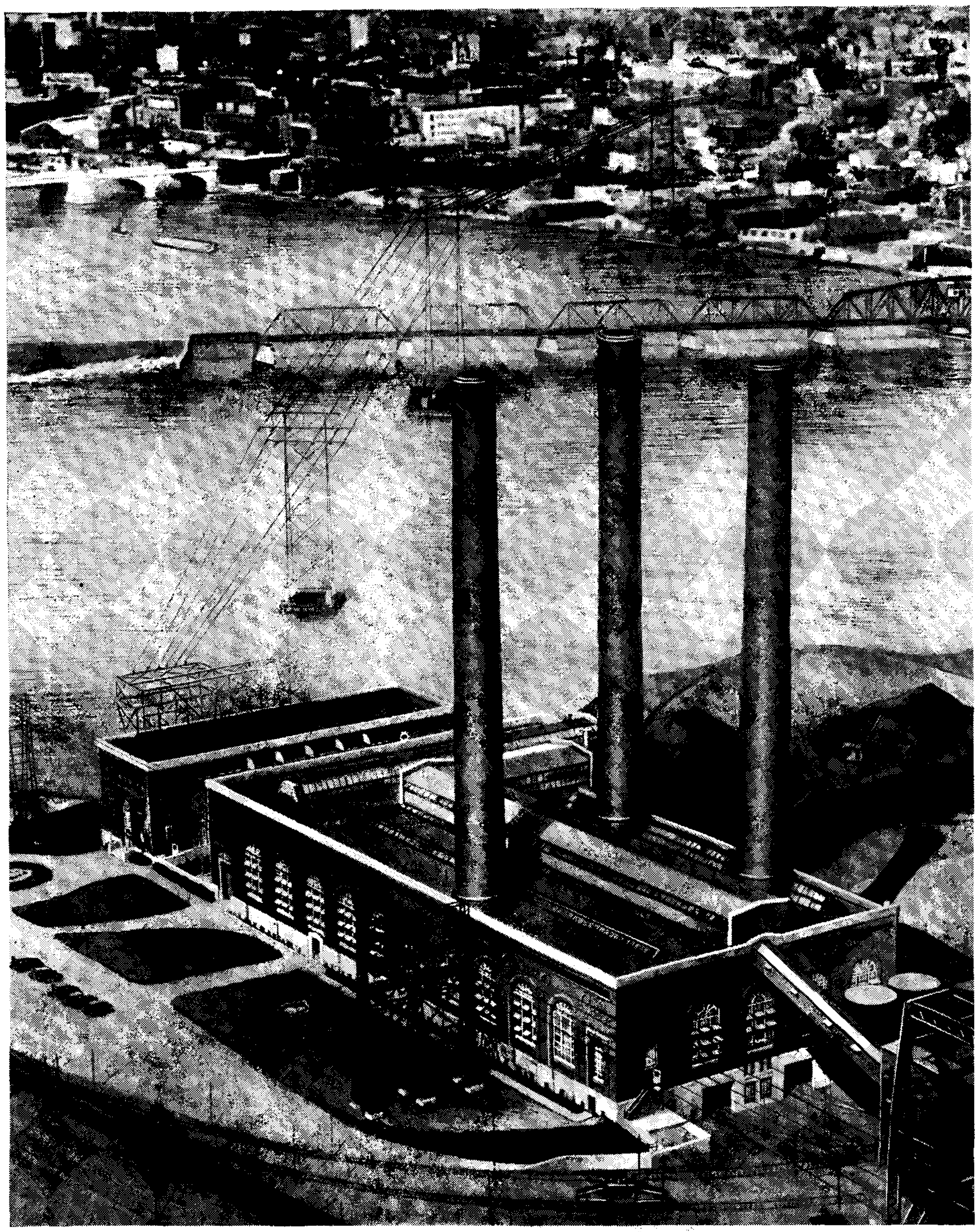
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Two boys from Ohio whose dreams came true



Acme plant of The Toledo Edison Company, one of over sixty Cities Service public utilities subsidiaries

EDISON, seventy years ago, at the age of 12, began his career as a train newsboy. Some years later another Ohio boy, Henry L. Doherty, at the age of 12, got his first job as an office boy in a utility company.

Both these Ohio boys were dreamers—they had visions of great accomplishments: inventions, discoveries that would enrich the world and themselves.

Edison's greatest invention—the incandescent lamp—had just been announced to the world when young Doherty went into the lighting business in Columbus, Ohio. Here was an inspiration to the office boy who was dreaming of great things.

Among the many organizations that have carried Edison's light across the country, one of the largest is that conceived by Henry L. Doherty—the group of public utility enterprises controlled by Cities Service Company.

Following the trail that was blazed by Edison, the Cities Service organization has grown to be nation-wide, serving more than 4,000 communities, and with total assets of more than $900,000,000.

A pioneer in the popularizing of utility investments, Cities Service employs capital in its varied enterprises in this and foreign countries which comes from more than 500,000 investors, the second largest group of security owners in the world.

Cities Service assets place it among the ten largest industrial enterprises in the country. The organization is one of the many industrial achievements of modern America that owe their inspiration to the genius of the greatest of American inventors—Thomas Alva Edison.

LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE
THOMAS A. EDISON
DEDICATED TO BETTER VISION

Light and civilization have always gone hand in hand. Today, when we are all honoring the name of Edison, the country that gave him to the world is proud of the fact that it is the best lighted country in the world.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

60 Wall Street, New York

King for a Day

When a near-star in the sports firmament suddenly outshines the mightier meteors it's a big moment for everyone, including the near-star

By Grantland Rice

IT MAY fall to the lot of one man in sport to have a long career full of records broken and victories piled up. This career may last from ten to twenty years and it is always the final proof of mastery. This is the story of such stars as Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Helen Wills and a few others who from one season to another have gone along their respective ways cleaning up the opposition with too much stuff to be held long in check.

There are others, almost as good, who never quite get there. Others who know neither a day of glory nor a period of supremacy above the rest of the cast.

There is still a third division, in which are those who at one time or another have known a certain day of glory that will never be reached again, although they may be in no sense false alarms or flops.

For an outsider to beat a man like Bobby Jones is a day of glory few will know. Dick Jones, Maurice McCarthy and Rae Gorton had this chance in turn.

They were all good golfers, but they were given little chance against the man who had practically ruled golf for six years. They almost crashed through, but not quite. And "almost" is a word of extended meaning.

I thought of this on the day at Pebble Beach when twenty-year-old Johnny Goodman of Omaha stood on the seventeenth tee, one up and two to play. Johnny Goodman is a thin-cheeked, lean-flanked youngster who in many ways had known a dramatic golfing career. He had hiked his way to tournaments, ridden freights, caught rides along the road, any way to get there when he happened to lack funds.

He had been a good golfer for two years, but a golfer almost unknown outside of his own territory. Johnny Goodman had hiked part of the way from Omaha to Winged Foot in the last open championship to finish far below Bobby Jones, who won.

And now he stood on the seventeenth tee against the same Bobby Jones in the first round of the amateur championship at Pebble Beach. This hole is the hardest par on the course, about 225 yards in length, calling for a long, straight carry down a narrow stretch over a guarding trap, a carry slightly more than 200 yards. Goodman knew that whatever might happen later he now faced his day of glory in the elimination of the golfer who had dominated the game for nearly six years.

I tried to read his expression as he stood on the tee and looked ahead at the carry he had to make. There was nothing to read. His face was set, a mask to cover up any inside feeling.

The answer came in his tee shot, the result of a smooth, perfectly timed blow that sent the ball on a dead line from the flag to where it stopped, only five or six feet from the cup.

When that tee shot started on its way you could see that twenty-year-old Goodman, an unheralded young Nebraskan working his way through college, had earned his big day.

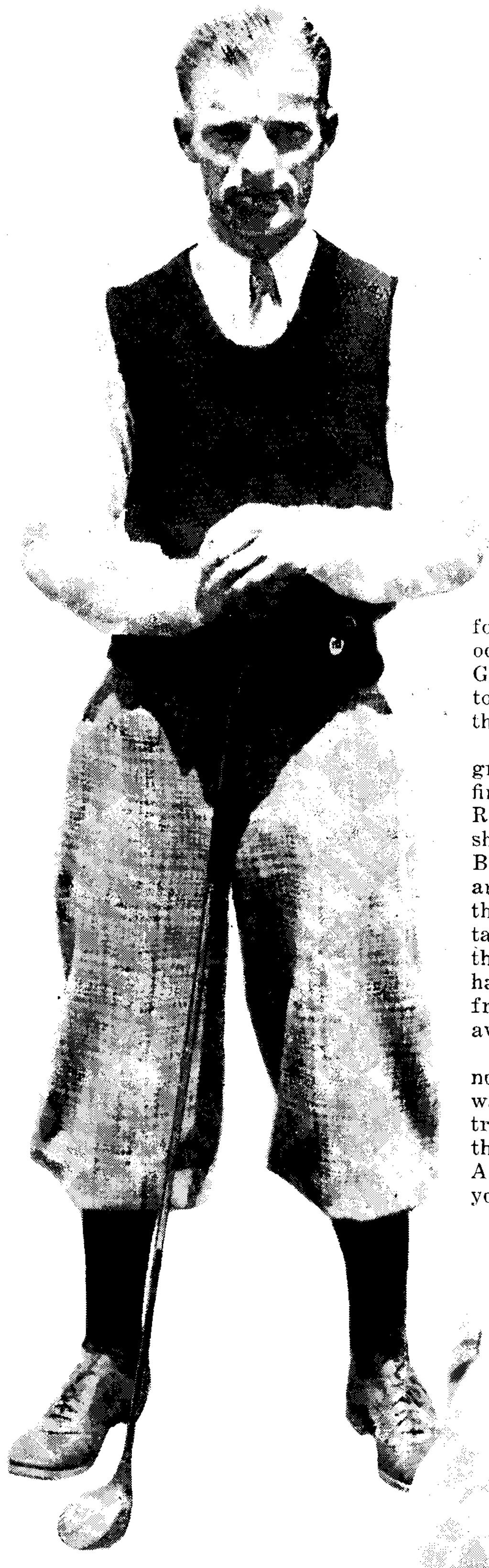
Doubling David

Strangely enough it was in this same championship that a veteran golfer reached the semi-final round who, at the same age of twenty, had come upon one of the biggest days of glory in sport. His name is Francis Ouimet.

Just sixteen years ago young Ouimet was entered in the Open Championship at Brookline. The entire talk at that time was built around the possibility of stopping Great Britain's two star veterans, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray.

One by one the leading professional stars fell back. Young Walter Hagen made his bid for sixty-six holes and then crashed. Jack McDermott dropped behind. Finally there was no one left until word came in that the young amateur, Ouimet, still had a chance, by beating par, to at least tie.

On the seventy-first green Ouimet sank a twelve-foot putt for a birdie three. He now had a hard four on the final hole to finish on even terms and force a play-off.



Johnny Goodman's tee shot beat Bobby Jones at the Pebble Beach tournament

Through the mud and rain he hammered the ball to the edge of the green in two, and finally with a six-foot putt left he stepped up coolly and without any waste of time got his four.

He had tied Vardon, the old master, and the long-hitting Ray, but what about the play-off? Not a chance in the world for a twenty-year-old kid to face such odds. David had bowled over his Goliath but no one had asked David to stop both Goliath and Samson in the same ring at the same time.

The result next day was one of the great upsets in sport. After the first seven or eight holes Vardon and Ray were the ones who began to show signs of the strain as the young Bostonian went from one par to another, a smooth-working machine that apparently could make no mistake. And when the finish came on the eighteenth green young Ouimet had his seventy-two, three strokes in front of Vardon and still farther away from Ray.

Here was a day of glory such as no youngster had known in sport. It was something more than a national triumph. It was a sensation through the British Empire, from old St. Andrews to Australia and India. A young unknown had not only tied Vardon and Ray in a brilliant finish for seventy-two holes but he had also beaten them badly in the play-off.

One might speak of the great records of Nurmi, Lowe and others who have known more than one turn at Olympic fame. But no one can take the day of glory away from Ray Barbutti, the Syracuse quarter-miler now under suspension by the A. A. U. That victory is something he can carry through his career.

Back in 1924 the United States won only one track event where individuals are figured. In the Olympic games of 1928 it began to look as if they would be shut out. Percy Williams, the fleet Canadian, won the 100 and 200 meters. It was fairly well established that Douglas Lowe would win the 800 meters and that foreign runners would clean up over the longer route.

A Grange Haul

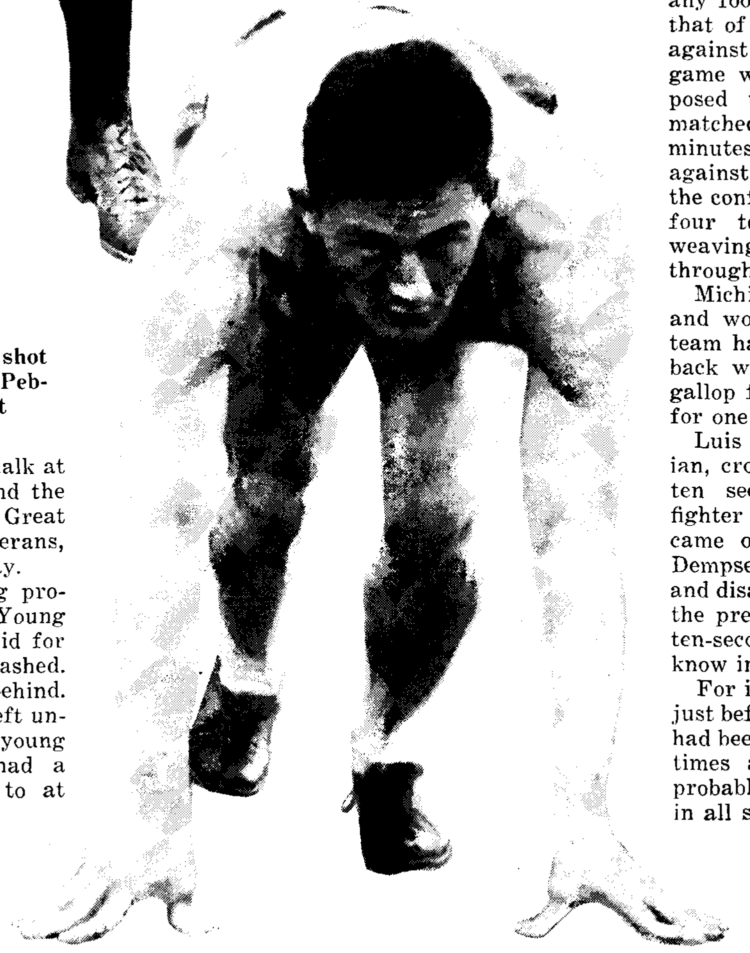
Barbutti had not been figured as the best 400-meter runner in the game. The United States had pinned its hopes on the track upon other stars in other events. But when the show-down came Barbutti was the last hope and the big sprinter fought his way through as much by sheer courage as by any test of stamina and speed. He needed heart in that race above everything else, and heart as well as feet carried him through to the big day of his athletic career.

Probably the biggest single day any football player ever knew was that of Red Grange's first quarter against Michigan. Here was a game where two teams were supposed to be strong and evenly matched. But in the first fifteen minutes Red Grange had run wild against one of the best teams in the conference. He scored three or four touchdowns on long runs, weaving and working his way through a baffled Michigan defense.

Michigan teams have been beaten and worn down, but no Michigan team had ever encountered a rival back who could take the ball and gallop from forty to seventy yards for one touchdown after another.

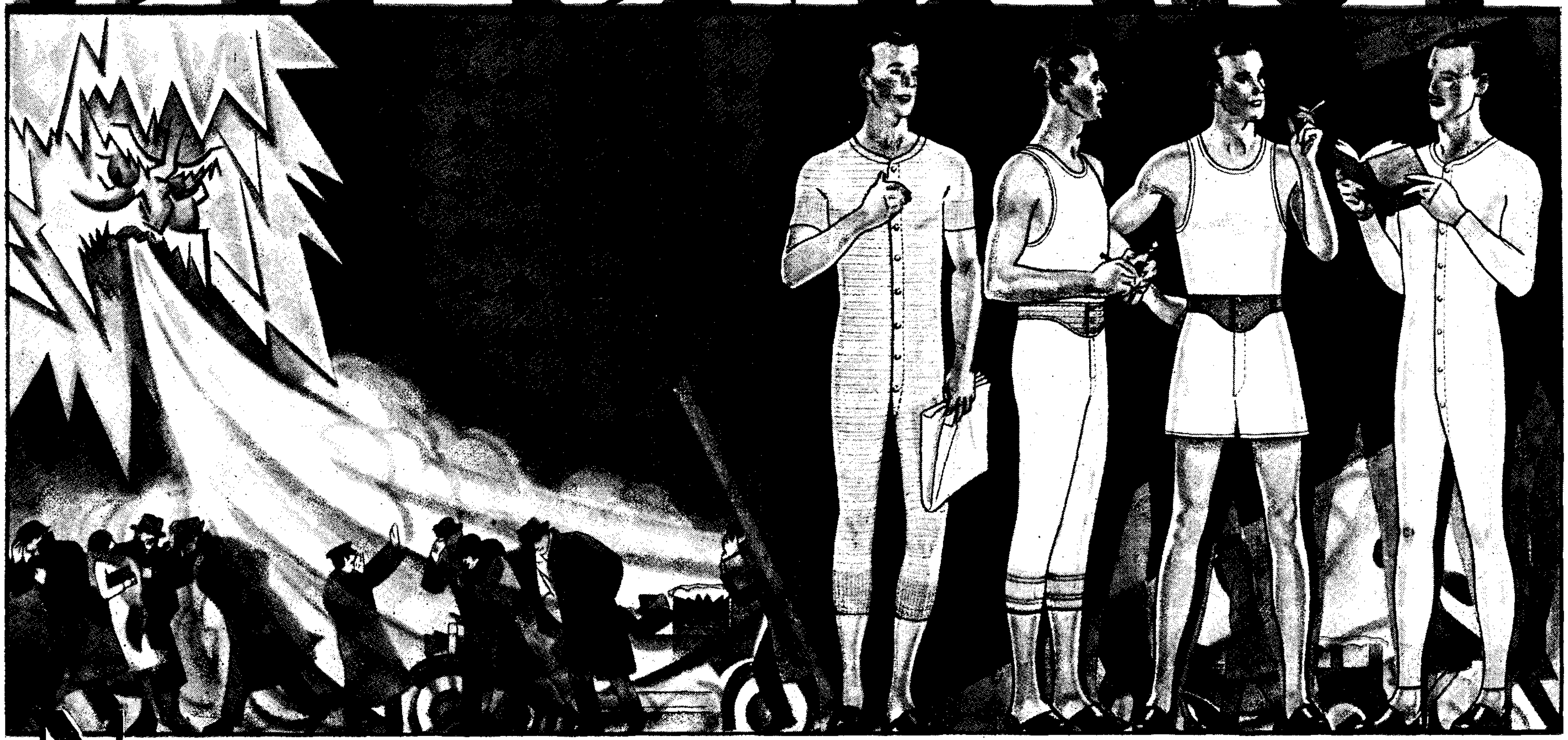
Luis Firpo, the shaggy Argentinian, crowded more excitement into ten seconds of glory than any fighter in the ring. That upheaval came on the night he saw Jack Dempsey hurtle through the ropes and disappear, head downward, into the press row below. Here was a ten-second thrill that few will ever know in a lifetime.

For it might be remembered that just before this had happened Firpo had been knocked down six or seven times and the sudden turn was probably the biggest single moment in all sport.



Heart as well as feet carried Barbutti to victory in the last Olympic games

BE SMART



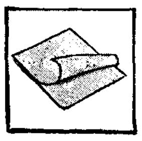
Now • health protection and comfort, *plus* style!

HEALTH or Fashion? Which will you choose? Which will you *sacrifice?*

This fall you may enjoy *both!*

Fall and winter, with their vitality sapping cold, violent changes in weather, chilling damp and icy storms, show in the annual epidemic of colds that it is *wise to dress for health protection.*

Yet Comfort and Smart Style call for light underwear—perchance with a touch of color.



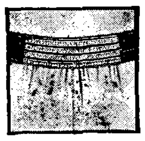
You can be *doubly* smart in dress if you wear Duofold—smart in *health protection, warmth* and *comfort* and smart in the *appearance of trim, light, well-made garments of the very latest fashion.*

This combination is possible because of Duofold's exclusive

Two Thin Layer Fabric

Two very *thin* layers. The *outside* layer contains wool, combined with silk, rayon or cotton—for warmth, protection and service. The thin *inside* layer is made of soft cotton only—for comfort. No wool can touch or irritate the skin.

This fabric is *light,* yet *warm.* The insulating air space between the layers checks the sudden penetration of cold. It guards against chills—sources of discomfort and illness.



Duofold is made in a complete range of models, from shirts and shorts to three-quarter and full length union suits. Shorts and sox-top length drawers are also made with elastic webbing insert in the waistband—which eliminates tapes.

Duofold is the *one* really different, distinctive kind of underwear—so unusually satisfactory in its services that it is altogether worth demanding.

If you have never worn it, ask us to send you samples of its interesting fabric, together with more information. Just send us the handy coupon—*you'll be well repaid.*

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Mothers! Duofold is *ideal* for the little ones. All the warmth and protection of fine wool, which *cannot* touch, *cannot* irritate the tender skin! Bands, Binders, Shirts, Union Suits, etc. Send coupon for fabric samples.

Other Duofold Co. products—Duocraft Sweater Coats; Featherknit Shirts and Duocraft Woven Shorts; DuoRib Knit Underwear.

Mail Coupon—for free samples of Duofold's unique, two-layer fabric

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Dept. B-2, Mohawk, N. Y.
Please send, free, samples of Duofold fabric, and descriptions of styles checked.
☐ Men's, Boys', Children's, Women's
☐ Infants'
Name ....
Street ....
City .... *State* ....

Duofold *Health* Underwear

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 5

CAUSE

In a little old-fashioned factory, an abandoned strawboard mill, Goodyear made its start.

Almost its only asset at that time was an unfaltering faith in the ultimate triumph of manufactured goodness.

The building is gone now, succeeded by a group of Goodyear plants that girdle the earth, and that are everywhere known as marvels of modern productive efficiency.

But Goodyear does not forget the simple principle upon which it built its reputation, and the whole energies of its progressive personnel today are focused upon providing products of a quality which will protect our good name.

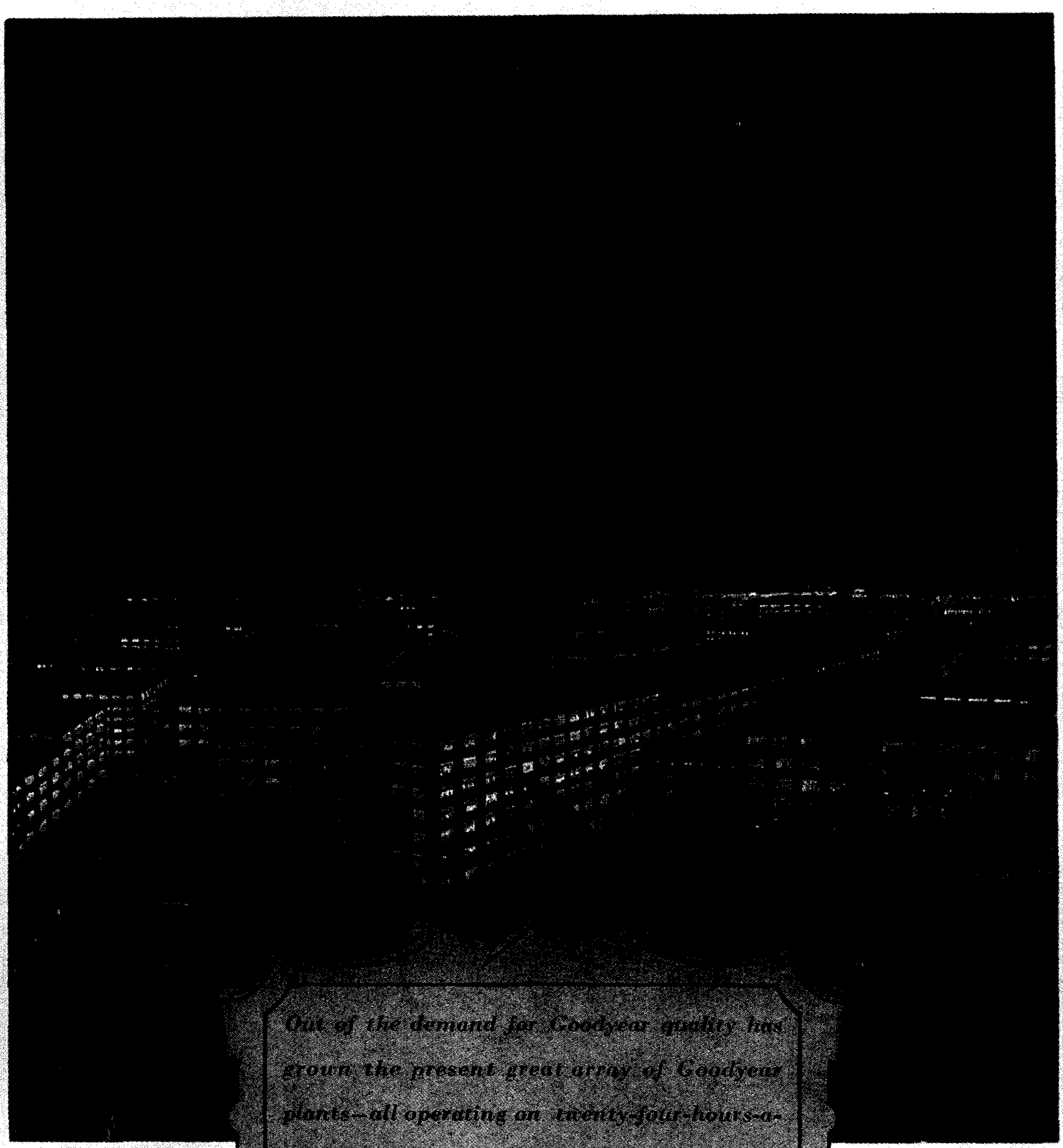
P. W. Litchfield

President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 5

RESULT



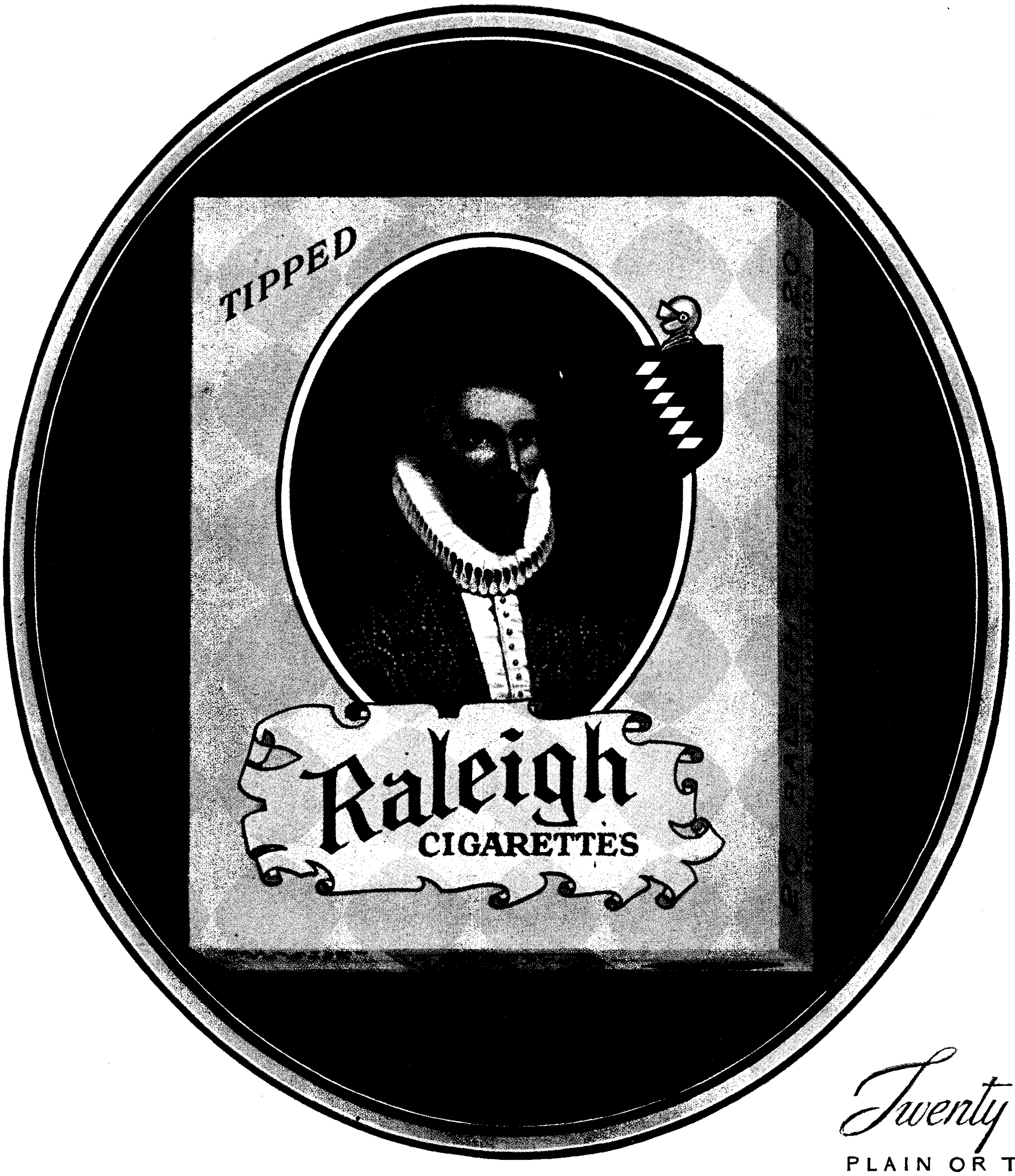
Out of the demand for Goodyear quality has grown the present great array of Goodyear plants—all operating on twenty-four-hours-a-day schedules—because "More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

Goodyear manufactures at Akron, Ohio; Los Angeles, Cal.; New Toronto, Ont.; Bowmanville, Ont.; Sydney, Australia; Wolverhampton, Eng.; and Gadsden, Ala. Goodyear operates textile mills at Los Angeles, Cal.; Goodyear, Conn.; Cedartown, Rockmart, and Cartersville, Ga.; New Bedford, Mass.; St. Hyacinthe, Que. Goodyear operates cotton plantations in Arizona; rubber plantations in Sumatra, D. E. I., and Philippine Islands; a coal mine at Adena, Ohio, and is now building at Akron, Ohio, the world's largest airship factory and dock

YEAR

Copyright 1929, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

And now—the same plump, round, firm cigarette blended, *puff-by-puff*, with the added nicety of **TIPPED ENDS** for those who prefer them

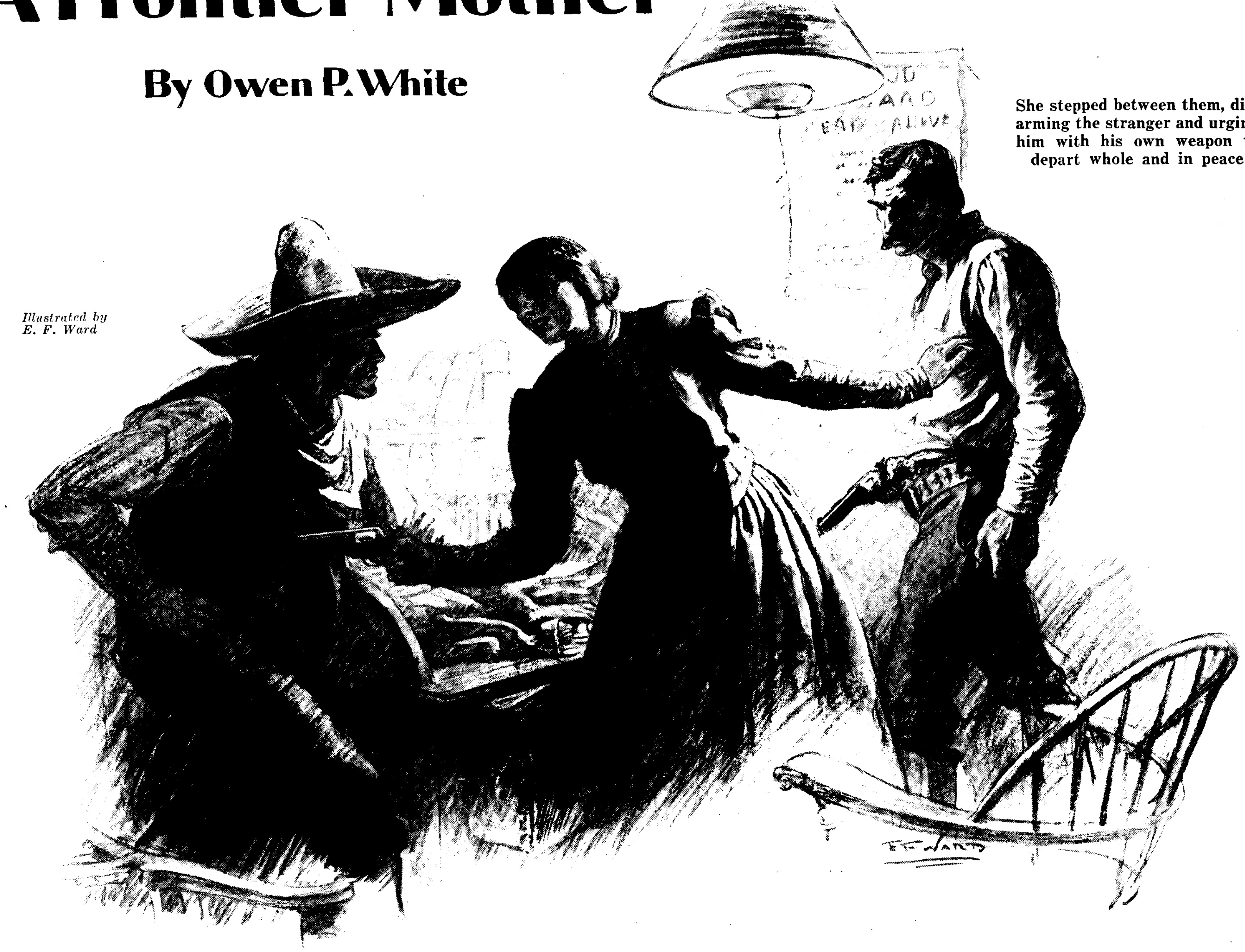

TIPPED
Raleigh
CIGARETTES

Twenty Cents
PLAIN OR TIPPED

BROWN *and* WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION *Louisville, Kentucky*

A Frontier Mother

By Owen P. White



She stepped between them, disarming the stranger and urging him with his own weapon to depart whole and in peace

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

The last chapter in the struggles of a pioneer physician and his wife to raise a family amid the turmoil and excitement of life on the southwestern frontier

III

THE stage was turned around so that the mules would be somewhat protected from the first fire of the Indians, and everybody waited. That was all they could do, and thus the grim moments passed until the Indians had come within a half mile of us and their forms could be clearly distinguished. Then the whole band suddenly wheeled from the road and, still riding at top speed, headed for the foothills. For a moment or two this was inexplicable. My mother, the guards and the driver gazed at the fleeing Indians in amazement and then, out of a second cloud of dust, which became visible a half mile behind that raised by the Apaches, came the answer in the form of a troop of United States cavalry. Half of this troop turned off in pursuit of the redskins; the other half came on to the stage, and as its dusty, dirty captain pulled up his horse at the side of the coach and jerked off his cap, he said:

"I am Captain Whitehead, and I thank God, Mrs. White, for the sight of you."

"And I thank Him most fervently for the sight of you, Captain," replied my mother.

That was all. There were no emotional exclamations of joy, and, although in the years that have since elapsed I have frequently thanked God for Captain Whitehead and so has my brother, neither of us said anything about it at the time.

Racing Against Despair

The stage was again turned around and once more we began to make our way slowly toward Fort Bayard. On the way Captain Whitehead told my mother what had happened. It was quite simple. All that had saved us had been the six-hour delay occasioned by the overturning of the engine. The same band of philanthropists who had stolen the mules and "gotten" the two herders had intended to "get" our stage, and undoubtedly would have done so had not the commanding officer at Fort Bayard, concluding from our nonarrival that we had all been killed, sent Captain Whitehead out with instructions to bring in our dead bodies if possible.

This much of the news was received by my mother in silence, but when Captain Whitehead added, regretfully: "And I'm sorry, Mrs. White, but I think the colonel sent a courier in to Silver to tell the doctor you were all dead," she was at once galvanized into action. She called upon the driver, the captain, and everybody concerned for more speed. In her mind she could see her red-headed husband, overcome by an excess of grief, doing something desperate, and, so that we might get to him as soon as possible and relieve his anxiety, the six worn-out mules were whipped into something resembling a gallop. We reached Fort Bayard an hour after dark; my brother and I were hastily fed, six fresh mules were attached to the stagecoach and, still accompanied by a cavalry escort, were off again. It was still slow going. The road was very bad and it was dark. It was long past midnight when we pulled into the town.

At the stage station the driver stopped to unload his mail. "No," said my mother decisively, "take me on at once to the house. You can come back with the mail."

The driver obeyed. He drove us to the four-room adobe which was to be our home and there he stopped. The place was dark; not a light showed from a crack anywhere, and it was only after the driver had pounded strenuously upon the door with his whip that the lone inmate thereof wanted to know "Who-who-who-who the hell's there?"

My father had been asleep!

His desperate grief had translated itself into a calm slumber, and my mother was quite naturally overcome with emotion. So was my father when, after a moment of silence, she devastated him with the remark: "What do you mean by being here asleep? Didn't you know we were all dead—killed by the Indians?"

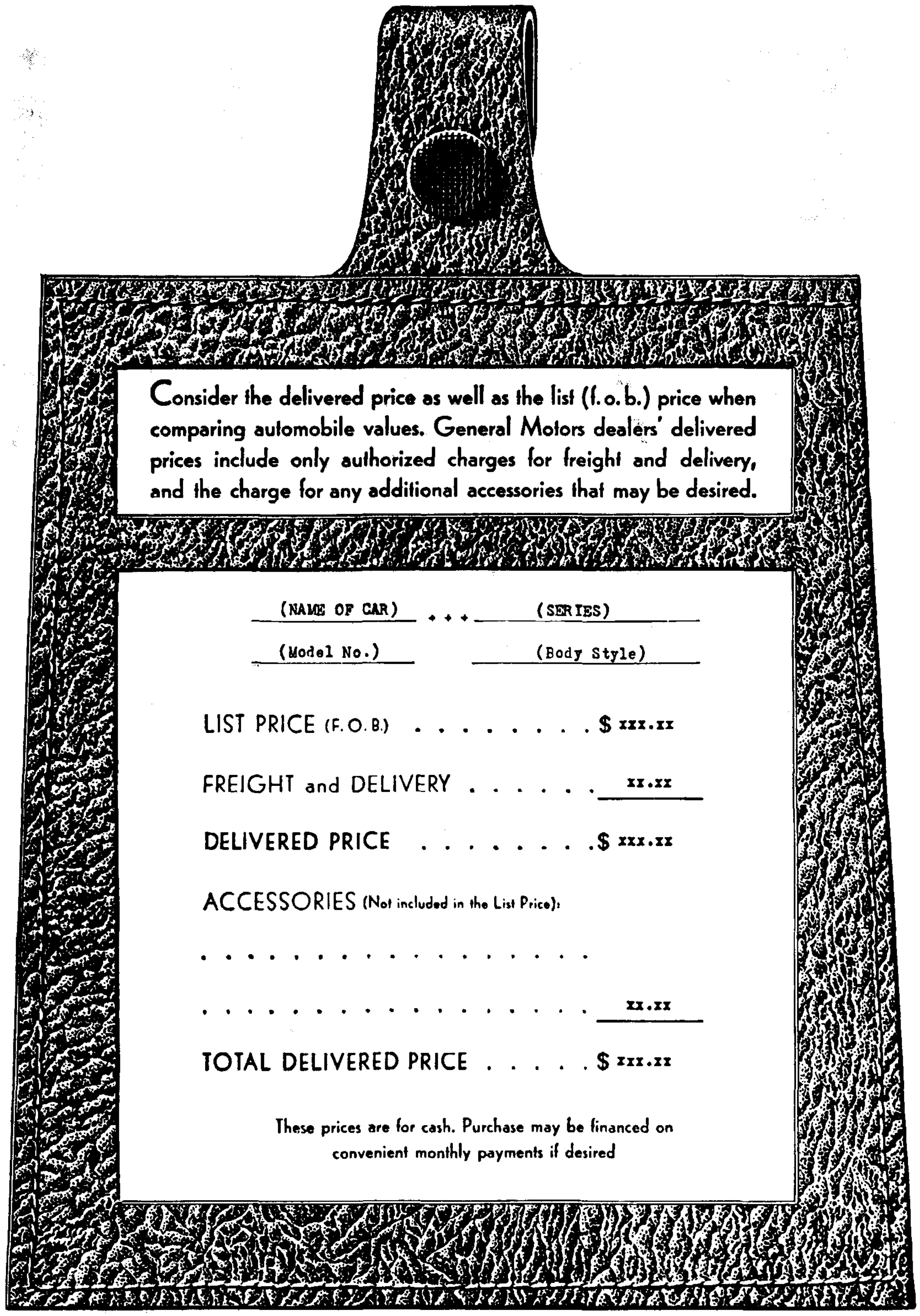
"No, no, Cato," stammered my father. "I didn't know it. They said so but I didn't believe it, but if it's a fact and if you are all k-k-k-killed, what can I do about it now, until after daylight?"

Just what there was to this remark that could have calmed down my mother, it is hard to say. Maybe she looked upon it as a delayed repartee intending to offset her comment about the killing of her pet buffalo, years before, but at any rate it did calm her down. It made her laugh, and when daylight finally came and she could appreciate the magnificence of the house my father had erected for her, she forgave him everything, even his philosophic sleepiness of the night before.

On the Trail Again

In Silver City our home was a regular frontier palace, nothing less. It had four rooms, with board floors, glass in the windows, and therein we were allowed to live luxuriously for the space of one year. Then came a real jolt in the shape of a communication from Washington. This one read: "Go to Arivaca, Arizona, and take charge of the Custom House," and thus, just when my mother was getting accustomed to some slight degree of comfort, she was (*Continued on page 52*)

GENERAL



Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. General Motors dealers' delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery, and the charge for any additional accessories that may be desired.

(NAME OF CAR) . . . (SERIES)

(Model No.) (Body Style)

LIST PRICE (F. O. B.)	$ xxx.xx
FREIGHT and DELIVERY	xx.xx
DELIVERED PRICE	$ xxx.xx
ACCESSORIES (Not included in the List Price):	
. . . .	
. . . .	xx.xx
TOTAL DELIVERED PRICE	$ xxx.xx

These prices are for cash. Purchase may be financed on convenient monthly payments if desired

THIS is the standard price tag used by General Motors dealers to show what makes up the delivered prices of their new cars.

List Price. The f. o. b. price advertised by the factory.

Freight and Delivery. An authorized amount to cover the freight charges paid by the dealer and the cost of unloading, inspecting, supplying fuel and oil—preparing the car for delivery to you.

Accessories. A charge for any additional accessories that may be purchased.

MOTORS DEALERS

adopt standard price tag

THERE is a difference between the list (f. o. b.) price of a new automobile and the price you actually pay. This difference consists of certain additions made by the dealer.

In line with General Motors' policy of giving the public all the facts, its dealers show you exactly what their additions are. They are using the standard price tag illustrated at the left. It is attached to new cars displayed in their showrooms.

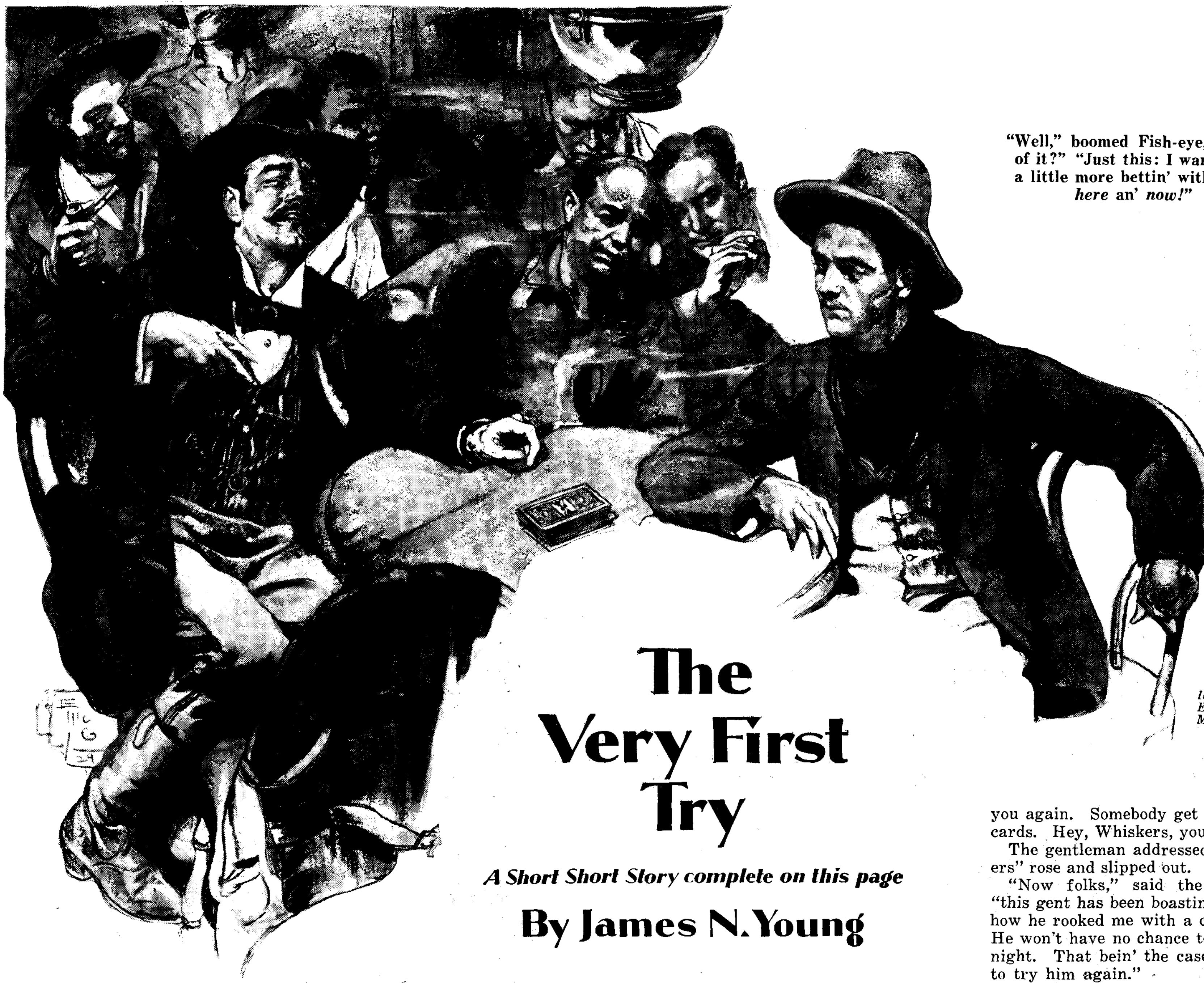
Everything is set forth frankly. Every charge is fair and reasonable. Nothing is hidden. There is no extra charge to permit a *seemingly* better trade-in offer. No extra charge for advertising, etc. You are entitled to buy a General Motors car with full knowledge of just what makes up the difference between the list price and the delivered price. The tag tells all.

Study this tag. Make it your guide in comparing car values. Find out exactly what goes into the *delivered price*—for that is the price you pay.

STANDARD price tag adopted by General Motors dealers to let you know exactly what charges make up their cars' delivered prices. The General Motors cars are

CHEVROLET , PONTIAC , OLDSMOBILE , MARQUETTE , OAKLAND
VIKING , BUICK , LASALLE , CADILLAC

"A car for every purse and purpose" · All with Body by Fisher



"Well," boomed Fish-eye, "what of it?" "Just this: I want to do a little more bettin' with you—*here* an' *now!*"

Illustrated by Edgar McGraw

The Very First Try

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By James N. Young

FISH-EYE FINGERMAN inserted a well-manicured hand in his pocket and drew out a pack of cards. Three times he shuffled them; then he placed them carefully in the center of the table.

"Stranger in these parts?" he asked.

"Yes," said the little man across the table. "I ain't never been here before."

"Like poker?"

"Don't play. Used to."

For a few moments there was silence. Then, leaning over the table, Fish-eye picked up the cards and set them before the stranger. "See how high you kin cut," he said.

"What's the idea?" asked the little man.

"Wait an' see," said Fish-eye.

The little man, pale blue eyes asquint, thin lips compressed, halved the deck. Turned the upper portion up. Showed a card. It was the nine of spades.

"Not so bad," Fish-eye commented. "There's seven cards that's worth less and five that's worth more."

The little man nodded.

"Maybe I can beat it—maybe I can't," Fish-eye continued. "Odds are against me. Shuffle the cards."

The little man shuffled the cards. Then, cutting them, he placed them before Fish-eye.

"Want to try your luck?" asked Fish-eye. "Want to bet I can't beat the nine of spades?"

"No," said the little man. "'Twouldn't be fair to you. I don't want no gifts."

Fish-eye leaned back in his chair and thought a moment. Then: "Well heeled?"

"I got plenty of money."

"Want to have some fun?"

"Mebbe."

"All right. How about bettin' a thousand bucks I can't beat your nine?"

The little man gazed thoughtfully at Fish-eye and said nothing. Then he picked up the cards and examined them. After which he shuffled them; cut them; packed them firmly together; pressed them down; lifted his hand.

"Okay," he said, "but I sorta hate to do it, bein's the odds're again' you." He produced a large roll of yellowbacks, peeled off two five-hundred-dollar notes, and placed them in front of him. Fish-eye did the same. Then:

"Well, stranger, here goes!"

Drawing the deck close to his edge of the table, Fish-eye cut it. Slowly, very slowly, he removed the upper half; slowly, very slowly, he turned it up. The card thus revealed was the ten of clubs.

Fish-eye Fingerman, card sharp, had found another victim.

"GENTLEMEN, who wants a little game?"

Fish-eye was at it again. In his hands was a pack of cards; before him a table; around the table—some seated, some standing—Golden City's most distinguished citizens.

"Listen to me!" Fish-eye addressed the entire room. "I'll play *any* game, for *any* stakes, with *anybody*. Step up, boys, an' make some money!"

A man, a kindly faced little man with faded blue eyes and a small, firm mouth, pushed his way to the table.

"Know me?" he said to Fish-eye.

"Sure!" Fish-eye laughed. "You're the little guy who gave me a thousand bucks."

"Right," said the little man. "I'm the guy."

"Want to try me again?"

"You've said it. And, Mr. Fish-eye, I want you to remember that, *this* time, anything goes—just as it did before."

"Fine!" roared Fish-eye. "*Anything* goes."

There was a brief pause. Then the little man spoke again: "Six months ago you rooked me—for one thousand dollars. Switched the decks on me. Made *your* draw from fifty-two cards—all tens or better. I hear you been boastin' of it all over Montana."

"Well," boomed Fish-eye, "what *of* it?"

"Just this: I want to do a little more bettin' with you—*here* an' *now!*"

"What's your proposition?" Fish-eye was interested.

"Simply this:"—the little man smiled. "You been braggin' as how you kin cut any card in the deck—the very first try. How about provin' it—with a *brand-new deck?*"

Fish-eye closed his eyes for a few seconds and pondered the situation. Nobody in the crowd—tense, alert—spoke. Fish-eye opened his eyes and grinned. "Okay," he chuckled, "I'll hook you again. Somebody get us a pack of cards. Hey, Whiskers, you do it."

The gentleman addressed as "Whiskers" rose and slipped out.

"Now folks," said the little man, "this gent has been boastin' for months how he rooked me with a crooked deck. He won't have no chance to use one tonight. That bein' the case, I'm willin' to try him again."

"And *I*," bellowed Fish-eye, "am more than willin' to fix the little shrimp again." He grinned at the little man. "Tell you what I'll do, feller. I'll let you name the card I'm goin' to cut."

"*You* name it," said the little man.

"Ace of hearts."

Whiskers entered. In his hand was a sealed pack of cards. He handed it to Fish-eye.

"Open 'em," directed the little man.

Fish-eye obeyed; glanced through the deck; shuffled it half a dozen times; cut it twice; placed it on the table.

The little man did the same.

"How much?" he said.

"Ten thousand dollars!" Fish-eye shot back. "Got that much?"

"Put your money on the table."

FISH-EYE drew out a wad of bank notes, tore off ten one-thousand-dollar notes, and threw them on the table. The little man did the same.

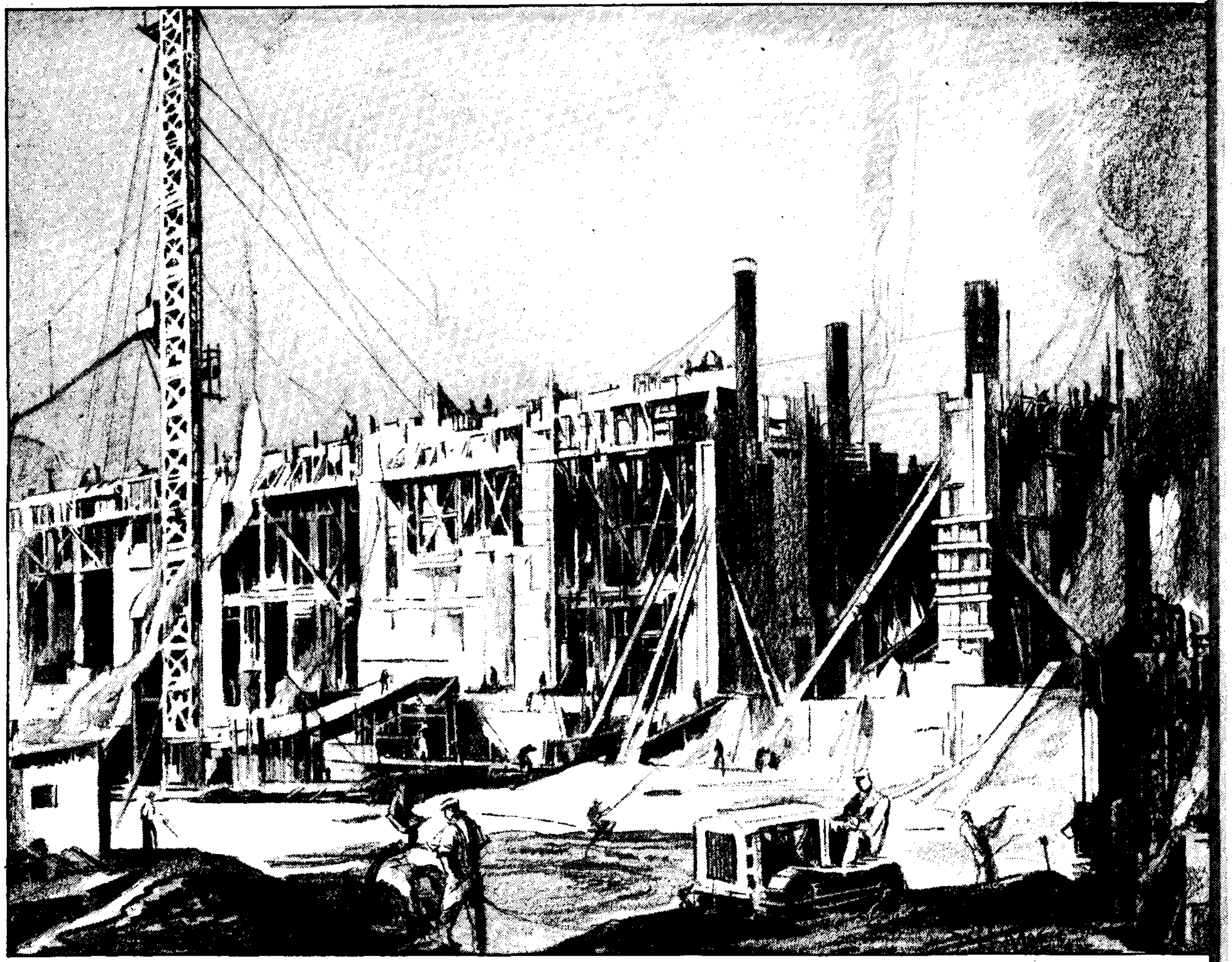
"Remember: *Anything* goes!" warned Fish-eye. "Let's shoot!" Then in that room there was silence. Nobody stirred. Every eye was riveted on the deck—waiting on the table.

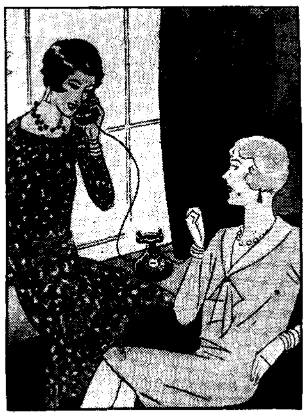
Very deliberately Fish-eye leaned over the table. With one slender white hand he covered half the deck, pressing it firmly to the table. With the other he reached in his hip pocket, jerked out a long, shining razor, and, swinging it sharply across the cards, cut the deck in two.

"I win!" he shouted. "Anybody say I didn't cut the ace of hearts?"

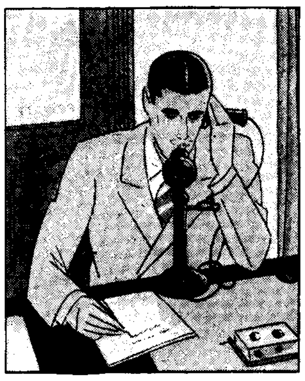
"*I* say you didn't," said the little man. And, thrusting his fingers up his left sleeve, he produced—the ace of hearts.

More *and still more* telephones for tomorrow . . .

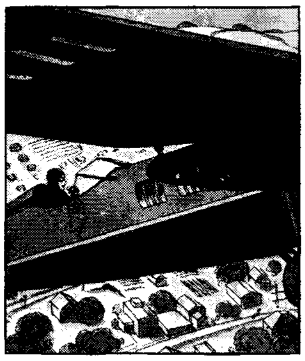




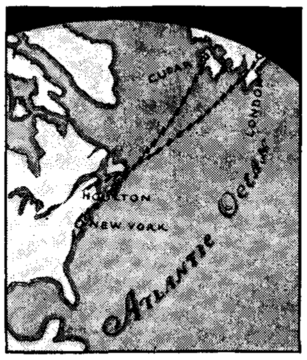
In homes



In offices



In airplanes



Across the ocean

This busy scene is typical of Western Electric growth at Baltimore, Chicago and Kearny, N. J. It is growth made necessary to provide telephone apparatus whenever and wherever needed.

Your voice starts new factories a-building

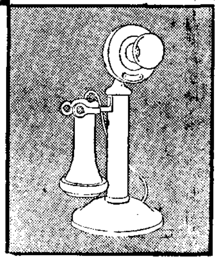
Day by day, the telephone becomes a more significant factor in social and business intercourse. As a means of communication on land and across the ocean, its use grows steadily and it is soon destined to become an accepted adjunct to travel in the air.

More and more equipment will be needed—telephones by the million, copper wire by the millions of miles, parts and accessories ranging from delicate springs to giant reels of cable, from the simple transmitter mouthpiece to the highly complex telephone switchboard.

To meet this program of expansion Western Electric's manufacturing facilities are being doubled. Huge additions to plants at Chicago and at Kearny, N. J.—a new factory at Baltimore—all this is evidence that however great the demand for telephones in 1930 or 1940, that demand will be satisfied.

Western Electric

MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE



Word Hunt

(Trade Mark)

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person have been excluded.

In the entire English language there are

22

words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters

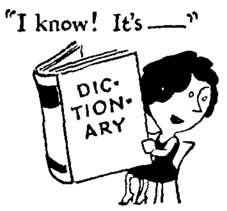
—AP—

One of them is APACE
Quick; fast; speedily

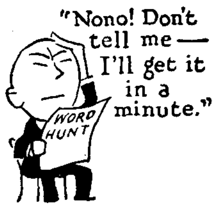
You supply the others

2. AP______	**Separately; aside; away.**
3. AP______	**Apish action.**
4. AP______	**Pertaining to bees.**
5. AP______	**Mimicking; imitating or following.**
6. AP______	**Having qualities of an ape. Also, prone to servile imitation.**
7. AP______	**To make request. Also, to place in contact. Also, to devote to.**
8. AP______	**An article of dress worn on fore part of the body.**
9. AP______	**In an apt manner; suitably; readily.**
10. AP______	***(Nautical)* In a vertical line.**
11. AP______	**A plant louse.**
12. AP______	**On or toward the port, or left, side; said of the helm.**
13. AP______	**A fruit.**
14. AP______	**In an orbit, the point at which the distance of the body from the center of attraction is either greatest or least.**
15. AP______	***(Zoölogy)* The three-banded armadillo of South America.**
16. AP______	***(Medicine)* An oily liquid obtained from parsley seed.** ***(Chemistry)* A crystalline substance contained in oil of parsley.**
17. AP______	***(Botany)* A small genus of American and Asiatic twining fabaceous herbs.**
18. AP______	***(Botany)* A genus of herbs, native of Southern Europe and mountainous tropical regions.**
19. AP______	***(One of two forms)* One of certain animals that have no feet or footlike organs.**
20. AP______	***(Zoölogy)* Any of several different groups of animals, so named from their lacking limbs or feet.**
21. AP______	***(Chemistry)* A crystalline glucoside obtained from parsley.**
22. AP______	**Practice of aping.**

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's



Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 "Word Hunts" with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunt, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.


"Nono! Don't tell me— I'll get it in a minute."
WORD HUNT

Copyright 1929. Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.

Don't Crowd Them

Continued from page 22

then the mothers of the milder children have no alternative except to keep their own offspring at home.

The desire to hurt other human beings or animals, the pleasure in watching suffering (sometimes called sadism) is a trait of human nature from which few of us are entirely free, however much we have tried to civilize it out of ourselves. It appears very early in childhood, and may be seen to an extreme and discouraging degree in some children.

It must be distinguished from the desire for retaliation, or to "hurt back." The sadistic child chooses an innocent victim, preferably someone who cannot retaliate. Younger and smaller children must be protected against him as from the plague, as the injuries he can do, even at a tender age, are considerable. At home it is the mother's responsibility to guard her younger children from the older ones; at the nursery school it is the teacher's responsibility.

Tramps and Hobos in the Making

Just as the little baby needs rest and peace, so the young child, unless he is unusually intelligent and active, and blessed with a superabundance of health and energy, needs harmony and peace more than anything else except food and sleep.

The psychologists tell us that facts learned by rote in early childhood, before the mind had developed enough to grasp their meaning, have little value in later life.

Far be it from me to undervalue education. I have always found it a delightful form of recreation, if not taken too seriously. But the parallel we see between the adult who was once a child laborer and the adult who was once a precocious or forced child is striking and significant.

Sociologists tell us that the hobos and tramps of the world are recruited from the ranks of those who were forced to work in childhood. They exhaust, apparently, their power of sticking to one occupation early in life. They lose some power of work, concentration and originality and later become mentally incapable of constructive or continuous work.

Educators tell us the same thing about those who are pushed in school. They do not gain, intellectually, at least, by forcing. They may keep up the pace set for them by ambitious parents or teachers until they finish school, or even college, but eventually they break. It is a byword in colleges that the most studious members of a class are never heard from in later life. We are not concerned here with the intellectual future of the young students so much as with the effects of educational pushing on their physical and mental health.

Of course in the eyes of their parents all children are exceptional. It is a rare mother who will admit, to herself at least, that her child is just an ordinary, average child. As a matter of fact, the average normal child is a pleasant being, and something to be desired in every family. The desire to possess the abnormal, or rather the exceptional, child is a form of transferred personal vanity—very hard on the offspring.

We wouldn't want all children to be alike, and yet they want most awfully to be like one another, especially in attainments of the mind. In games it is quite natural for them to want to excel, but when a child is a smarty, and always trying to excel in intellectual prowess, we can safely look for parental influence.

The really exceptional child does not need forcing. He will run circles around the other children, getting a good deal more out of what he is taught than they do, and the parents' job is to hold him down rather than to push him and show him off.

The first, and most far-reaching, effect of pushing in school is to make the child nervous. A child who is nervous, without an organic nervous disease, is as much of an outrage against nature as a nervous oyster.

The jumpy, irritable child soon becomes physically unfit. He does not eat well, he does not sleep well, he is always tired. He is robbed of his heritage—peace. Often he becomes the naughty child and gets the punishment merited by his parents or teachers.

I have heard mothers say of their nervous children—"Bobby is so nervous. You see, he is very bright in school, and doesn't want to play like other children." But they are horrified if you suggest keeping Bobby out of school a year so that he may become like other children.

The habit of "skipping a grade" is fortunately going out of fashion, being pretty generally frowned upon by educators. If the grade is worth anything, it can't be skipped. If it is really slow going for any child, and does not use up his surplus mental energy, there are a thousand things he can do and learn outside of school to keep him busy.

Schooling should take up only a limited amount of a child's *time*. He should have at least a third of his day left over for outdoor play, or games and relaxation indoors. Without it we cannot expect him to develop his muscles properly, nor his chest capacity, nor his desire and ability for sport which is so important to him the rest of his life.

A great many of the faults of posture in youth are attributed to habits of sitting at desks in school. Without minimizing the undesirability of bad posture at desks, we must emphasize the fact that the way a child occupies himself out of school hours has more to do with his posture than school habits.

Put Vanity Behind You

If he remains sedentary in his free hours, trying to keep up with studies which do not come to him easily, his school habits will be intensified and effective on his posture. It is an encouraging tendency of modern education to make homework less and less exacting and time-consuming, but there is still much room for improvement.

Some day we will have compulsory physical education as exacting as our present rules for compulsory mental education. Necessarily the two systems will have to work together. If the mental education interferes with the physical, the former will have to be modified.

About education for our children, then, let us not be overzealous or custom-bound. The parent who puts vanity behind him is not only interested in his child's progress in school but also in his progress in life and health.

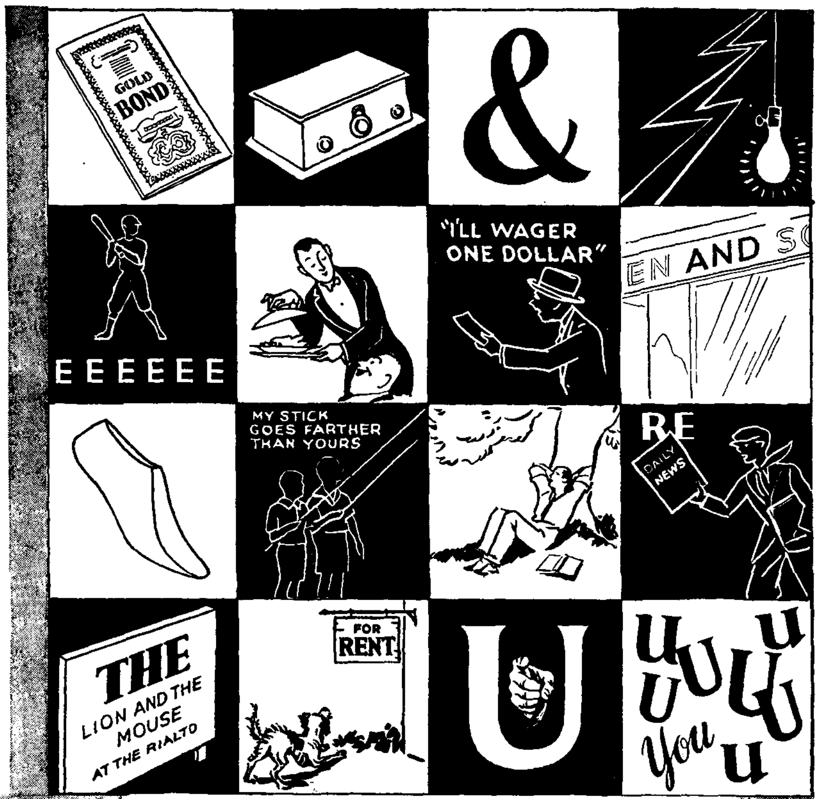
Pride in the intellectual attainments of our children is a falsely assumed pride; credit for such attainments belongs largely to the complex forces of heredity over which we have, as yet, little control. But pride in the physical perfection and health of our children is a more justifiable pride; we have more than a little to do with that.

1065 PRIZES

HOW GOOD ARE YOU AT SOLVING PUZZLES?

HERE'S a chance to test your skill and win a big Money Prize . . . No technical knowledge necessary . . . No letters or essays to write! . . . Nothing to buy! . . . The contest is open to everyone.

BOND
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.


GOLD BOND
&
EEEEEE
"I'LL WAGER ONE DOLLAR"
EN AND S
MY STICK GOES FARTHER THAN YOURS
RE
DAILY NEWS
THE LION AND THE MOUSE AT THE RIALTO
FOR RENT
U
U U U U U U
You

This is a sample puzzle ONLY. Solution: Bond Radio and Flashlight Batteries serve better and last longer. Rest renews the current you use.

$10,000 PICTURE-PUZZLE CONTEST

Read these Simple Conditions:

1 Six picture puzzles constitute this contest. Each contains sixteen squares representing words which, when read from left to right, form a complete statement of sixteen words regarding one of the famous Bond Electric products.

2 The contestant first should study carefully the descriptions of the various Bond products, which appear under the respective puzzles, and then should write down the one word he believes each square represents. No particular word or combination of words has been selected as being correct. All solutions will be judged on their merits after the contest is closed. The decisions of the judges must be considered final.

3 Major prizes will be awarded to those contestants who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the most expressive and appropriate solutions to the *entire series of six* puzzles.

4 Secondary prizes will also be awarded to those contestants who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the most expressive and appropriate solutions to *any one* of the individual puzzles.

5 The contestant may not submit more than *one* set of solutions in competing for a Major prize or more than *one* solution to an individual puzzle in competing for a Secondary prize.

6 A contestant will not be awarded more than one prize. If a contestant qualifies for more than one prize, he or she will receive the prize of greatest value. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will be paid the full amount of the prize.

7 Each set of solutions, or each solution to an individual puzzle, should be written on an Official Entry Blank—supplied free by Bond Electric dealers everywhere.

8 Any one may enter the contest except those connected with the Bond Electric Corporation or members of their families.

9 Each contestant gives to the company the right to use his or her name and photograph in any advertising announcing the winners.

10 All entries must be received not later than midnight on December 31, 1929, addressed to the Bond Electric Corporation, Jersey City, New Jersey. The prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
JERSEY CITY, N. J.
Chicago *Kansas City* *San Francisco*

MAJOR AWARDS

For Solutions to Entire Series of Six Puzzles

Grand Prize	$2000.00
Second Prize	1000.00
Third Prize	500.00
5 Prizes of $100.00 each	500.00
10 Prizes of $50.00 each	500.00
25 Prizes of $10.00 each	250.00
500 Prizes of $3.00 BOND Flashlights	1500.00
	$6250.00

SECONDARY AWARDS

for Solutions to Single Puzzles

First Prize—$50.00 (*each of six puzzles*)	$300.00
Second Prize—$25.00 (*each of six puzzles*)	150.00
25 Prizes of $10.00 each (*each of six puzzles*)	1500.00
60 Prizes of $ 5.00 each (*each of six puzzles*)	1800.00
	$3750.00
TOTAL—1065 Prizes	$10,000.00

FREE ASSISTANCE AT YOUR DEALER'S!

BOND
10000 PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST
MAJOR AWARDS
SECONDARY AWARDS

To make it easy for you a little book has been prepared, describing the various Bond Electric products on which the puzzles are based. This booklet contains all six of the puzzles—the Rules of the Contest, Instructions on How to Proceed, and the Official Entry Blank which contestants should use in submitting their solutions. It is obtainable without charge at any of the Authorized BOND dealers in your city.

If it is not convenient for you to locate an authorized BOND dealer, mail the coupon below and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge.

BOND PRODUCTS

Flashlights, Mono-Cells, Radio "A," "B" and "C" Batteries, High Vacuum Radio Tubes, Storage and Dry Batteries

BOND
SUPER HEAVY-DUTY
RADIO A CELL BATTERY
BOND

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

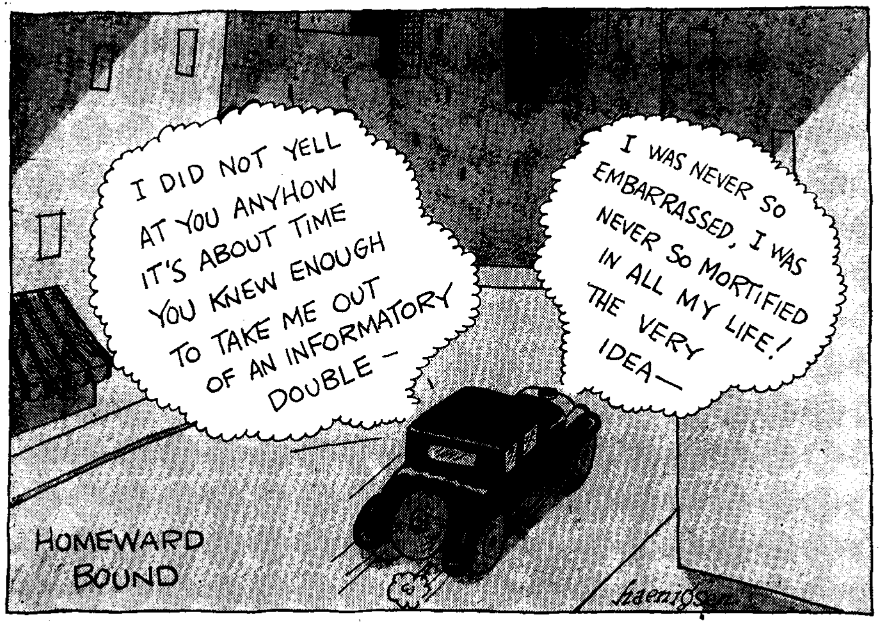
Dear Sirs: Please send your Free book of Instructions relating to the $10,000 "Picture Puzzle" Contest. C-1

Name (Print)..

Address..

City.. *State*..........................

Dealer's Name.. *Address*..........................


I DID NOT YELL AT YOU ANYHOW IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU KNEW ENOUGH TO TAKE ME OUT OF AN INFORMATORY DOUBLE —
I WAS NEVER SO EMBARRASSED, I WAS NEVER SO MORTIFIED IN ALL MY LIFE! THE VERY IDEA —
HOMEWARD BOUND
Haenigsen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. K-J-9-6-3
H. Q-9-4
D. Q-10
C. J-7-5

West
S. 10-5
H. 8-7-2
D. K-8-7
C. K-9-8-4-2

East
S. 7-2
H. K-5-3
D. 9-6-5-4-3-2
C. 6-3

South
S. A-Q-8-4
H. A-J-10-6
D. A-J
C. A-Q-10

THE above hand was given in Collier's last week and the question was asked: How many tricks should South make, playing a No Trump contract?

South with a count of 23—22 for his Aces and faces and 1 for his two Tens—and with every suit stopped, would bid three No Trumps. North, with a count of 9, would bid four as a slam invitation; but South has not sufficient strength in addition to the three No Trump minimum to justify his accepting the invitation.

This hand was played in a game of Duplicate Auction—the contract was No Trump. The play of the first trick was the same at all tables. West started by leading the Four of Clubs. North played the Five, East the Six, and South won with the Ten. A glance at the combined hands shows that the Declarer is assured of five Spade tricks and two Club tricks (it being clear from the cards played by West and East that the King is held by West). He also is sure of three Heart tricks and can make four if the King is held by East; in the Diamond suit one trick is sure and another can be made if East holds the King.

The South hand can get rid of its Club Queen by discarding it on dummy's fifth Spade; so at all the tables but one the Declarer planned to use dummy's numerous Spade entries to try the Heart and Diamond finesses for the 12th and 13th slam tricks.

As an examination of the diagram shows, the Heart finesse worked successfully, but the Diamond finesse lost to West's King; so the Declarers who tried that method of play made twelve tricks (small slam) and felt that they had been rather clever in doing so as they had given themselves the chance of making the grand slam if both red Kings had been held by East.

One Declarer, however, rose to the opportunity of making a squeeze play of an uncommon type; he proceeded as follows: To tricks 2 and 3 he led the Ace and Queen of Spades from South. On trick 4, the Spade Eight led by South was won by North, West discarding his Deuce of Clubs and East his Deuce of Diamonds.

To trick 5, dummy led the Nine of Hearts, East playing small, and South playing the Six. To trick 6, dummy led the Queen of Hearts, East's King was captured and after exhausting the adverse Hearts (trick 7) South led the thirteener to trick 8, on which North discarded the Seven of Clubs, West parted with the Eight of Clubs, and East with the Trey of Diamonds.

Declarer now was ready to develop his coup. To trick 9 South led the Ace of Diamonds, all following; to trick 10 he led his last Spade, winning in dummy; East and West both discarded small Diamonds; to trick 11 the thirteenth Spade was led from dummy and closed hand discarded the Jack of Diamonds. This left dummy with the Queen of Diamonds and Jack of Clubs for the last two tricks and closed hand with the Ace and Queen of Clubs. What East did after his King of Hearts was captured did not matter, his hand became defunct from that moment; but being obliged to discard on trick 11 placed West in a serious quandary. He had left the King of Diamonds and the King and Nine of Clubs; if he should discard the King of Diamonds, dummy would cash the Queen of Diamonds and South would make the Ace of Clubs; if he unguarded his King of Clubs to keep his King of Diamonds, dummy would lead a Club to trick 12 and South would win the 12th and 13th tricks with the Ace and Queen of Clubs.

So West was thoroughly squeezed and the one South who saw the chance scored a grand slam—a most remarkable result against three Kings, with two of those Kings on the wrong side of Declarer's Aces.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 6-5-2
H. K-J-10
D. Q-10
C. A-6-5-3-2

East
S. 9-7-3
H. 6-5
D. A-6-5-3
C. K-9-8-7

West
S. Q-J-10-8
H. 9-8-7
D. K-7-4-2
C. J-10

South
S. A-K-4
H. A-Q-4-3-2
D. J-9-8
C. Q-4

A Frontier Mother

Continued from page 45

suddenly uprooted and transported, via stagecoach again, to the most unattractive and dangerous station on the Mexican border.

In regard to what happened in Arivaca I can speak with real feeling because it was there that I began to show some signs of human intelligence and receive impressions. For instance, I can remember the house we lived in. It was another hut, like the one in El Paso, except that instead of having a door and a window it had two doors and no window, and was located, for the convenience of malaria mosquitoes, which, strange to say, operated ravenously down in that country, at the edge of a small swamp.

A few days after our arrival two white men who were sent out from the settlement failed to come back. After a day or two a scouting party took the trail and found their bodies. It was horrible. The men had been captured by the Apaches, who bound them to the tall, spiny trunks of a couple of *sahuarro* cactuses and then pelted them with the thorny leaves of the prickly pear. After that they scalped the men and left them to die.

Indiscretions of a Burro

This was the gruesome tale that my father recounted upon his return, and is it any wonder, therefore, that the next night, when my mother was alone in the little house with her two children, she asked no questions but let drive through the door, with both barrels of a shotgun, at an Indian who was demanding admittance? The Indian left, hurriedly and badly damaged; there was a hole in the door as large as a man's two fists, and the next morning when my father appeared and my mother told him about it, she concluded her narrative with the statement that the Indian must have been mounted as she had heard the hoofbeats immediately following the discharge of the gun.

"Yes," replied my father dryly. "I reckon you heard the hoofbeats all right because, Cato, what you shot was a burro who was rubbing himself against our doorpost. I've just paid his owner two dollars in damages."

"Is that so?" said my mother. "Well, it's too bad. It would have been lots cheaper, and I'd have been much happier, if it had only been an Apache."

We remained in Arivaca for eleven hectic months, and as I look back and visualize our surroundings, besprinkled as they were with tall, ghostly *sahuarro* cactuses, it seems to me this must have been the most unpleasant part of my mother's frontier experience.

In addition to being constantly apprehensive of Indian attacks—several of which actually materialized—she had numerous other troubles. Food was scarce and poor; she had all her own work to do, and as my brother and I were approaching the adventurous age, we represented a pair of constant responsibilities. We ran away from home whenever we could, and I am really inclined to believe that my mother looked upon the fact that we had both yielded to the influences of the near-by swamp and acquired malaria as something that had come to her as a real blessing. Because for an hour or two every day, during the time when we were having our regular chills, she always knew exactly where my brother and I were to be found.

However, nobody stole or scalped either of us. Just why they didn't is hard to say, but at any rate they didn't; and so for almost a year we hungered and suffered and shook with ague down at Arivaca. Then in the early part of 1882 things changed again. The Apaches donned more war paint, put keener edges on their scalping knives and began a determined drive to rid the border of all undesirable Americans. Not liking the red man's attitude toward us, we left Arivaca. As I recall it, though, we retreated in good order. The Custom House at Arivaca was unofficially closed, and my father, transporting us once more by stage, took us to Tucson, where he established our headquarters and those of the United States Government as well, all under the same roof.

Our Tucson house was the most magnificent structure that my brother and I had ever seen, while the town itself, in comparison with any of the other places in which we had sojourned, was a glorious metropolis. The advent of a railroad had made it so. During the eleven months that we had lived in Arivaca the Southern Pacific, with the help of much cheap Chinese labor, had succeeded in conquering the Arizona desert, and by a hook-up at El Paso with a road from the east had completed a through-line connection between the two oceans. The result was that all the small towns along the line, including Tucson, filled up at once with as jubilant and carefree a bunch of non-churchgoers, both male and female, as ever romped gayly through the pages of a piece of yellow-back fiction, or punctuated, with their pistol bullets, the captions that now appear upon the silver screen.

In other words, Tucson was a tough town, but, as both my father and mother were far above being affected by it, and my brother and I were far beneath being contaminated, nobody cared. The town itself, with its new railroad, offered my mother the first opportunity she had had since her marriage to secure some of the comforts of life, and she therefore settled down to enjoy them.

Our home, as already indicated, was quite palatial. It had five huge rooms, three on one side of a wide hall and two on the other, and as they all had board floors they were quite elegant—underfoot. Overhead there was a difference. The ceiling, which directly supported a dirt roof about six inches thick, was made of *latillas*, a form of long slim cactus, and in its numerous cracks and crevices furnished comfortable lodgings for a vast congregation of all kinds of omnivorous, poisonous, ill-natured insects and reptiles.

All in a Spirit of Fun

Thus for a long time centipedes, scorpions and occasionally a tarantula rained down on our defenseless heads. But in the end my mother won. With much labor she tacked muslin ceilings up all over the place and thereafter we were immune to air raids.

The Tucson house had another drawback which she was never able to overcome. This was its location. It was the last house in the town, and therefore to the hilariously inclined gent who was either going in for a celebration or leaving after one our dwelling represented the first and last chance to indulge in the approved social custom of shooting out the lights. This could only be prevented by keeping all window curtains tightly drawn while the lamps were lighted, and so, after we had been subjected to several bombardments, our

(*Continued on page 54*)

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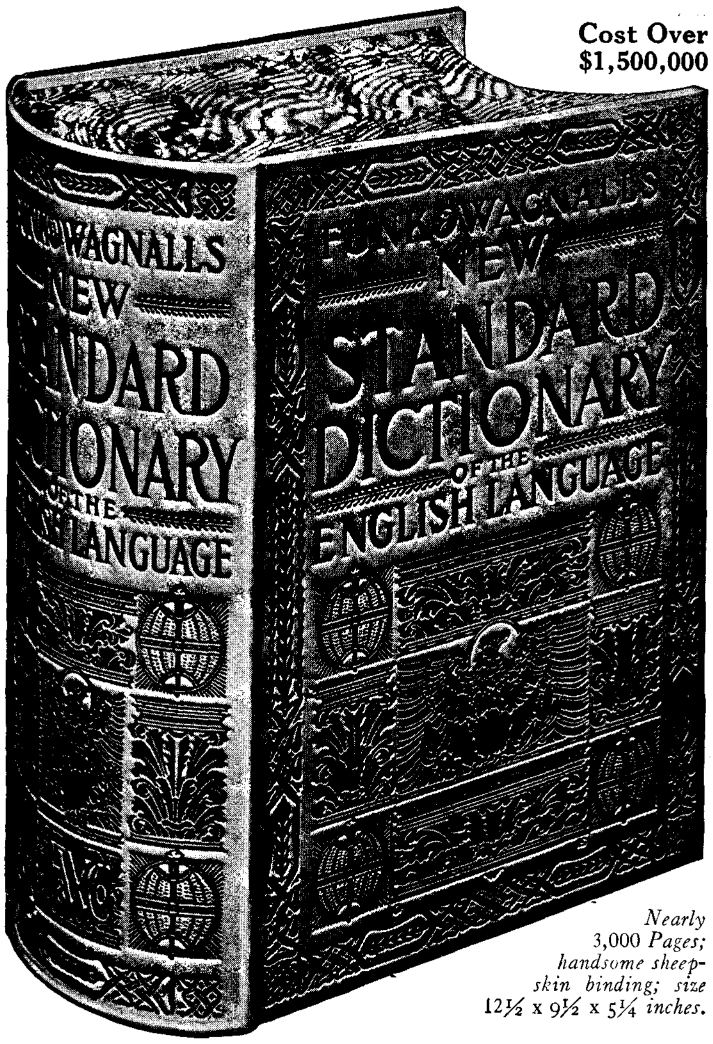

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A Frontier Mother

Continued from page 52

Tucson home, after nightfall, always wore an air of sepulchral gloom, from the outside. But on the inside it was very different, because on the inside something extremely interesting was taking place.

My brother and I were just coming to the age when we could begin to get acquainted with our parents; they likewise were beginning to get slightly acquainted with us, and, as the process was a mutual one carried on by all four of us without the aid of kindergarten tricks or baby books, we soon grew to be intimate friends and really became very fond of one another.

Tucson, being the kind of a town it was, had several variety theaters, and when the largest of these advertised that some traveling barnstormer would present a series of Shakespeare's plays from his stage, my classically educated parents, who hadn't seen a play since before the war, were all agog with excitement. As the performances were to be given in a variety theater, my mother couldn't attend, but my father could—and did. He not only went himself but he took his sons with him, and when the week of dramatic uplift was over, a new element of interest had been added to the lives of all four of us.

In Line of a Stampede

My brother and I became actors. It was very thrilling. We were taught whole passages of Shakespeare, especially passages wherein somebody kills somebody else, and, when we had thoroughly mastered this lot of meaningless words and had been costumed in red calico by our mother, and armed with lath swords and tin daggers by our father, we were told to go to it. We did. We fought and acted all over the place, and although the Bard of Avon must have tossed in his grave at the things we did to his immortal lines, it was not up to us to worry about Bill. Our audience always liked the show; our mother laughed and applauded, our father rewarded us liberally with nickels.

One day my brother and I ran away into the vast wilderness that surrounded three sides of our home. We were gone a long time, and my mother, in anticipation of our return, got down the old quirt, which had done noble duty on previous occasions, and sat with her sewing to wait for us. An hour passed; we hadn't arrived, and becoming uneasy, she went to the *corral*, climbed to the top of a pile of adobes and scanned the face of the desert. Finally she saw us. We were on our way home, trudging aimlessly along through the mesquite brush, and at the same instant that my mother saw us she saw something else. Coming along directly behind us was a big drove of cattle!

These cattle were regular range stuff; wild, Mexican longhorns that even an experienced cowman would have avoided on foot. And there we were, my mother's two children, directly in the line of advance with nothing, absolutely nothing, she could do except watch us perish. This is no exaggeration; it must have been agonizing. In fact, there wasn't anything that anyone except my brother could have done to save us, and strange to say he did it. He had human intelligence. He and I saw the herd coming behind us and, instead of trying to outrun the cattle, as I tried to do, he grabbed me by the arm and ruthlessly dragged me into the middle of a huge mesquite bush, where, with a million thorns puncturing us in every direction, we remained while the same number of cattle went thundering past.

I say "a million went thundering by" because, although it is probable there were only about fifteen hundred, and they were merely trotting, they were countless to me, and I know that to my mother they represented an endless cavalcade. But even fifteen hundred, at a trot, would have disposed of my brother and myself as effectually as a million on a stampede, and as my mother did not know whether we were dead or alive, until after they had passed, and she could see us again on our way home, it is easy to imagine that she went through some terrible moments. My brother and I, though, were saved some. In her joy at having us restored to her, even though we were considerably damaged by thorns, my mother forgot all about the quirt, gathered us into her arms, wept over us, and treated us generally to an amount of love of which we were entirely unworthy. But later on, because my mother was always just, she remembered that we had something coming to us, and so, but in a modified form, we got it before we retired.

My father's activities likewise were still of a nature to cause his wife a good deal of anxiety. He was away a great deal of the time; always packed a gun, and always had his dealings, both at home and abroad, with equally caparisoned gents who were able and chronic lawbreakers. I can recall one characteristic encounter that took place under our own roof.

My father, with the other men who were "riding the line," had rounded up a big bunch of smuggled cattle, and was holding them until the import duty was paid. Alleging that that was what he had come for, the ostensible owner of this stock appeared at our house one night with a sack full of money and, dumping it out on the desk, he suggested to my red-headed ancestor, with whom he was only slightly acquainted, that they make the question of duties a gentlemanly transaction between themselves. In other words, the proposal was that my father release the cattle, stick a thousand or so in his own pocket, and forget to say anything to Washington about the affair.

As I recall it, this produced a magnificent explosion—my father was an exceptional linguist—which caused my mother to rush into the room where the two men stood with their pistols drawn. She stepped between them, disarmed the stranger, urged him with his own weapon to depart whole and in peace, and then, after turning on my father and scolding him for his use of bad language, she added: "And besides, don't you know if you'd shot that man in here you'd have ruined this new rug? And it's about the only one in Arizona."

Branded for Heaven

And so we lived, and so it was that into this kind of an atmosphere, one that was at times gay with laughter and at other times heavy with apprehension, my sister was born. She made her appearance, as far as my brother and I were concerned, very much as if she had been smuggled across the line and, needless to say, she had no sooner arrived, small, wriggly and wrinkled like a peanut, than she at once assumed her place as first in the affections of her two parents, and last in the affections of her two brothers.

Up to the time my sister was born my mother had never had me near enough to a preacher of any description to have me properly baptized. But just after my sister came into the world the situation changed. An Episcopal minister showed up in Tucson and it was immediately decided by my mother—I don't think my father had anything to do with it—that my sister and I were to be officially registered in the herd book of heaven within a very few days.

Of course I didn't know anything about the ceremony of baptism, and was totally indifferent to the pending function, until my brother, who was regarded by me as a person of vast knowledge, took me off in a corner and told me it was just like branding a calf. It had happened to him, he said, up in Evans, Colorado, when he was two weeks old and he remembered all about it.

As there was no church in Tucson, the ceremony was to be performed at our home, and when the day came there came with it quite a few interested ladies who pawed me over, and commented upon me as the principal offering at the feast, until I became, internally, nothing less than a seething volcano which needed but slight encouragement to burst loose in full fury. Then came the preacher. He garbed himself nicely in his white robes, laid hold on me, and at precisely the same second I laid hold on him—with my teeth in his wrist. Thereafter it required the united efforts of several shocked sisters to pry me loose and hold me still long enough to get me accepted into the kingdom of heaven.

My mother, naturally, was terribly mortified and grieved at my misconduct, but when it was all over, the preacher having departed in wrath and the women dispersed in disgust, and I told her why I had attacked the minister, she saw the point, forgave me at once and blamed herself for not having warned me that it wouldn't hurt.

The Old Order Changes

As for me though, for days afterward I felt humiliated and downcast. But not because I had bitten the preacher. Under the circumstances I felt that I would have been justified in gnawing his arm off, but it did hurt me to think I had hurt my mother. It hurt me very deeply and it was only with the arrival of a new novelty that my spirits were revived. This new novelty was ice, made in an ice factory and delivered daily by the iceman at the doors of his customers. Can you imagine what that meant? Coupled with the advent of an Episcopal minister, the coming of the iceman meant that civilization had arrived and that the Arizona frontier no longer existed.

Necessarily then this story, as the story of a Frontier Mother, must come to an end, but before I drop the curtain led me add just this: For twelve years my mother had led a harder life than most of the men of the West, but when the time came, as it did in Tucson, when she was able once more to enjoy the refinements and comforts she had been used to in her girlhood, she accepted the change as easily and casually as if nothing had happened. And to her nothing had happened. Twelve years of struggle hadn't left a single mark on the fineness of her character or embittered in the slightest degree her wonderful disposition. She was just the same cheerful and happy mother to us when we all lived in one room and had nothing to eat but *frijoles* and *chile con carne* as she was in later years when we had an ice box full of food and a German cook. THE END

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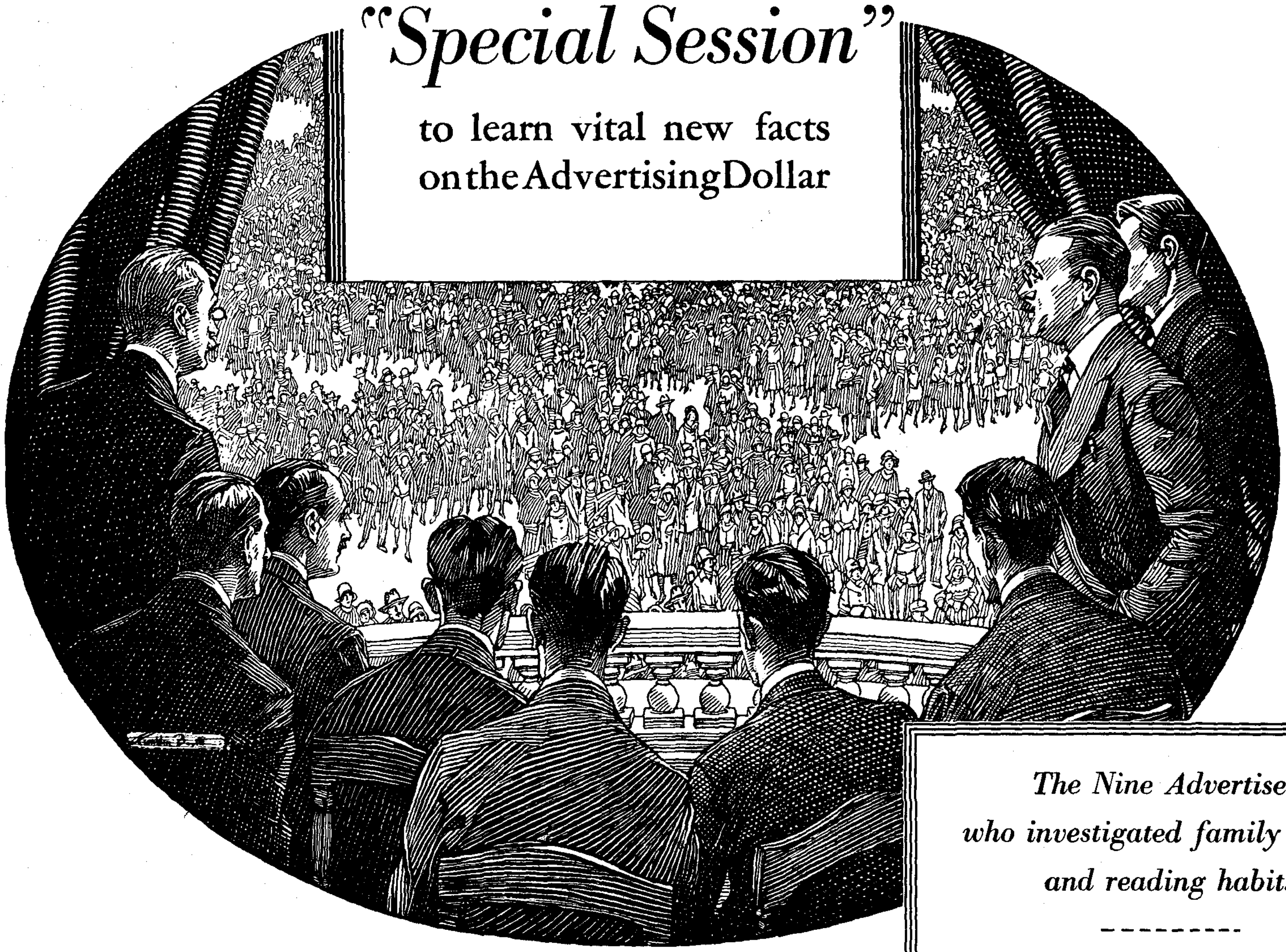

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Chief Bright Path

Continued from page 30

all of the opposing professional teams. His ability to do this made of him the greatest professional football player of all time.

Then, too, there was another force that entered into Thorpe's professional football career. It was brought about by his marriage, in 1913, to Iva Miller. She had attended Carlisle in the days when Thorpe was the athletic hero of the school. To them was born a son, James Thorpe, Junior, who was a miniature of his father, and in whom all the hopes and dreams of the father were centered. At the age of four, the boy died of infantile paralysis, and Thorpe himself feels that the death of his son marked the beginning of his own athletic decline.

Iva Miller presented him with three daughters, Gale, Charlotte and Frances, but none of these could take the place of the son who was gone. As the years went by, Jim Thorpe and Iva Miller found their paths steadily separating, until in 1924, they agreed to part.

The Second Marriage

In 1926 Thorpe married Freda Kirkpatrick, a little Irish girl, of Marion, Ohio, and this union has been blessed by two boys who are "chips off the old block."

Thorpe's matrimonial ventures did not domesticate him in the least. He still possessed that same vital spark in football and in all of his other professional athletic activities, and he retained his love for hunting. The latter sport he came by naturally, for as a boy he had learned to ride, to swim and to shoot almost as soon as he learned to walk. As a youngster of ten, he was punching cattle in Oklahoma, and as a stripling of fifteen, he was as strong as a panther.

It was in the forest that he first gained his love for tracking, and he would jog all day at the heels of his hunting dogs. That practice he never entirely relinquished, and even during those strenuous periods of his college and professional athletic competition, he would go out alone and run for miles with his dogs. For Thorpe never was out of condition, though his methods of training would have ruined the normal white boy. Neither mentally nor physically did he ever become stale.

Staleness in sport is always brought on by either too much competition under pressure, or by a continuous mental strain. Thorpe never worried and his frequent periods of "relaxation" kept him physically fit. This will undoubtedly account for his long period of professional football success.

Jim Thorpe's professional football career reached its climax when he gathered about himself the greatest Indian team of all time, and probably the finest group of professionals that ever played together. On that team were no less than four old Carlisle captains: Busch, Calac, Guyon and Thorpe himself. In the starting line-up of that Indian team was Saint Germaine, center of Carlisle and Yale; Busch and Hill, guards, who played with Thorpe in 1912 at Carlisle; Long Time Sleep and Bill Newaska, tackles, while the ends were Ed Nason and Chief Little Twig; Red Fox (whose name was MacLamore) of Haskell, was quarter-back, while Pete Calac was full-back, and Joe Guyon and Jim Thorpe were the halves. Ed Thorpe, Jim's brother, was also a member of this team, but George Thorpe, the biggest of them all, was never interested in athletics, and continued to live in Oklahoma, the place where Jim was born.

Though James Thorpe had a forceful personality, inherited through the blood of Black Hawk, which flowed in his veins, he nevertheless was always just, a good sportsman, and a clean, hard fighter. The story is told that on one occasion a young college tackle playing his first professional game against Thorpe's team was laboring under the delusion that the professional boys were rough and hardy young gentlemen who took their football straight. So he thought that he would firmly intrench himself in the estimation of his future playmates by resorting to rough and unfair tactics. Whenever the occasion presented itself, he would uppercut Thorpe's linemen.

Though the referee did not notice his tactics, Thorpe had his eye on him, and warned him to play clean. Thorpe even gave him a second warning, which was very unusual for the stoical Indian, but the collegian continued his antics. So Jim took things into his own hands. He called his play and started toward the tackle with the ball. When he was almost on top of him, he dropped the ball. The tackle picked it up. Thorpe nailed him, and the tackle never played football again.

In comparing professional football with the college pastime, Thorpe had this to say: "I think that the game itself is better played by the professionals. It is generally a cleaner game with cleverer headwork prevailing. The boys soon learn how to save themselves, it is true, but they do not spoil the spirit of the sport by so doing."

More than anything else in athletics, James Thorpe admires the athlete who is able to think for himself. The player whom he respects the most, of all he encountered in professional football, was Olvin McMillin, who, in his college days, was the quarter-back of Centre. "Bo" did not have a great deal of natural speed or superb strength to mark him apart from his fellows, yet he gained All-America recognition because of his ability to direct his team.

In 1920 Centre had been beaten by Harvard University, and in 1921 they were given a return match. Harvard was perfectly confident that what they had accomplished once they would be able to do again, for never in the history of the Crimson had a team from so small a college in the South been able to defeat the athletes of Cambridge. In the first game McMillin had proved a sensation, time and again charging up and down the field for long gains. Naturally Harvard decided that McMillin was the man they had to stop.

A Football Strategist

"Bo" figured that Harvard would do just that, and he laid his plans accordingly. At the start of the game, he called the signals of his half-backs and his full-back, but never his own, and time and again Harvard was fooled by his tactics, and these boys, who were not phenomenal ball-carriers themselves, were able to gain against the Crimson, because of the unexpected tactics of their quarter-back. Not once in the first half did McMillin carry the ball, while several splendid opportunities presented themselves. The score at the end of the first half was still 0-0.

At the start of the third quarter, Harvard had relaxed her diligence against McMillin, and the players were now watching the halves. It was for this that McMillin had been waiting, and the first time he called his own signal, he crashed through tackle and passed the secondary defense, running for the side line, where he eluded two Harvard half-backs, regained his stride, and flew across the Harvard goal for six points, and the only score of the game.

During the last few months Thorpe has become enthusiastic over a boy whom he figures will win All-America honors this year. His name is Herbert Fleishhacker, of Stanford University, a giant full-back, weighing more than 220 pounds, quick on his feet, fast thinking, courageous, and with the crushing propensities of a tractor. Fleishhacker, though young in years, has been fortunate in experience, having played in Stanford games under the coaching eye of that veteran of them all, Pop Warner. This combination, Thorpe thinks, should be unbeatable, because Stanford will boast a powerful line and a fast backfield to fit in with this great full-back. Jim decided some time ago that he was going to be present at Palo Alto when Stanford meets the Army in a return battle in late December. That game will also see in action Captain Christian Cagle, of West Point, the flashing rapier of last season's campaign, who was selected on every All-America team by every recognized expert, taking his place with past heroes of the Army such as Oliphant, Hewitt, Murrell and Wilson. Chris Cagle represents elusiveness and fighting spirit in football. The contrast between himself and Fleishhacker should add a great deal of color to the first game that Army has ever played on the Pacific coast.

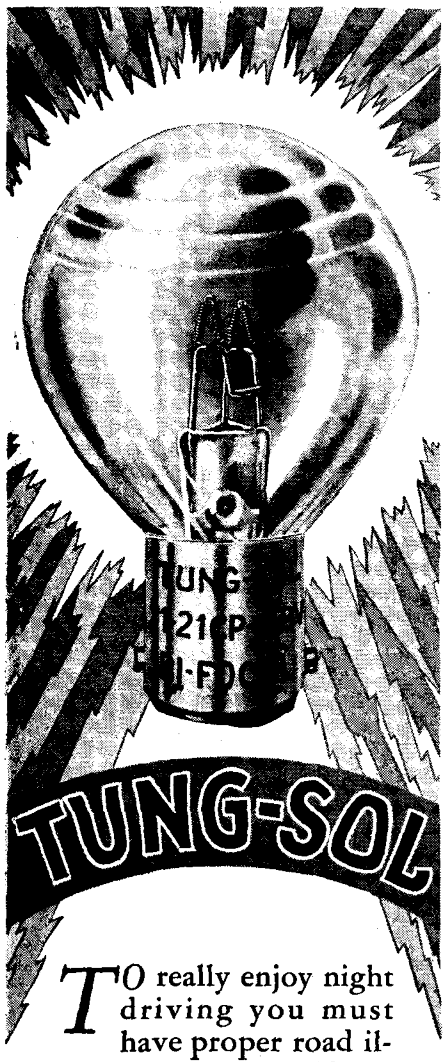
The Greatest of Them All

I wonder if old Jim Thorpe, with still a game or two left in his system, sitting there on the sidelines, watching these boys in action, will say to himself that in his day he was a combination of the speed and the recklessness of Cagle together with the driving power and the fast thinking of Fleishhacker. In all probability Thorpe will never think to compare himself with these stars, for modesty has always been one of his greatest characteristics. He never talked about what he was going to do; he went out and did it, and he never commented upon what he had already done, because his mind was forever shaping new deeds and building future goals.

Those of the past who saw Thorpe in action will never forget what he did. Those of us today, as we participate in this greatest of college games, or as we watch others play, might do well to remember that there was once a man who combined all of the physical qualities that football demands, and who could perform the specialties of each better than the specialist himself.

You and I may never have the chance to see Jim Thorpe play football again. We may never have the opportunity to read of his deeds from his own pen, for he is not interested in writing them. But the records that he has set in every field of sport, as well as in football, will endure long after he has passed on to play upon that Elysian gridiron together with the heroes of his day.

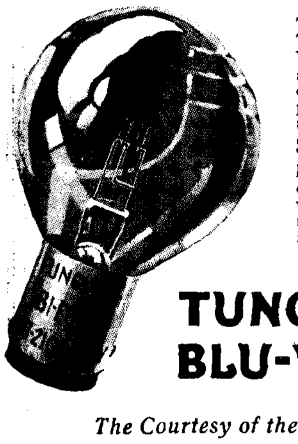
Sometimes I wonder if during those long silences that he seems to enjoy so much he is not himself dreaming of that time when he will charge across the field again with those Carlisle teammates of his, passing and kicking and running toward those goal posts which stand beyond the Golden Gates of Eternity. THE END



TO really enjoy night driving you must have proper road illumination. Dull, lifeless light not only makes driving difficult, but robs you of confidence and surety.

Tung-Sol lamps give maximum legal road illumination. The roadside is plainly visible and all objects clearly defined. There is added security that gives zest to driving.

The filaments in Tung-Sol lamps are accurately placed, and every Tung-Sol is made with painstaking care. That is why Tung-Sols are preferred by discriminating owners.



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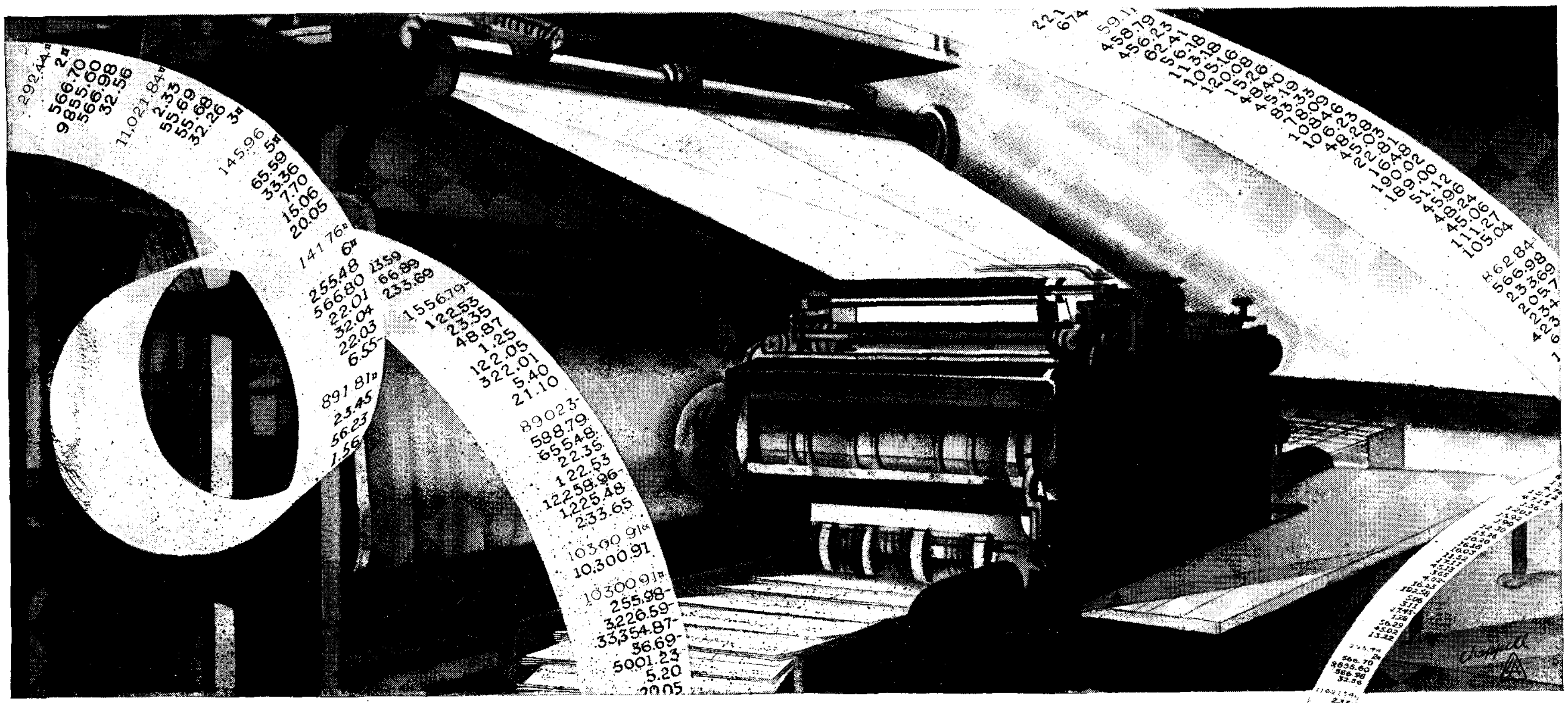

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With the Sundstrand the question of right or wrong columns is entirely eliminated. You simply touch the keys in the order that you would write down the figures with a pencil, and the dollars and cents of each item automatically align themselves in the proper vertical columns.

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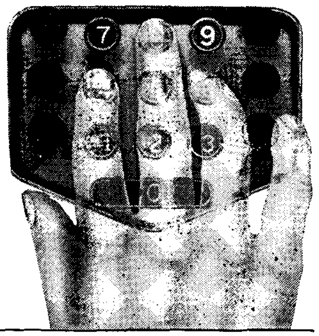

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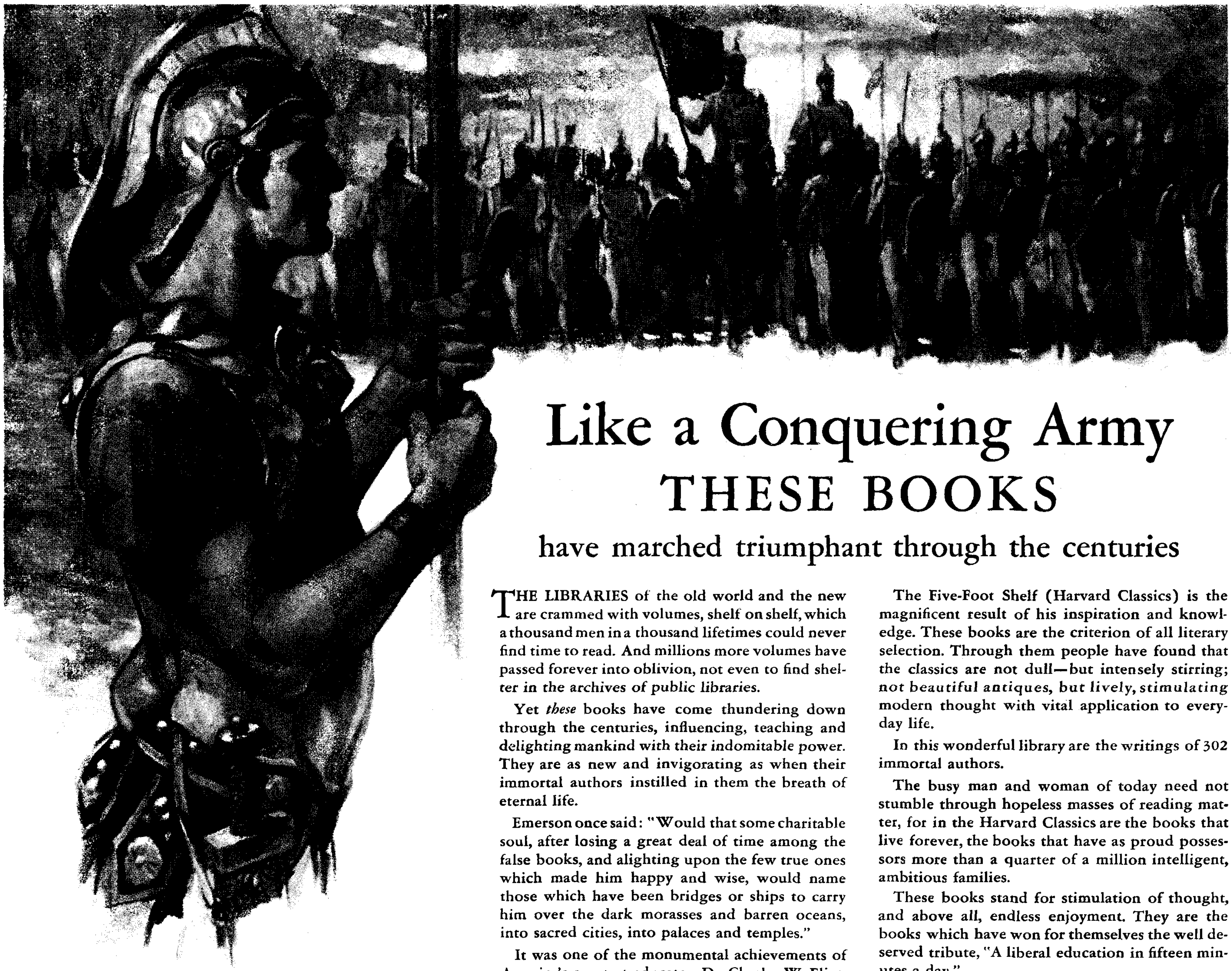

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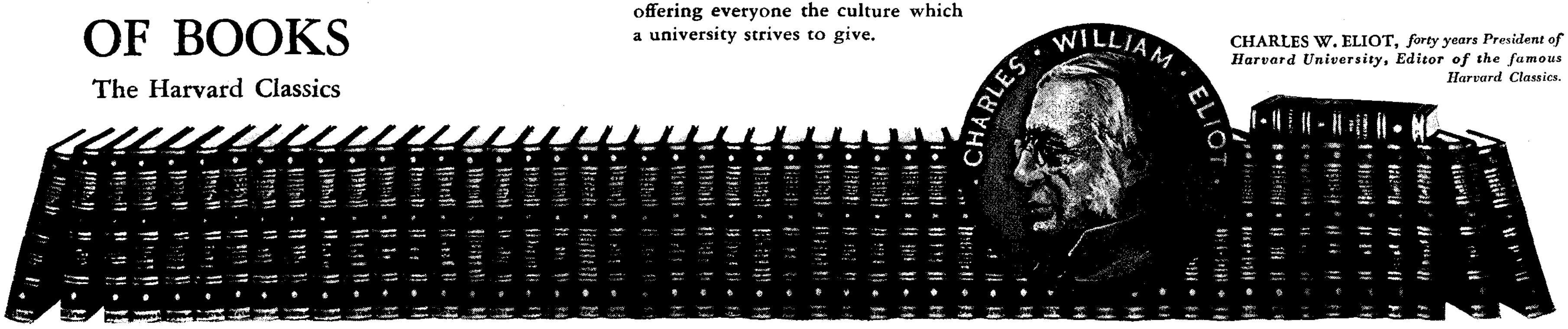

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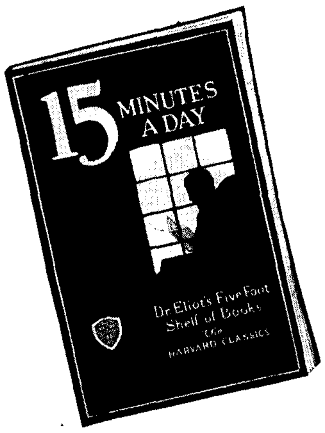


Bright Girl

Continued from page 11

as early morning bloodshed among the guests; but the working racketeer's presence is discouraged for social reasons if nothing else. Besides the open-door night club has too much at stake in furnishings, leases and patronage to take chances of being the possible scene of gun-mob carnage. It is simply impossible to predict what the lads will do when plentifully supplied with grievances and heroin.

But as you descend the social scale to see the hostess at her racket in the humbler clubs you are very likely to be mingling with the boys themselves.

Not so long ago I dropped into a police station to see a lieutenant who had recently gone in for pricing farms, a pastime that had fascinated me for years. He was preparing to leave.

"Stick around," he said. "We're going to knock off Minnie."

Helen's Racket

With fine dispatch Minnie was knocked off—that is, her establishment, a bolted-door night club, was—and the lady herself was bundled with some difficulty into the patrol wagon and carried off to the calaboose for a magistrate's questioning in the morning. With Minnie, an amazingly active lady for all her three hundred pounds, the police gathered up five lads to whom murder was merely a neat expedient, none of whom exhibited anything more than a mild interest in the raiding. In fact, they helped cram Minnie into the wagon, vainly counseling her to be a lady.

Now each of these gunmen (each carried a gun tucked up beneath the left armpit) was represented in Minnie's place by at least one hostess; and each of them paid Minnie a percentage of such gains as they might come by through tips rendered by their scouting hostesses. Each hostess, profiting similarly from what she was able to throw into the way of her bandit, was forever on the alert for victims. One could never know what would develop from a bit of sound information—a payroll hold-up or the bouncing of a personal bankroll.

Let's look to Helen, one of Minnie's enterprising hostesses, for illustration. Into Helen's tender care comes a new figure in the night clubs of that neighborhood. The clubs are forever entertaining strangers but this man is notable for his spending. Obviously he hadn't had much education in spending, which is a very fair indication that he has either come into an inheritance or has contrived a leak in his employer's surplus. Not that it matters. He is on the loose and is throwing it away.

He has come to Helen through a taxi driver to whom she pays a fatter fee than any other hostess offered; or her bandit himself has engineered it. (A taxi chauffeur or a doorman or somebody has notified the gunman that he had a sap for sale and the gunman, being otherwise engaged at the moment, asks his informant, adding proper thanks of course, to deliver the goods to Helen.)

Helen puts on her prettiest manners. She turns maternal and gives the gay stranger sound advice. She speaks to him about his future and wants to know whether he has husbanded a part of his wealth against that inevitable day when he will no longer be young. She sorrowfully drinks glass for glass with him, but she is taking tea with a dash of whisky in it while he is taking his bootleg straight. She doesn't tell him that.

She speaks of champagne and when he would buy it, almost tearful in his declarations that she understands him and is too good for anything less than the best, she changes her mind. No, says she, she will not let him squander his money like that. He may have loved ones at home like herself (she is always careful to have loved ones at home who are dependent upon her little earnings) and it is of them that she is thinking. And he is such a gentleman! Really, if he is right in that she understands him it is merely because he, she finds, understands her.

In a remarkably short time Helen has all the facts. The gentleman is ready to be turned over to Helen's bandit. The rest of the story must be apparent. The lad who understood Helen is nicely taken for his bank roll or has been the unconscious—or almost unconscious—guide to the capture of his employer's money. Another romance has exploded.

I have no way of knowing precisely how many of our sizzling crimes of today have their inception in our night clubs but I am packed with proof—satisfactory to myself at any rate—that the hostess' part in the manufacture of the schemes is active, whole-souled and mighty helpful. Not that she doesn't suffer now and then.

It was on a particularly nasty morning last winter that one of our most diligent patrolmen came face to face with a young woman who, while not quite wholly nude, was so near to it that we shan't quibble. Moreover, it was upon a bitter, windy corner that they met.

Obviously that was no place to question a lady in that unclad condition, so, commandeering a taxicab and wrapping her in his overcoat, the extremely flustered cop took her to the police station. Thawed out sufficiently, she talked.

Until that evening she had been a highly regarded hostess. It had fallen to her lot to entertain a youth for whose patronage her employer had angled for some weeks. Others had too, because the young fellow had large amounts of money but no control.

"Listen," said the proprietor to the hostess as he escorted her toward the prize's table. "It cost me a lot of dough to get this sucker in here. I had to slip the taxi guy twenty bucks bonus or he'd taken this kid on to another club. I bet it's cost me a hundred bucks to get this fish, so get busy. I hear he dropped two and a half grand at Biske's last week and they ain't got a girl there who could find a dime in the mint. Take this boob for five grand and I'l buy you a box of gold-plated marshmallows or something."

A Fatal Oversight

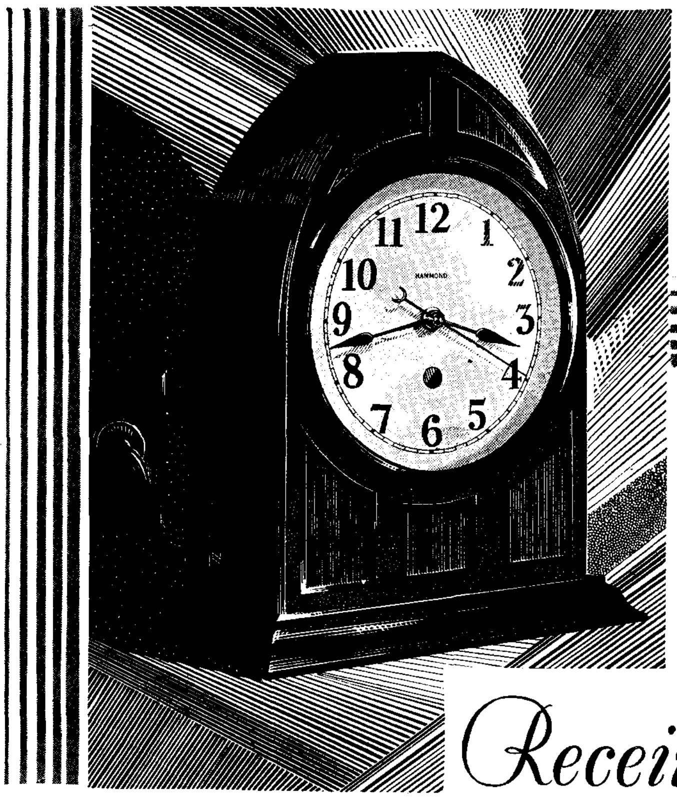
"All in one night?" the girl demanded.

"I ain't talking about time," said the proprietor. "I'm talking about dough. Don't leave this sap until there's nothing left of him but his cuffs."

It soon became apparent to the little girl that to relieve the prize of five thousand dollars was going to be so easy that it would be nothing short of criminal not to make it ten or even fifteen. Also it desolated her to think that her employer would be almost the sole beneficiary.

Here, you see, was her chance to salvage herself from the night-club racket, which served its purpose, of course, but which was no profession for a girl to grow old in. She had long-

(*Continued on page 60*)



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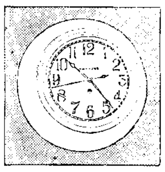
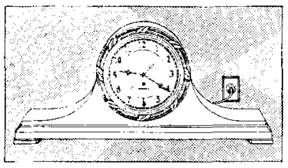
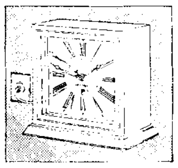
The price asked for this new convenience which electricity offers you is amazingly low. The Ravenswood Model illustrated is on sale everywhere at $9.75. More elaborate models for home, store and office are priced up to $32.50.



The Junior Wall Model for the kitchen. Five colors to choose from. Priced at **$14.50.**



The beautiful Cambridge Model for the mantel has hand-carved bezel. Length 21 in., dial 5½ in. Priced at **$32.50.**



The Colonial Model in solid walnut. A popular gift model Priced at **$14.50.**

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

HERE'S HOW!
a single pressure .... and that's all!

Aha!
That's why they sell, sir!
No wheels to spin!
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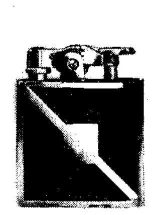
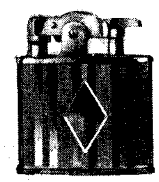
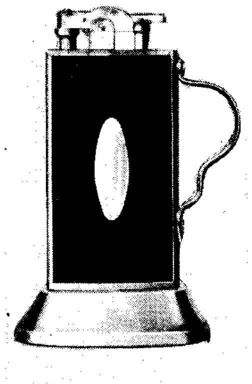
Just press,
And it's lit!
You can't ask more than that!







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THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE

(*Continued from page 59*)

cherished dreams of a tea room—a wet one.

But in her enthusiasm she forgot that no night club is without its own stool-pigeons whose loyalty to their employer makes it impossible for them to maintain silence when they suspect skullduggery. And although this little girl protested that she had had none but honest intentions, she was relieved of her star assignment and cast out of the club. But not until she had been shorn of all but one of her garments. And it is not at all unlikely that the proprietor had reminded her that even had he taken that, she would still owe him money.

Dispossession Proceedings

It is no life for a weakling, this hostess racket. No weakling could have lent so firm a hand to the hijacking of the club she worked in as the little girl I have in mind now. And you'd never believed it to look at her. Yet she was made of stern stuff, proof of which lay in the fact that the man she loved was one of the city's toughest beer barons. And he'd have been nowhere without her.

This little girl had clear, well-oiled brains. She'd have been a star in the swankest of night clubs had she gone in for the higher things of city life. Her heart, however, was in the alleys. In the club where she worked the proprietor's brother furnished the liquor, and while it may have been no better nor worse than night-club liquor is wont to be, nevertheless she complained about its lack of quality. Being a star hostess her remarks were tolerated by her employer, although the pride of his brother was wounded.

"I've got a nice following," she said one night, "and between you and me I don't want it poisoned. My gentlemen friends are the kind that'll last a girl quite a while if they are taken care of. But this stuff we're feeding them will make their legs drop off. Tell you what I'll do. I got a friend who gets good stuff and while I don't say he ought to have the graft here, I do say I ought to be allowed to sell good stuff to my good boy friends."

Of course that wouldn't do. That's no way to run a night club. I am inclined to think that her employer, who was one of her more hopeless admirers, would have capitulated. His sterner brother, who not only had the liquor but supposedly the political influence that made the place possible, was irritated by the idea. Indeed he was so incensed that he not only vetoed the idea but punched the lady in the eye.

That was his major error. Before the end of that week he vanished. As far as I know he has remained vanished. I suspect that his body will be found some day. Not that it matters. But on the following Sunday evening when the sorrowing proprietor opened his club to prepare for the coming of his hostesses and their followings, he discovered it occupied, although dark, by a number of ominous gentlemen in the center of whom sat the beer baron.

"We just dropped in to tell you that you're a stranger around here from now on," said the baron. "We been looking over the joint and we don't see anything of yours here, so there's no use of you staying. Good-by."

Naturally there was more talk; radical changes like this are not to be dismissed without a few words. In the course of his remarks, the unhappy proprietor mentioned that he had a lease on the premises.

"We thought of that," said the baron, "so we brought the owner of this dump with us."

The owner, a warehouse operator in one of whose large brick establishments the baron stored liquor and operated a recooking plant for denatured alcohol, arose.

"Yeah," he said, "that's right. Your lease expired a couple of hours ago. If you don't believe it, what are you going to do about it?"

With a tortured look at the lady who was his star hostess, the frustrated club operator departed. As far as I know the baron and his little girl are still running the club to great advantage, although not one penny of theirs is represented in the least of its furnishings. But the baron is exceedingly careful that his strong lads are always within call of battle.

And last, socially, comes the dance-hall hostess—the girl who heroically dances with you at ten or even five cents the dance. You buy your ticket, select your hostess-partner and off you go. She gets a percentage of each ticket turned in at the stiles by her partner.

Hers is the homeliest, most difficult task. And the worse you dance the more dismal her existence. Yet the dance halls turn away scores of would-be hostesses a day. They are recruited chiefly through newspaper advertisements, although a successful and favored hostess is often in a position to introduce her girl friends into the profession.

She is of very little use as a scout for the professional bandit because her clientele at the dance hall is not likely to be one of affluence or of intimacy with affluence. As it is physically impossible for her to withstand for long the wear and tear of her profession, her aggregate returns from dancing are not even encouraging. If she has extraordinary endurance and sharp wits plus beauty, her ambition will probably be aimed at a night-club table; but not one in a hundred achieves this high place.

Because the lower order of the public dance hall is so frequently patronized by the gunman and the amateur criminal, she is cultivated by detectives seeking tips and clues. She may be a stool-pigeon or merely a young woman in whom an erring lad has confided. Now and then she may be unfortunate enough to love a criminal and, thus influenced, assist him in his trespasses.

Hers is not, I mean to say, a happy lot.

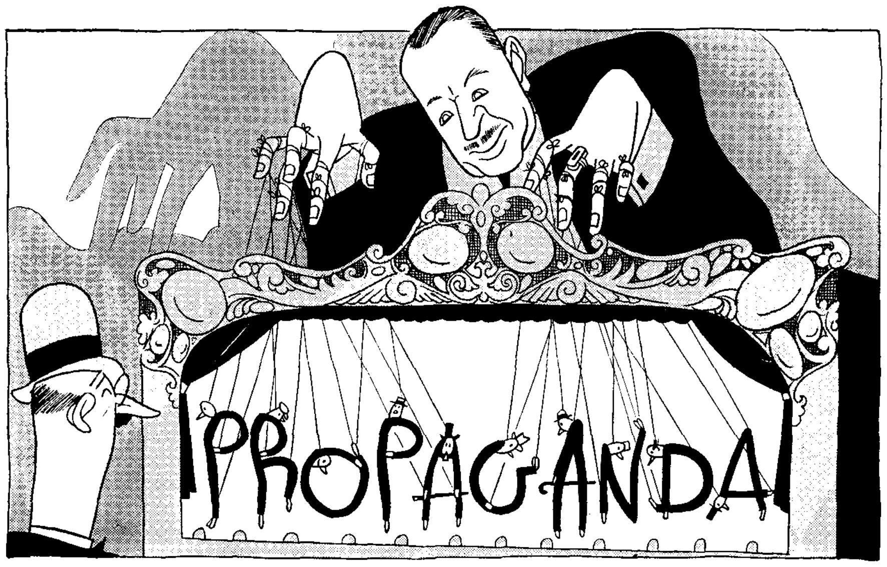
Filial Ingratitude

A lady was recently fetched in by the cops for converting her once modest home into a speakeasy to which she added a phonograph and a few hostesses and called it a night club. From her I heard anew the pangs a mother suffers when her child turns thankless.

"I'd have been O. K.," said she bitterly, "if my daughter wasn't a snake. Listen, this daughter of mine, who I put through high school and all, is working as a hostess in a three-dollar-cover-charge club and she's got a following of spending gentlemen that's got other clubs making her offers. With her commissions and all, she's taking a couple hundred a week without turning her hand. But when I start a little place with a home atmosphere and everything and tell her I could use her on account of her following, does she come to help her mother? She does not. With her following we could have paid big protection and—"

Tears choked her. But presently she was able to gather herself together and deliver herself on the futility of trying to be a good mother.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "it only goes to show you what thanks a mother gets for giving her daughter a nice start in life. Believe me, the younger generation is just a pain in the neck to me these days."



A Naval Exploit

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE case of William B. Shearer, the big navy lobbyist who had the distinction of being denounced by no less a person than the President of the United States, reveals a lot about the gullibility of big business corporations where Washington is concerned and the ease with which propaganda is got into the newspapers.

Washington first knew him as one of the thousands of young men who turned up here during the great days of 1917 or thereabouts with a bright idea of how to win the war. As his scheme concerned sea warfare, he was put to work in the Navy Department. Later he enlisted in the navy for the war.

On the strength of this experience and what he thus learned he started out as a naval expert and sold many articles to newspapers and other publications. He was ardent in his support of a big navy and that made him very welcome in the Navy Department. Anyone who has access to news columns in important journals and who is pro-navy soon has many friends in the navy, which would not be human if it did not regard itself as important and did not desire to have its side of the case put before the public.

This resulted in giving him access to a good deal of information about naval affairs and further qualified him as a naval expert. This was all natural enough. He was making his living by writing about the navy. And the navy was getting its views before the public. Such relationships exist wherever there is a navy.

Profitable Convictions

An opportunity of this kind invariably expands. Patriotic societies are always demanding speeches by experts on armies and navies. Business men's organizations are always seeking speakers and paying well for them. Anyone who qualifies as an expert on a public question of general interest, who has energy, a talent for attracting attention to himself and an agreeable personality, may soon make himself well known and be able, if he chooses, to put out a good deal of propaganda. Mr. Shearer has all of these qualities.

Very naturally a man with such a following, or let us say with so many eyes reading what he writes and so many ears listening to what he says, attracts the attention of persons with a commercial interest in the subject he discusses. Or if they are so blind as to overlook the advantages of contact with him, he may, if he is commercially minded, bring himself to their attention.

William J. Bryan, the greatest propagandist this country has ever seen, spent his declining days sitting under a sun umbrella descanting on the glories of the Florida climate to the suckers who came to Florida in the boom period, at so much an hour for the realtors and the binder boys. Anyway, Mr. Shearer soon found that he and certain shipbuilders interested in contracts to build warships were of one mind about the necessity of a big navy.

A National Figure

This community of views led to his going to the Geneva naval disarmament conference as a representative of certain American shipbuilding concerns. He probably did not have any more to do with the failure of Great Britain and the United States to reach an agreement on cruiser limitation at that conference than did the kind of breakfasts the American and British delegates ate. But business concerns will pay for such services as he rendered at Geneva. They do it every day in Washington.

Anyway, the conference was an auspicious occasion for Mr. Shearer. He was in the limelight and he loves the limelight, even to the extent, probably, of enjoying being denounced from the White House and investigated by the Senate.

At Geneva he could be seen in the lobby of the hotel frequented by the American delegation and by the American correspondents. He could be observed talking to the American admirals in the lobby, or at least to several of them, for one or two of the most austere admirals treated him coldly.

He produced facts and figures for the American newspaper correspondents every day. And it must be recorded in fairness to him that the correspondents of at least two of the leading American newspapers faithfully presented his ideas of what was happening at the conference in their daily dispatches from Geneva.

He overdid it a little, for the State Department did not like his activities, the navy became cautious in its relations with him, and the shipbuilders declined to pay him as much as he thought his services as a great international figure were worth.

Well, that is a typical story of the lobby in Washington. The art of being a lobbyist consists in humbugging some gullible business men into thinking you have influence to sell and continuing to get some unwary newspapers to print your propaganda—and being a little more discreet about it than Mr. Shearer was.

GOOD NIGHT

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DETROIT

GOOD NIGHT

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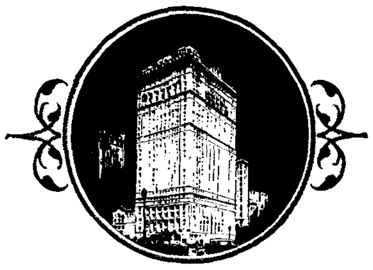
THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT



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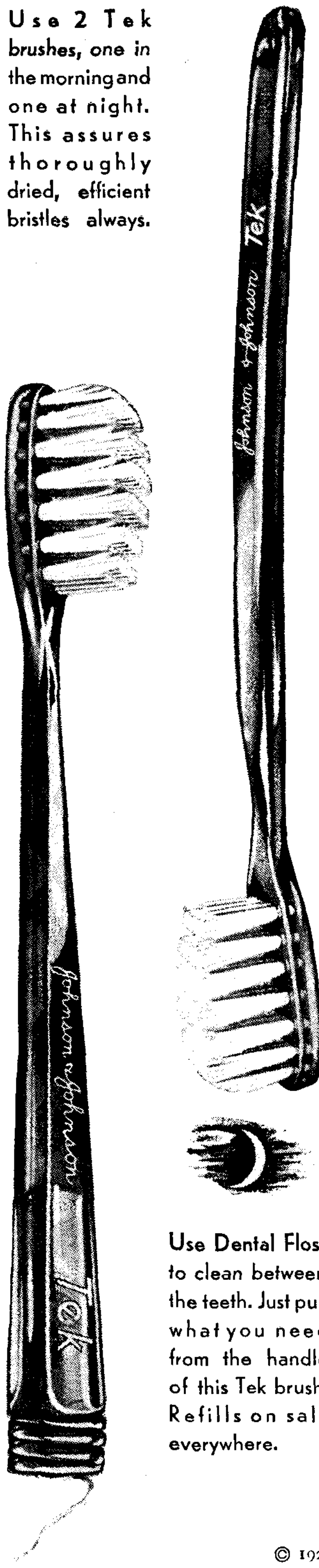


The Night Visitor

Continued from page 9

He used his electric torch. Then it was that his ear caught a sound—indeed a cough.

Thoughts ran through Mr. Fassbrooke's head in a galloping procession. Burglary was a mug's game, the last resource of idiots. As a member of the force he had been well aware of this fact; but he had forgotten it. Now he was aware of it again. You ran fantastic risks. And the profits, even when you could realize them with safety, were entirely insufficient to atone for the risks.

He had never been caught, though at least once he had escaped arrest only by the clemency of heaven. (In any case he was caught now.) He had in store at home a quantity of precious things which he dared not yet attempt to dispose of. Once he had laid hands on a couple of hundred pounds in old and crumpled bank notes. He had been sure that the owner, a lady, was unacquainted with the numbers of the notes. Nevertheless he could never change one without horrid, nauseating pangs of apprehension. He was an ass. And so on.

In the tenth part of a second all these reflections crowded into his brain. He must act instantly, wisely, perfectly.

He shut off the torch as preliminary precaution. Futile. Anthony Reels *switched on the bed light.* The pair were face to face. Anthony had the formidable appearance of a tousled madman, capable of inordinate homicidal furies. And Mr. Fassbrooke, though admittedly an idiot, was not idiot enough to carry arms in the pursuit of his nocturnal profession.

"Are you a specialist they've sent?" Anthony asked at a loss.

"Yes," Mr. Fassbrooke replied.

"I'm supposed to be very ill," said Anthony. "Do specialists carry torches?"

"I do," said Mr. Fassbrooke.

A pause.

"I see what it is," Anthony went on with a lunatic smile, suddenly enlightened. "You're a cat-burglar, that's what you are. Evening dress and all!"

"No," said Mr. Fassbrooke, feebly and unconvincingly.

"Then *what the devil are you doing* here? What *are* you?"

"I'm an ass," said Mr. Fassbrooke.

"I daresay," Anthony agreed, glancing at the timepiece. "But you can't come along being an ass in people's bedrooms at twelve o'clock at night. It isn't done." Anthony sprang up threateningly. "You get out. No, not by the door. The way you got in. By the window—must have been. And look quick!"

"I can't," said Mr. Fassbrooke.

ANTHONY'S tone suddenly changed to the mildly inquiring:

"Now tell me why not? I've often wanted to know all about cat-burglars. Tell me, and I'll let you go. I promise."

"It's like this," said Mr. Fassbrooke. "I took off my overcoat—"

"Oh! So you had an overcoat?"

"Yes. I was in the service room, and I took off my overcoat and threw it from the window there on to your balcony here, and then I just sort of sprang from the window sill on to the edge of the balcony, and hung on to the rail and climbed over, and here I was. But I couldn't jump back *from* the balcony *to* the window sill. I hope I make myself clear."

"You do! You do!" said Anthony.

"And where's your overcoat now?"

"Hanging on the balcony rail."

"That'll do," said Anthony. "Remove yourself. I've had enough of you. If you meet anybody in the passage or the hall, don't argue. Just go straight on. There are two latches on the front door. It's the top one that you need. Hey! One moment. I've dropped my cough lozenges under the bed. You might pick them up for me, there's a good fellow."

It was while Mr. Fassbrooke was obediently ferreting under the bed that Luce Reels added herself to the scene.

Mr. Fassbrooke recognized the vivacious voice of his late customer Luce Reels, and he feigned death—an example of what is called nature's protective mimicry. Luce inspected his moveless hinterland. Her mind had been full of another matter; but the strange spectacle of a man on his knees, and his head beneath the bed, dislodged the other matter with a jerk.

"WHO is this gentleman?" she demanded.

The imitation corpse did not stir.

"He just looked in to pick up my cough lozenges. They've dropped somewhere," Anthony explained, with a half-maniacal laugh.

"But who *is* he?"

"I know everything about him except his name, my dear," Anthony continued.

"But who let him in?"

"He let himself in—by the window. He's a burglar, and the *finest* kind of burglar—a cat-burglar. As he's been so kind about my cough lozenges, I've promised him to let him go." And to Mr. Fassbrooke, sternly: "Now then! Those cough lozenges! Get *up!*"

Mr. Fassbrooke got up, with what dignity he could summon, and, seizing his hat, deposited the box of cough lozenges on its stand on the table.

Luce Reels gazed at him. He was rather a handsome fellow, and possessed a good, slim figure. Further, he was stylishly dressed, though at the moment his clothes happened to be a bit rumpled.

"Anthony," said Luce at length, mildly reproving, and yet humoring—as was proper to a sick man, "how absurd of you! This is one of the gentlemen from the travel agency. I expect he's called about *those train reservations.* It was very kind of you, Mr.—er—I don't quite remember your name. Please excuse my husband—he's far from well."

"Of course, madam," said Mr. Fassbrooke.

Luce added, to nobody in particular:

"Though why Mary should have shown him in here I don't understand!"

Whereupon Anthony said crossly:

"*Do* people call at midnight about train reservations? And Mary didn't show him in. Haven't I told you he came in by the window too modestly, too unassumingly? Why can't you believe me? If you will take the trouble to look you will see his overcoat hanging on the balcony—unless it's fallen into the quadrangle. And I wish you'd shut either the door or the window. Why do you always leave doors open? The draft in this room is enough to blow the carpet off the floor."

A slight, chill current of air was indeed noticeable.

Luce went to the window and shut it, and in doing so she descried the overcoat: which vision had the effect of changing the direction of her ideas.

At the same instant, that is to say, simultaneously with the turning of Luce's back, Mr. Fassbrooke shot toward the door. But with an even greater velocity Anthony, all radiant in bright pajamas and outraged fury, shot from the bed, and grasped Mr. Fassbrooke's retreating arm as in a steely vise; the grip of the homicidal insane.

"No, you don't!" cried he. "No, you don't! I promised I'd let you go, and I will; but you're making mischief between me and my wife and I won't stand it. My wife thinks I'm off my head, and you're letting her think so. Why did you say 'Of course, madam'? Are you a burglar or aren't you? Yes or no?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Fassbrooke.

"You go and stand in that corner," commanded Anthony, indicating a corner by the window and far from the door.

Mr. Fassbrooke obeyed.

"I see it all!" Luce burst out.

And she did see it all.

"You better get back into bed," she said to her husband.

"I *am* getting back into bed," said Anthony bitterly.

And he did get back into bed—coughed, and took a cough lozenge.

"To think," said Luce, "that a so-called travel agency should deliberately employ a man like you—worming things out of their customers, and—"

"Don't be silly!" Anthony stopped her. "'Deliberately'? You surely don't suppose they had the slightest idea what kind of a man the man was. The travel agency is perfectly innocent!"

Ignoring this reproof, Luce Reels said, with a new excitement:

"Has he been into my bedroom? My rubies—"

"He hasn't," Anthony stopped her again.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!" Anthony shouted, nearly beside himself with rage at her doubts. "Why can't you believe me? You wouldn't believe me when I told you the fellow was a cat-burglar, and now for the second time you aren't believing me. Why is it that women will believe anybody sooner than their husbands?"

IGNORING this reproof also, Luce said: "I shall go round to the agency first thing tomorrow morning and tell them. You'll see—"

"Unnecessary, madam. I shall not be there any more," Mr. Fassbrooke put in.

"No," said Luce with liveliness. "You won't be there. You'll be in the lock-up."

"Come here, my girl! Come here, I say!" Anthony ordered his wife, in such a savage tone as no decent husband would use to his wife—unless of course he were alone with her.

Luce, an independent enough wife of the latest modern pattern, obeyed him, to her own astonishment. Perhaps only her legs were frightened, not herself. She stood defiantly by the sick-bed.

"Didn't I tell you," said Anthony, "that I've given the man my word that he may go free?"

"If you did, you were very silly," said Luce, suddenly enheartened by the sound of her own voice.

"That's neither here nor there," said Anthony. "The point is that I gave him my word. And permit me to say that it's very bad manners for you to call me silly in front of a complete stranger—especially a burglar. What will the criminal classes think of the intellectual classes?"

"If you don't want to be called silly," Luce retorted, "you shouldn't *be* silly. I say it was very silly of you, and I stick to it. And anyhow I've not given *my* word, and I won't. I mean to telephone to the police and neither you nor anyone else can stop me."

Her accents had been quietly firm. Her self-control, however, seemed to be powerless to induce self-control in her husband.

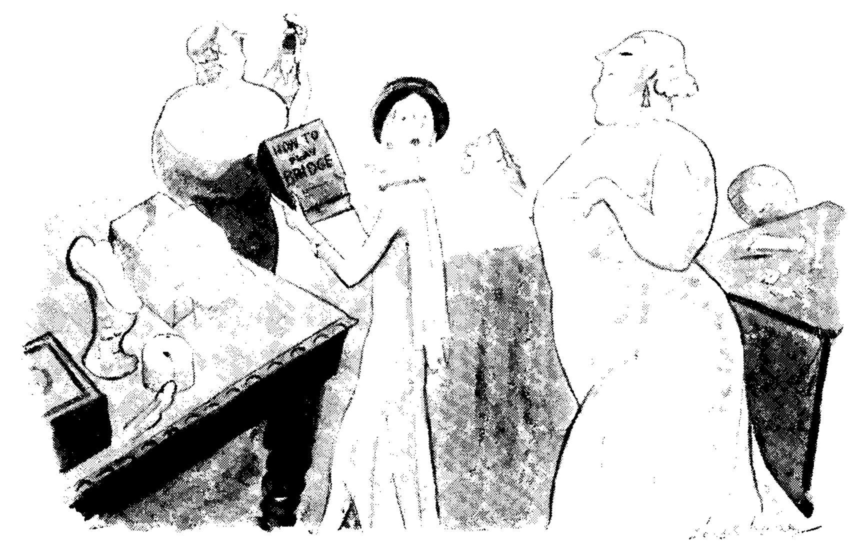
HE SEIZED her innocent wrist in a grip even crueler than that which he had employed on the guilty shoulder of Mr. Fassbrooke. Then he seized her other wrist in a similar grip. Then he shook her. The victimized wife was being subjected to physical violence. She had an impulse to cry out; but she nobly restrained it. As for Anthony, he felt happy; he felt masculine; he felt that he was revenging upon the person of Luce the innumerable grievances of the whole splendid, too-patient tribe of husbands against all wives. He exulted in the infliction of pain on the defenseless, weak woman. It was the greatest moment of his life.

"Don't forget you're ill," said Luce, grimly setting her teeth. "You'll only make yourself worse by these goings on."

"Oh!" cried Anthony. "So at last you've remembered that I'm ill, have you? Here am I, ill, and I have a nurse and a doctor, and you take them both away from me—together. I'm left alone, for hours and hours. Nobody cares. I might have died. I might be a perfect nobody in this flat that you made me take, though I didn't want it.

"Who's the most important person in this flat? Possibly you think it's yourself. Well, it isn't. Who are you, after all? What do you do? Nothing but spend, spend, spend. Did you ever earn a penny in your life? Not you! And you never will. You couldn't! You haven't got the brains to earn anything, nor the application, nor the concentration. You're nobody, nobody! And you think you're everybody. Every woman thinks she's everybody. That's what's the matter with women, and the matter with men is that they stand it,

(*Continued on page 64*)



"So glad you won it, my dear!"

ACIDOSIS
may be causing your
HEADACHE

HEADACHES are danger signals warning us that something is wrong. Causes are many, a very common one being a too-acid diet resulting in the more common type of Acidosis. This diet is an overconsumption of good and necessary but acid-forming foods (eggs, fish, fowl, bread, meat and cereals,) with an inadequate amount of alkaline-reaction foods (Oranges, Lemons and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk).

Many persons frequently afflicted with headaches have lived largely on a diet of acid-forming foods, and are surprised to find their headaches disappearing with a change of diet.

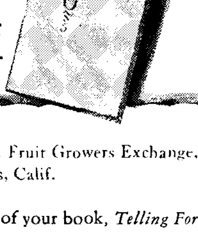
It is easy to balance the daily menu to prevent this type of Acidosis — a decrease of the acid-reaction foods outlined above, and a liberal use of Oranges and Lemons which fruits have been found to be particularly effective both in preventing and correcting it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, these fruits though acid in taste, are alkaline in their final reaction. A glass of Orange Juice with breakfast and several times during the day will do much toward preventing this type of Acidosis, and the headaches caused from it. Another form of Acidosis responsible for headaches may develop when meals are omitted. This is due to an improper use of body fat when the body draws upon its own tissue for energy. The person who habitually goes without breakfast is subject to headaches. The woman who rushes off to shop without time for breakfast invariably returns home with a gripping headache. Obese persons who try to reduce by omitting meals or all sugar-containing foods, commonly develop headaches.

Orange Juice and Lemon Juice are often quick remedies for headaches caused by this type of Acidosis. *Regular, well-balanced meals with the liberal use of citrus fruit are the best preventives.*

If you wish to know more about Acidosis send for the popular free booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." It also discusses Safe Reducing diets with suggested menus, together with menus for a well-balanced diet to prevent and correct Acidosis. Mail the coupon at once.

California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. Sunkist Lemons are identified by the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. "Sunkist" assures uniform quality. © 1929 C.F.G.E.



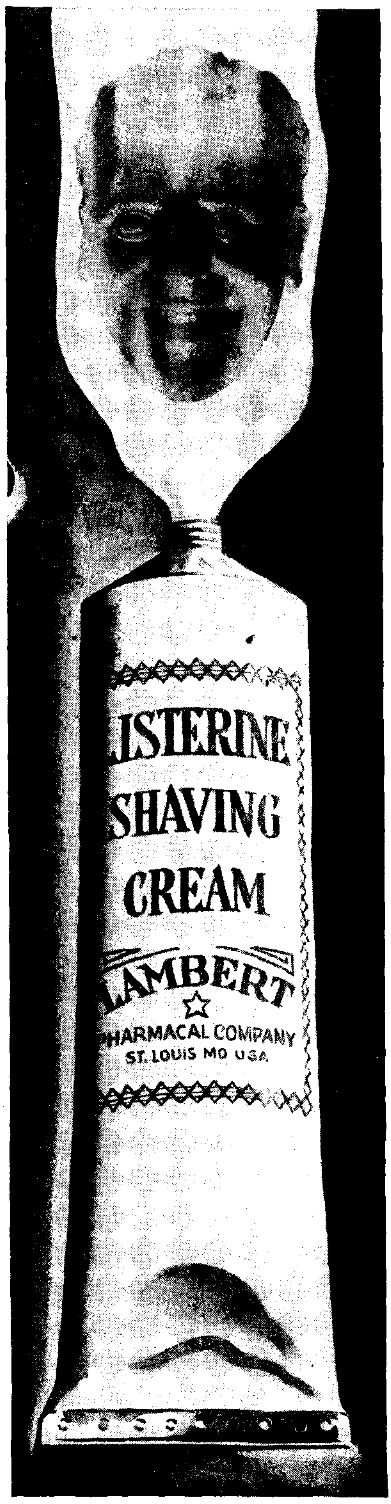
DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1610, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

Name________________ Street________________

City________________ State________________ a 1-word advertisement for a new shaving cream:

Listerine



TO the many millions who know the tremendous germ-killing power of Listerine Antiseptic, who daily see teeth glisten after using Listerine Tooth Paste, one word is the finest advertisement for this new shaving cream.

That is its name: *LISTERINE.*

In every way it lives up to your highest expectations of the kind of shaving cream Listerine chemists would produce. Brilliantly, they have added glycerine. The effect is new and delightful.

A microscopic film of this cosmetic lubricant protects the skin and relieves the friction between the blade and beard. Instead of rawness and burning, instead of tightness and drawn feeling, your face feels cool and contented as the razor slides the whiskers off.

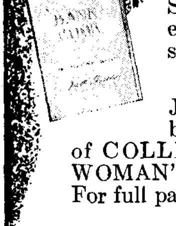
A pinch of it, three-quarters of an inch or less, brushes up into a soothing cloud of moisture-laden, lubricating lather. With razor friction thus reduced, nicks and scrapes are practically eliminated. And your face is protected by the healing Listerine ingredients.

157 shaves—50c

What's a half-dollar in a man's life, if he can trade it for five months of the finest shaving comfort he has ever known! The big white tube is crammed with 118 inches of cream, more than enough for 157 shaves. So its economy is as obvious as its quality. Please write us if your drug store is unable to supply you. We promptly correct this condition whenever we hear of it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream



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The Crowell Publishing Company 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 63*)

because they're so cursedly good-natured. The harem ought to be introduced *into this country. It's needed.* And the worst sign of civilization is that the Turks are doing away with the harem. The Turks had some sense—once. Now they've lost it. Everything's going to the dogs. And I suppose this is what I fought for in the war.

"Am I one of the hopes of applied science or am I not? Am I a first-rate inventor or am I not?" His voice rose higher. "Am I superior to Edison or am I not? Has there ever been any inventor equal to me or has there not? Am I the youngest member of the Royal Society or am I not? Everyone knows the answer. And here I'm lying dangerously ill, shamefully neglected, left, you may say, to die like a dog in a ditch. And my wife has the cheek to tell me I'm very silly. That's all she can think of—naturally—being a woman!"

At this point in his enormous and shocking tirade Anthony paused, not for want of breath, but apparently because he could not think of anything more effective to say and wished to avoid an anticlimax.

Luce thought, horror-struck:

"This is the end of the world for me! This is what he really thinks about me in his heart. At last I know the truth and my life is ruined. All is over with our marriage. We shall have to separate. Will he take the child from me?"

But Luce, like every woman, was an astounding person, capable in a supreme crisis of feats of self-mastery and heroic duplicity which no male could hope to rival. Aloud, she merely remarked, with breath-taking calmness:

"Mr. Burglar, will you please fetch the doctor. He's in the room opposite, across the passage."

There was no answer. She looked round. The burglar had vanished. The door was open.

Luce's first thought was not: "He has escaped me after all," but "How much did he hear?"

She then addressed Anthony:

"I *should* like you to know that poor Rosie has got influenza. A rather high temperature. That's why I fetched both the nurse and the doctor."

Any reasonable husband would have subsided at these tidings. But not Anthony, who was thereby roused to an even more formidable fury.

"Ah!" he yelled. "I knew it. I knew it was that horrible spoilt child of yours!" ("Yours," not "ours"!) "And so I'm nobody! If you have to choose between me and the child, you choose the child, who'll grow up into a woman as selfish and futile as you are. Didn't I always say that that brat was born to make some good man unhappy? A nice thing! I tell you once for all—"

THE doctor entered, and at sight of the excellent, middle-aged, conscientious Doctor Bain, Anthony did subside, relinquishing Luce's reddened wrist and falling back on the pillows.

"Did you hear him?" Luce murmured.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "He's delirious, that's all." He pushed a thermometer into Anthony's lax and unresisting mouth, and there was silence. "Yes. Hm! Excited. It's nothing. I'll give him a dose. Rosie'll be all right. The nurse is really A-1."

"I never thought of delirium," Luce muttered.

"What do you say?" said the doctor.

"Nothing."

She began to cry. She bent down, and kissed and kissed the unofficial representative of the great trade union of husbands, and stroked his damp hair.

"Poor neglected darling!" she whispered.

"You know you're simply *asking* for flu, kissing the patient like that!" remarked the doctor.

"I don't care," said Luce.

And she didn't care. More, she utterly forgot about Mr. Fassbrooke.

The Invisible Fish

Continued from page 24

ineradicable shenanigan of the theater would know from the mere sight of that gaping, milling crowd outside a Ziegfeld first night that the wily manager inside had, in his salad days, presented his own equivalent of the Dancing Ducks of Denmark. Furthermore, I think it would not be difficult to uphold the proposition that every famous impresario has, in his vagrant days of struggle, put in some time as manager of the Brazilian Invisible Fish.

Teutonic Moslems

Consider, for instance, the foremost American producer. I am afraid I must identify him as Arthur Hopkins, even though that statement, whenever it appears in print, causes David Belasco to feel faint and brings all the staff hurrying to his side with sal volatile and other restoratives. Arthur Hopkins it was who produced What Price Glory? and presented John Barrymore in Hamlet.

But his first work as a showman was in booking animal acts for amusement parks, and his second was the opening of the first moving-picture nickelodeon in New York City. I am sure a statistician who worked on the records of that novitiate would find an Invisible Fish there somewhere.

Or consider Morris Gest, who has been the chief importer of theatrical entertainment in our day. He it was who brought the mighty Miracle here from Berlin, the Chauve-Souris from Paris, and the great Art Theater from Moscow. But he began by gilding sparrows for sale at country fairs as canaries. Next he made phonograph records of his own screams to sell as the death agonies of John McCullough. Still later, as scout for Hammerstein's Victoria, he made his first importation. It was a German household, a stolid Berliner with his wife, sister-in-law and daughter, whom Gest bedecked in Moslem costumes, instructed to pray ostentatiously to the east every day at sunset on the boat coming over, and covered with fleeting fame by having them rejected at the Hotel Astor when they tried to register as "Abdul Kaffir and wives."

I could go on this way indefinitely, but this is enough, surely, to suggest that most of our managers, when they enter the show business, take as their prototypes the King and the Duke who, to the immortal wonderment of Huckleberry Finn, presented the Royal Nonesuch down the Mississippi long ago.

But to come directly to the episode of Ziegfeld and Wallace, professionally billed as Wallace, the Man-eating Lion. You must go back to the time when young Ziegfeld was manager for Sandow, for he entered upon his present career when, fresh from school, he arrived in New York in 1893 with five thousand dollars in his pocket and his eye open for some attraction to take back to his native Chicago, then in the throes of the famous World's Fair.

A languid New York public was paying scant attention to this amazing strong man who had come from England and was performing feats of muscular prowess—outpulling four or five horses the while he supported the pillars of several Greek temples on his bosom—between the acts of some comic opera then playing at the Casino.

But Ziegfeld signed him up for ten weeks in Chicago, went there ahead of him, spent the entire five thousand dollars in advertising, and knew the game was won when, quite suddenly, in that dark middle of the night when beautiful thoughts come, there occurred to him the device of issuing thirty special tickets a night, admitting the matrons of Chicago's *haute noblesse* backstage. There went with each ticket the exciting privilege of touching Sandow's biceps.

Lion-Eater

Thereafter the patronage amounted to a stampede. Young Ziegfeld made a considerable fortune, and entered at once upon a four-year management of the latter-day Hercules, which was a source of great comfort and profit to them both.

Indeed, in all that time the star was only once a worry to him. That was during the delirious fortnight when the latter-day Hercules was in love—as what able-bodied man of that time was not?—with Lillian Russell.

It was as manager of Sandow that Ziegfeld toured the country after the World's Fair, arriving in San Francisco to find the public of that city sharing some of my own immense calm at the thought of anyone being so strong as Sandow. "What of it?" said San Francisco, in effect.

It seemed advisable, therefore, to whip up a little interest, and the Sandow headquarters went into cahoots with the management of a local amusement park.

It was finally agreed that on such and such a night the intrepid Sandow, unarmed and unafraid, would join combat with Wallace, the Man-eating Lion. By a bit of luck, one of the lions at the park had recently escaped from his cage and eaten a near-by keeper. It was just possible that the scatterbrained public got it into its head that it was this very lion which would enter the arena against Sandow. If so, Master Florenz was too busy with the details of posters, tickets and the like to straighten them out.

At all events, an immense, palpitant and profitable audience assembled for the great bout, thrilled at the sight of iron bars raised between themselves and the stage lest Wallace, after using bits of Sandow as hors d'œuvres, should make a real meal of the spectators. There on the stage was the mighty Wallace, crouching in an open pen, and the excitement reached fever pitch when out upon the stage strolled Sandow, a marvel of shapely calves and elastic tread.

After preening himself he leaned over the pen and patted Wallace provocatively on the whiskers. At that insult the audience roared, and then held its breath. For Wallace roared too—roared and leaped from the pen.

It should perhaps be explained at this point that Wallace was really a toothless, timid and tender-hearted creature, whose leap this time was one less of anger than surprise, having been occasioned not by the pat on his whiskers but by a mild shock of electricity from the floor of his pen, which was wired for the purpose. As he came through the air, Sandow hit him again—really socked him this time, using not only the palm of his hand but also a bit of iron concealed therein. It was no deathblow, mind you, but it was enough for Wallace.

With a howl, which was part pain and part disillusion at finding that anyone could be so mean, Wallace cowered back and crawled from the stage, taking refuge under it and refusing to be dislodged or comforted.

The crowd was pretty mad. Rising in their righteous wrath, the spectators tore up the seats and swarmed out in search of a victim. They couldn't get at Sandow through the bars and probably they would have scorned to pick on poor Wallace. So they went in a dervish mob to look for the backers. Only by great fleetness of foot did the manager of the amusement park escape a ride out of town on a rail. Ziegfeld had already left. Indeed, during all of this distressing fracas he was over in Oakland, counting up the receipts.

Dear, dear, how long ago that was! Wallace is no more, I suppose, and Sandow has been in his grave these many years. Like his successor, Breitbart, he died in his prime. It is a way these perfect physical specimens have, a fact from which the rest of us take no end of comfort. Ziegfeld, however, is an imperfect physical specimen, and goes on forever.

I am not suggesting that after his agreeable fiscal task at Oakland was completed he rose and said: "At last I am prepared to produce the first Ziegfeld Follies"—that glittering series which by now has played as many farewell engagements as the late Sarah Bernhardt. No, there were intervening steps.

There was, for instance, the late Anna Held. That piquant *vedette* was ushered into a startled America by Ziegfeld and managed here for many years by him. She had been an obscure little French music-hall artiste, but her coming was preceded in the then elegant New York Herald by a two-column cable dispatch from Paris, as if a figure of international importance were leaving for the wilds. This disproportionate outburst made a highly unfavorable impression on the late James Gordon Bennett, the absentee owner of the paper, when the offending issue reached Paris, where he maintained his residence. As usual on such occasions, the infuriated Bennett ordered the firing of everyone on the staff. An anxious investigation by that staff revealed the fact that Mlle. Held's new manager had not only written the dispatch himself but had filed it. For this début in belles-lettres he had modestly assumed a nom de plume. He had taken the precaution to sign his cable "Bennett."

A Very Famous Fish

Americans in the late nineties were whipped into a lather over Anna Held, who used to sing Won't You Come Out and Play Wiz Me? in a manner considered highly inflammatory. One of the Ziegfeld devices was the universal legend that she bathed only in milk. To launch this fascinating idea, several huge milk cans were noisily delivered every day from a New Jersey farm to the fair Anna's suite at the Hotel Savoy.

It was a good deal of trouble, of course, but the practice was kept inexpensive by the circumstance that the milk cans were invariably empty.

By this and other tricks did Ziegfeld mount to his present eminence. His management of Anna Held deserves a chapter to itself, and I mention it here only to suggest that she, too, contributed her mite to the mæstro's education, being herself, in a small way, something of an Invisible Fish.

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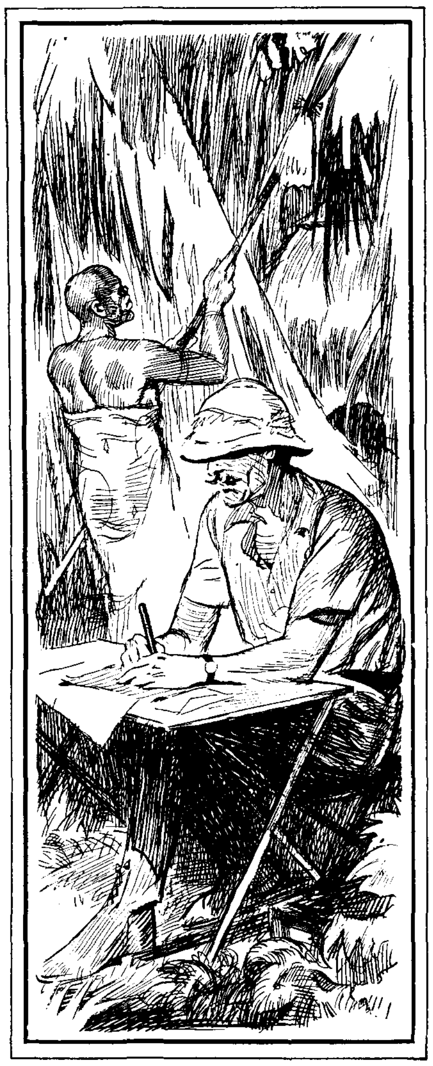

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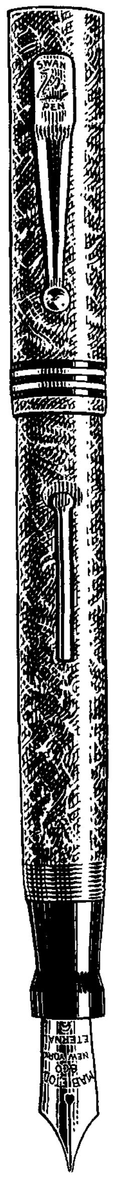

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Gentleman Bill

Continued from page 20

was thrown open. Two men entered, replicas of Ed, but harder featured.

"Well, well, what's doing here?" the first one exclaimed, throwing a carefully pinned-up cluster of roses upon the table. "There're your flowers, Leda. Some climate this, isn't it? Pretty wet. Jim's gone crazy because he's sold five hundred records."

"You've done it?" the fat man croaked, his voice wheezy with agitation.

"Clean as a whistle," was the cool rejoinder. "Not a hitch anywhere."

"You made a clean get-away?"

"I'll say we did. It was raining like hell. Couldn't see anyone's face for umbrellas. We drove slowly away, changed plates at the Kank Street Garage, and here we are. Look me over, Leda, quick, and Jim as well."

"Any trouble?" the fat man demanded.

"They never got near us. I had to put a second one into the kid near the door. He was trying to crawl to it. All right, Leda?"

"O. K.," she replied. "Let's have a look at you, Jim."

THE men were perfectly unruffled—their garments neat and tidy—not even their ties disarranged.

"Pan out to figure?" the man at the table asked.

"Pretty well," the other admitted. "Ninety thousand pounds. That's nearly half a million dollars. We've got to change some of the bank-note figures. When we've done that, there'll be enough to divide. Hell, Leda, why don't you give me a Scotch? Do you think it's such soft work plugging bullets into those fellows that I don't need a drink?"

She moved to the sideboard and did as she was told. She looked at the speaker—who went by the name of Gentleman Bill—curiously.

"Some nerve, Bill!" she remarked.

"Wouldn't be in our job long without it, little woman."

He passed his arm around her. She eluded him, and he scowled.

"None of that," he complained sharply. "You and I have got to talk, young woman. Say," he went on, "we've shown these Londoners how to rob a bank, right in Lambeth, too. Slickest thing on record."

"Tell us about it," the fat man begged. "Makes me feel young again."

"We left the car in a side street where the temporary door was," Gentleman Bill continued, raising the glass to his lips. "Then we went in with those checks and that letter of credit. It was two minutes before closing time. The old boy slopped all over us. Of course we could have an account! A new phonograph, eh? Wonderful business!

"He gave us a lot of documents to sign, and sat down at a table. They locked the front doors, and came fussing up. 'We'll let you out at the side,' the old boy told us. We waited until they were all in sight, then Jim took 'em from the right-hand. I started with the old boy, and plugged 'em from the left. Seven of them, and the kid was the only one who didn't go right away.

"We didn't hurry. We cleared out everything from the safe that was worth having, and we left by the side door. Gee, it was raining! We just closed the door behind us, got in the car, and drove off."

They all took more Scotch. They were in a sitting-room on the ninth floor of the Hotel Gigantic, and, notwithstanding the rain, one of them threw the window open a little wider.

"The only trouble is," Gentleman Bill continued, "that they'll know we were Americans. There's never been an English gang cleaned up things like we've done. They don't shoot much over here. White-livered lot of milk-can pinchers—that's what they are! God, I can't taste this whisky!"

"You've had enough," the girl warned him, as he held out his glass. "You might need your nerve even now."

"I should worry," the man scoffed. "I tell you we made a clean get-away. Number plates of the car changed. Johnny, who drove us, is shaved by now, and the car's all cleaned up."

Bill set down his glass.

"Let me look you two boys over again," he proposed.

"Tie, collar, buttons, everything all right," said Bill, looking Jim over. "Shoes? Everything O. K. What about your rubbers?"

"Left 'em outside the bank. No mark in 'em. No maker's name. All the same anyway."

The girl strolled over, a cigarette in her mouth. She, too, examined both men carefully. Then she opened the door and, looking out, passed into the hall. She returned in a moment with a pair of gloves in her hand.

"Whose are these?" she asked.

"Mine."

She held one of them up.

"When did you lose the button?"

They crowded round. The threads were there. The button was missing.

"It was all right when I took my gloves off in the bank parlor," Gentleman Bill muttered. "I never noticed them since. Hell!"

There was a short, tense silence. The fat man was breathing heavily. They were all thinking of the marble floor of the bank, wondering into what crevice a small horn button could have rolled.

"Supposing they find the button," Leda said at last, "I don't see that it's going to harm you, unless they find the glove."

They looked at the glove. The fat man glanced at the fire, but Leda shook her head.

"Give it to me," she insisted, placing it in her bag.

"What are you going to do with it?" Gentleman Bill demanded.

"What do you think I'm going to do with it, you fool?" she retorted. "I'm going to sew a button on."

THE strain seemed somehow to be broken. The fat man tittered with laughter. So did the others. There was a knock at the door. The laughter ceased suddenly. Leda relit her cigarette, and put on another record. Gentleman Bill called out "Come in!" just as a key turned in the lock and an attendant entered. He carried in his hand a menu and an evening paper.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, bowing. "I thought you'd like the news. Most terrible outrage ever been known in London. A bank robbery of pretty near half a million in your American money, and *seven men killed!*"

The man handed over the paper. They spread it upon the table, and read the few lines.

"Well, that certainly is some clean-up," the fat man commented. "No arrests yet?"

"Apparently not, sir," the man replied.

"They'll get 'em all right," Gentleman Bill declared. "You can't make a haul like that in England. It's only in the States the crooks have got the upper hand. Who's dining here?"

"I'm not," Leda announced coolly.

Gentleman Bill lowered the menu.

"Who says you're not?" he demanded.

"I do," she answered. "I'm going out."

The waiter stood respectfully mute. Gentleman Bill handed back the menu.

"Keep our usual table for four at eight o'clock," he ordered. "We'll eat in the grillroom. Better make it five. The young lady may change her mind. And send up some cocktails. We'll order dinner when we get down."

The waiter bowed and disappeared. Gentleman Bill looked across at Leda. Ed looked at her, too. The fat man scowled at her. "So you're leaving us?" the former remarked, in a subtly menacing tone.

"I am," she replied, "and what's more there isn't one of you going to stop me. You all go out and pick up your girls and take 'em to dinner when you want to. Why shouldn't I? If I see a chap I fancy, I'm going to dine with him."

She was across the threshold before they could stop her. They heard the outside door slam, heard the lift gate open and shut.

Gentleman Bill began to swear

The fat man was shaking again.

"And she's got the glove," he muttered.

WITH a perversity which he would have scorned as a purely feminine feeling, Slane was conscious of something very near disappointment when a quarter past eight arrived, and there was still no sign of Leda. Eventually, Parkins made his discreet appearance.

"Shall I serve dinner, sir?" he inquired.

Slane nodded, mixed himself a cocktail, lit a cigarette, and sat down alone. He found himself wondering how the girl would have looked in that vacant place. There was something about her which possessed a distinct if somewhat savage attraction. He gave a little start of anticipation when towards the middle of the meal there was the sound of a car brought to a sudden standstill outside. The door bell rang. A moment later, Parkins was ushering in—Stimpson. The latter's first glance was at the empty place.

"Were you expecting someone, Sir Jasper?" he asked.

Slane nodded.

"It wasn't a definite engagement. A wild young lady from Chicago had invited herself. Why, what's wrong?"

There was a very sober expression in Stimpson's blue eyes. He shook his head.

"Bad luck," he murmured. "Her days of dining out are over."

"They've got her then—her own gang?" Slane exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so. Do you mind—?"

He went to the sideboard, and helped himself to wine.

"Heard about this Lambeth affair?" he inquired.

Slane shook his head.

"My evening paper hasn't come."

"The worst bank outrage ever known in London," Stimpson went on. "Six clerks and the cashier killed, stone dead. They got in somehow after hours, and shot everyone in the place. That's the American way, you know—no one left to give evidence. Then they cleared off with about ninety thousand pounds in treasury and bank notes, and every negotiable bond in the safe."

"Hideous!" Slane declared. "But tell me about the girl?"

"I'm here because of that. She took a taxicab from the Gigantic Hotel, and all the driver can remember is that she told him to go to St. James Avenue, Hampstead. Halfway there, he fancied he heard a groan. He looked in. She was quite dead—bullet through her head—shot through the window. They were evidently afraid she was coming to squeal. Blast them!"

The distress in Slane's face was a very real thing.

"I wish I'd never encouraged her," he regretted bitterly.

"There was another reason," Stimpson continued. "We found her handbag opened, the contents strewn upon the floor. They were evidently looking for something. After that we had to search her. No luck, though!"

"What did you expect to find?" Slane asked.

"It's a slim sort of clue, of course," Stimpson admitted, "but there was a glove button picked up just in front of the safe. We'd like to find the glove it came from. . . . You'll forgive me, Sir Jasper. This is the biggest thing that's come to me for years."

He rang up the Yard, and spoke rapidly. Then he held out his glass, which Slane refilled.

"You'd better come away from this room with that empty place," he advised. "It'll give you the creeps. I can't promise you'll be in at the taking. It's Pulsen's affair more than mine, but we're going for them."

It was almost midnight when Slane, who had been listening for the telephone, heard instead the outside bell. Parkins, who was still up, answered it.

"A taxicab driver wishes to speak to you, sir," he announced.

"Show him in," Slane ordered quickly.

A very respectable-looking but worried man in leather coat and breeches was ushered in. He touched his hat, and waited until Parkins had disappeared.

"I am the chauffeur, sir," he said, "who was driving the young lady."

He broke down for a moment, and looked away.

"Take your time," Slane begged. "Here, have a whisky-and-soda."

The man accepted it gratefully.

"Two hours I was at the police station, sir," he continued, "and, 'pon my word, you'd think I'd done the young lady a harm myself the way they questioned me. I couldn't help it that anyone got on the running board without my hearing them. Anyway, I'm keeping my word to the poor young lady."

He felt in the breast pocket of his coat.

"She seemed kind of scared, sir, when she started," he confided. "When we had gone a little way, she stopped me and made me get down. She shoved this into my hand. 'Listen,' she said, 'if anything happens to me on the way up—I don't suppose it will—take this to the gentleman at Number 14 St. James Avenue. He'll understand.' "

THE man handed across a glove, buttonless, with a half sheet of notepaper stuck inside the palm. Slane drew out the paper. He took it to the electric light. It was written clearly but in a thin, spidery hand:

"I am coming to you because I like you, and not because I mean to squeal, but the gang have got it in for me, and there's no telling what they'll do. If anything happens, here's the glove Gentleman Bill wore home this afternoon, and you'll find the whole lot at 89 Hotel Gigantic. They are established there selling the Peerless phonograph and records. Don't you go near them yourself. They're killers, every one of them. I hope I'll tear this up over our cocktails."

There was a mist dimming Slane's eyes as he finished reading. He folded the note up reverently.

He took a couple of five-pound notes from his pocket, and passed them over.

"I only done what the young lady asked me, sir," the man said.

"You've done a great deal more than you can guess at for the moment," Slane assured him, as he showed him out. . . .

Afterwards Slane glanced at his

(*Continued on page 68*)

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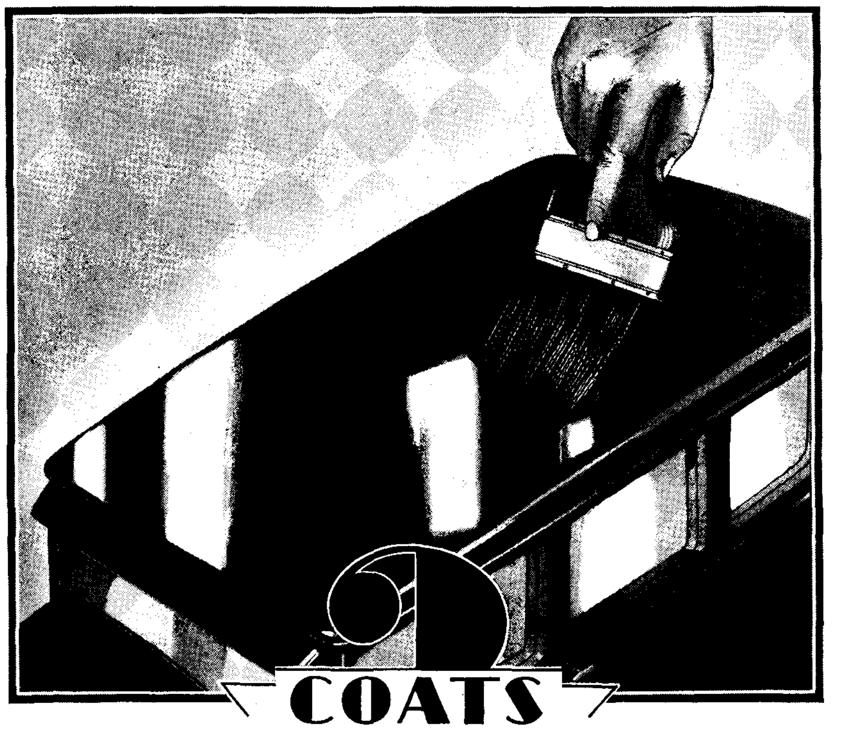

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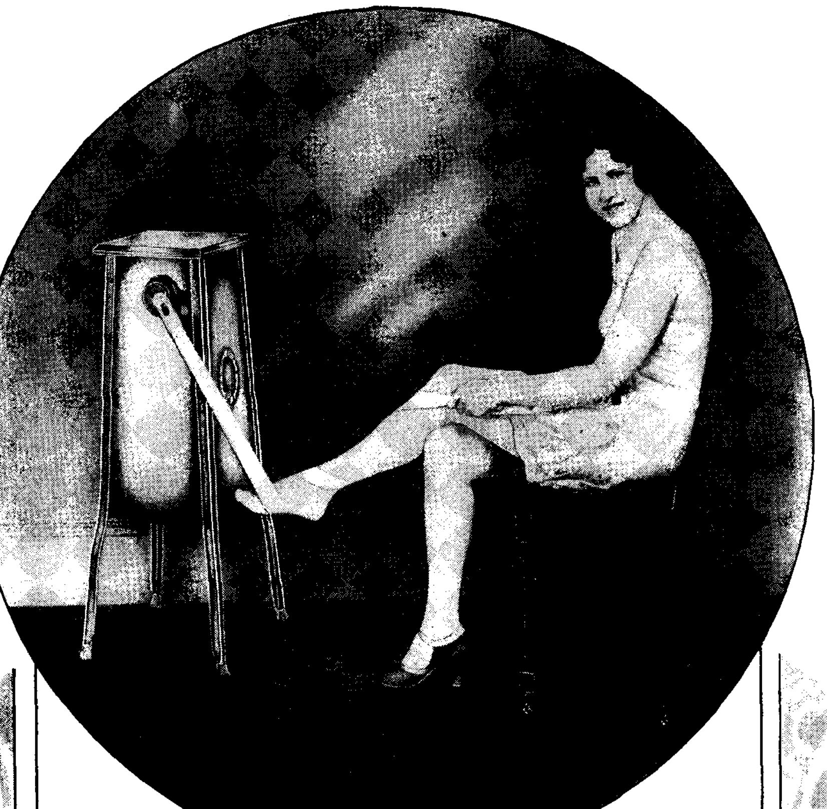

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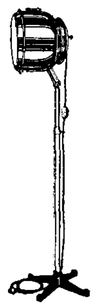

(*Continued from page 67*)

watch, and rang up Scotland Yard.

"Put me through to Mr. Stimpson," he directed. "He will be in his room all night. . . . Good! . . . That you, Stimpson? . . . Listen! I've got all you want. Will you come to me, or do you want me to bring it down?"

"I'm coming to you like a flash," was the terse reply.

A CURIOUS atmosphere prevailed in the big sitting-room at the top of the Gigantic Hotel. The fat man sat hunched in his easy-chair, the epitome of despair. Gentleman Bill, in carefully chosen evening attire, lounged on a couch, going through the evening papers one by one. The third man was writing letters.

"You shouldn't have done that," the fat man groaned. "Bill, you shouldn't have done that. The girl was all right. She was on the square."

Gentleman Bill looked up from his paper.

"Was she?" he rejoined coolly. "She was on her way up to Hampstead, to dine with her fancy man, and who do you think he was, Fatty? I'll tell you. He was a man named Slane—Jasper Slane, with a handle to his name—a bull. On to us, Fatty!"

"She didn't have the glove," the fat man whimpered. "She didn't mean any harm."

Gentleman Bill strolled languidly to the sideboard, opened a bottle of champagne, and poured out half a tumblerful. He was just crossing the room with it when they heard footsteps outside.

"What's that?" Fatty cried.

"Don't be a fool," the latter snarled across the room. "I ordered some supper."

The doors were opened. Two waiters appeared, trundling in a table. For a moment the fat man forgot his troubles.

"Caviar!" he exclaimed. "Good! Say, there are times when you hit the spot, Ed. A little supper was what we all wanted."

The fat man helped himself to caviar. Halfway up to his mouth the piece of toast dropped. He began to shake.

"You shouldn't have done that, Bill," he moaned. "I was kind of fond of her."

The man with the gray face and bulbous eyes leaned across the table.

"Fatty," he said quietly, "I have known men—real men—brought to harm by blubbering, whining chunks of flesh such as you. Bill and I ain't going to run that risk. Do you get me?"

It was a tense, very psychological moment. Apparently all three men were feeling the same about their former chief. They were all leaning towards him, absorbed. The time had come when they had to put the fear of God into Fatty's blood and heart, or trouble might come. And they meant to do it. Upon the door which connected the other rooms, Fatty's eyes seemed set in a horrible stare. His cheeks had fallen more than ever. A streak of red crept through the unwholesome white.

Then they knew. It was one of the moments of their lives when they were caught unawares. The room seemed filled with dark-clothed men. Wherever they looked the lamplight seemed to flash upon the glitter of those leveled guns. Scotland Yard was learning things. Stimpson hadn't brought his men to be shot down like useless beings. The order came from four corners of the room simultaneously. Curiously enough, the only man who disobeyed was Fatty himself, simply because his brain refused to move. He collapsed in his chair with a bullet in his shoulder blade, only a second or two before the handcuffs clicked upon the wrists of his three companions. His head flopped from side to side in helpless fashion.

"Ed shouldn't have done that," he groaned, just as he was losing consciousness.

Love Letters

Continued from page 13

polite, Miss Wing hurried away in a taxicab to her conference.

"Good-by, George," she said, waving farewell. "Hope your book hits 'em hard. It ought to."

Mr. Dixon said adieu and returned at once to his apartment with the flowered wall paper, where he slowly untied the packet of letters and read them, one by one.

"Well, well, well," he said. "Remarkable."

He glanced up at the mantel, upon which nestled untouched his own little pyramid of love notes to a lady. He walked to his window and stared in deep thought at the smooth green of the park, wondering who George Vogelsang might be.

"Of course," he reflected aloud, "I can't use these letters. Probably get me into trouble."

When his butler brought him the afternoon papers, he noticed that he was engaged to marry Miss Marcia Wing, the actress. "They will be married in the fall," the paper stated, with the airy assurance of papers. George laughed. At her hotel, Miss Wing smiled, too. "Darn fools," she said, meaning reporters.

"Certainly wish I could use these letters," Mr. Dixon said to himself several times that afternoon. Late that evening, Miss Wing, after a long business session with executives, signed her new contract and departed for California.

With his morning coffee and paper before him, the novelist suddenly noticed an item that made him sit up. In the Bronx, a barber named George Vogelsang had decided to bump himself off, and had done so, using an ordinary gas jet and a length of hose. On a table, before his lifeless body, was braced a photograph of Miss Marcia Wing, the beautiful movie siren.

"Hm," murmured Mr. Dixon, staring steadily at the headline: "Barber Slays Self for Love of Star."

He arose with a slight smile, gathered his velvet bathrobe about him and abandoned his breakfast. Serenely, he strolled to the mantel, removed his pile of unmailed letters, tore them into small bits and burned them in the open fire.

"Solves that little problem," he said, rubbing his hands together.

WHEN the Dixon novel, Two Lovely Blue Eyes, appeared, it began to click from the start and Mr. Braunswig was delighted. "The old boy," he said, meaning his novelist, "has got his wallop back again. Those letters are marvelous."

Everyone said the same thing, and when the man from the Bookman came to interview George for the May number, and asked him how it was he managed to keep on being such a good novelist, George leaned back in his chair, lighted a cigar and replied gravely:

"A man's talent," he said, "and his versatility naturally increase with his years of experience. That is all there is to it, my boy."

Papa

Continued from page 17

his hands on his knees and leaned forward in his chair.

"Because, ma'am," he said, "I looked up your family history, and I found it don't compare with the Purdys'. I found that your first and original ancestor was a fishmonger, ma'am."

"It can't be true," gasped Mrs. Van Dyne.

Papa's expression became mildly incredulous. He said: "Don't tell me you never heard of it, Mrs. Van Dyne! Don't tell me you don't know that the founder of your family peddled fish along the Battery in the time when Manhattan was Dutch, and Peter Stuyvesant had his wooden leg, and all!"

Mrs. Van Dyne's face had turned a lovely shade of pink.

"Mr. Purdy! I really don't see what my—my ancestry has to do with the matter we are discussing."

"I only mentioned it, ma'am, to show you why I object to your son Henry marrying my daughter Lois."

"Indeed! Then we're agreed about that, at least," said Mrs. Van Dyne coldly.

Mr. Purdy nodded.

"That's right. But the question is, How are we going to get those two young 'uns to agree with *us?* They're dead set on marrying each other. What are we going to do about it, Mrs. Van Dyne?"

The lady sighed.

"I don't know, Mr. Purdy! I wish I did. Oh, if only I had a man to consult!"

"You got me," said Papa.

Mrs. Van Dyne became, for the moment, almost pathetically feminine. Her regal aloofness vanished. She looked at Papa.

"Well, Mr. Purdy? What do you suggest?"

Papa cleared his throat and assumed a judicial manner. "I'll tell you, ma'am," he said. "The way I look at it, there's only one sure cure for two lovesick youngsters, and that's to let 'em see each other morning, noon and night."

"Let them see each other?"

"Let 'em be together as much as they want to be. The thing to do in our case is to bring Lois and Henry together. The chances are a thousand to one they'll get over their melody."

"Their what? Oh—their malady."

"I always pronounce it melody," said Papa. "But don't you think I'm right, Mrs. Van Dyne?"

"MR. PURDY," said Mrs. Van Dyne, "something must be done, and perhaps your scheme would be effective. . . . But how can it be managed? How can we bring them together?"

"That's easy," said Papa. "Whereabouts in Maine is your son staying?"

"On Little Deer Lake. He has a fishing lodge there. It's quite wild."

"So much the better," said Papa. "Now lookit here, Mrs. Van Dyne! There must be another cottage somewhere around that lake?"

"Yes. There's a cottage on a little island just opposite our lodge."

Papa beamed upon her.

"Mrs. Van Dyne!" he exclaimed. "You go up to Maine, and live with your son in the lodge. I'll hire that cottage on the island, and Lois and I will go spend our vacation there. That'll give her and Henry a chance to get together, and you and I'll be on hand to watch how things are going. Now what do you say to that?"

Mrs. Van Dyne rose and paced the room.

"Mr. Purdy! I have misgivings! It all sounds logical enough—and quite sensible—but still I have my doubts—"

"Ma'am," said Papa, also rising (with relief) from his chair, "I had my doubts about mailing you my check for that Charity Ball at the Ritz. But I finally mailed it, and you sent me the tickets, and Lois went to that ball and met Henry, and now look at what's happened. Life is a gamble, Mrs. Van Dyne, and all you can do is to take your chances."

"I feel so alone in the world," murmured the lady, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Yes," said Papa, "I know that feeling."

"Do you, Mr. Purdy? Well . . . Would you like some tea?"

"Well, I—why, thank you, Mrs. Van Dyne. That's very kind of you," mumbled Papa, who detested tea. (It upset his stomach.) But for Lois' sake he was willing to suffer far more than a trifle of indigestion.

An hour later he went home and told his daughter, whom he found curled up on a couch reading a volume of Keats, to get ready to go to Maine. They were leaving in a day or two, he said, for Little Deer Lake—and Henry.

Lois sprang up and clasped him around the neck.

"Oh, Papa! I knew you'd fix it somehow!"

"That's right," said Papa. "I've fixed it. Now you leggo my neck, honey, and run and get me some bicarbonate of soda. I been drinking tea."

LITTLE DEER LAKE lies in the heart of the northern Maine wilderness. It is three miles long and about a mile wide. It is surrounded by pine forests. The nearest railroad station is at Brockton, thirty miles away, and its general effect is one of enchantment. Lois Purdy fell under the spell of this enchantment upon the instant of her arrival. She was in a daze of bliss to be once more near her Henry.

Papa decided to forget the stock market and go fishing.

The cottage he had rented was on a small island in the middle of the lake. On the northern lake shore stood the Van Dyne lodge, a two-story log cabin of luxurious simplicity. Half a mile of crystal water separated the two places.

For transportation purposes the Purdys had a motorboat and a canoe. The motorboat was old and slow and unexciting (it was used chiefly to fetch supplies from Little Deer Village) but Lois didn't mind, for Henry was constantly on hand with his boat, a fast sea sled, in which they spent hours dashing futilely but gloriously around the lake. . . . As for Papa, he was thoroughly content with the canoe. He fished all day and got handsomely sunburned, and breathed the rejuvenating air. He felt younger than he had felt in years.

He did not see Mrs. Van Dyne for several days after her arrival at the lodge. Then upon a beautiful rose-tinted afternoon he caught a six-pound trout and decided to make her a gift of it. He paddled over to the lodge and presented her with the splendid fish.

Mrs. Van Dyne accepted it graciously, but with some reserve. Could this be, she wondered, a subtle reminder of the ancestral fishmonger? But immediately she dismissed the idea. There was nothing subtle about Papa.

"Thank you," she said; and added pleasantly: "It's a fine evening, isn't it?"

"Fine!" said Papa.

(Continued on page 70)

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(*Continued from page 69*)

"Mr. Purdy! How do you think our little scheme is working out?"

"Well, Lois has stopped reading poetry," replied Papa.

Mrs. Van Dyne nodded.

"Henry is eating again," she said. "And he studied hard all morning. I must say you were right about that, at least."

"I tell you what," said Papa. "It don't do anybody any good to be unhappy."

"Quite true," admitted the lady, sighing. "But I confess I live in dread that they'll elope. It would be so easy. They could drive to Brockton in Henry's car, get a license and—"

"I don't think they'll do that," said Papa. "Anyway, I wouldn't fidget about it, ma'am. They're just as apt to quarrel as they are to run off and get married."

"I must say I don't see any signs of their quarreling."

"Well," answered Papa philosophically, "the way I look at it, Mrs. Van Dyne, you got to let nature take its course. We're doing the best we know how."

"I might have sent Henry to Paris!"

"Yes, you might. But in the state of mind he's in, I'd rather trust to nature than I would to Paris, with its temptations and all."

MRS. VAN DYNE sighed again. They were standing on the steps of the lodge, looking toward the lake. The sun was setting.

"Oh, but we might have picked a less romantic place!" she said, in a voice that seemed to mourn the beauty of the scene before her. "Don't you *feel* the romance of it, Mr. Purdy?"

"I feel good and healthy," said Papa. "I don't know when I felt as healthy as I do now."

Mrs. Van Dyne gave him a sidelong glance and decided that he was, indeed, a healthy-looking man. . . . Somehow she felt reassured and vaguely comforted. . . .

Meanwhile Lois and Henry were tearing around the lower end of the lake at thirty miles an hour in Henry's fast boat. "Love me?" the boy shouted above the roar of the motor. And: "Love you!" Lois shouted back, laughing. Occasionally they slowed down to embrace and kiss each other. They still couldn't credit the miracle that had brought them together. It was understood between them that their love was deathless. . . .

Then one bright afternoon, some two weeks after the beginning of the parental experiment, Papa paddled over to the Van Dyne dock and boldly invited Mrs. Van Dyne to go canoeing with him. "I got something to tell you," he said in a low tone, for Henry was sitting at a table on the porch of the lodge, with his head in his hands and a book open before him. Mrs. Van Dyne glanced at the immobile figure of her son; then she looked at Papa and said: "I'd be delighted to go canoeing, Mr. Purdy. It's such a lovely day. . . ."

They left the Van Dyne dock and paddled out into the lake. Mrs. Van Dyne sat on the floor of the canoe, facing Papa. Her face, shadowed by the brim of a becoming straw hat, glowed up at him with unusual animation. "Well?" she demanded, smiling, "what have you to tell me?"

"Mrs. Van Dyne," said Papa, "I believe they've quarreled!"

The lady nodded.

"I believe they have! But what makes you think so?"

"Lois wouldn't eat her lunch this noon. There's something wrong when that young 'un says she isn't hungry."

"Henry ate practically nothing!" stated Mrs. Van Dyne. "And we had fish cakes, of which he's very fond."

"Let's see," said Papa. "Henry was over to call on Lois this morning. They went out in his boat, but they weren't gone long. I guess that's when they must have quarreled."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the lady.

"Well," said Papa, "I don't know. . . . Seems kind of a shame, in a way."

"A shame, Mr. Purdy?"

"I mean they were so happy together. My Godfrey! It made me feel good just to look at them. Didn't it make you feel good, Mrs. Van Dyne?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Van Dyne impatiently, "I've suspected all along that you were on their side—that you weren't really *sincere* in wanting them to quarrel!"

Papa looked hurt. He replied that she had no reason to doubt his sincerity. "And anyway, I ain't—I'm not anxious to have Lois marry anyone just yet a while. It's no fun to be left alone in this world, and Lois is all I got, just like Henry is all you got, Mrs. Van Dyne."

"Yes . . . I do think life is inconsiderate of us older people!"

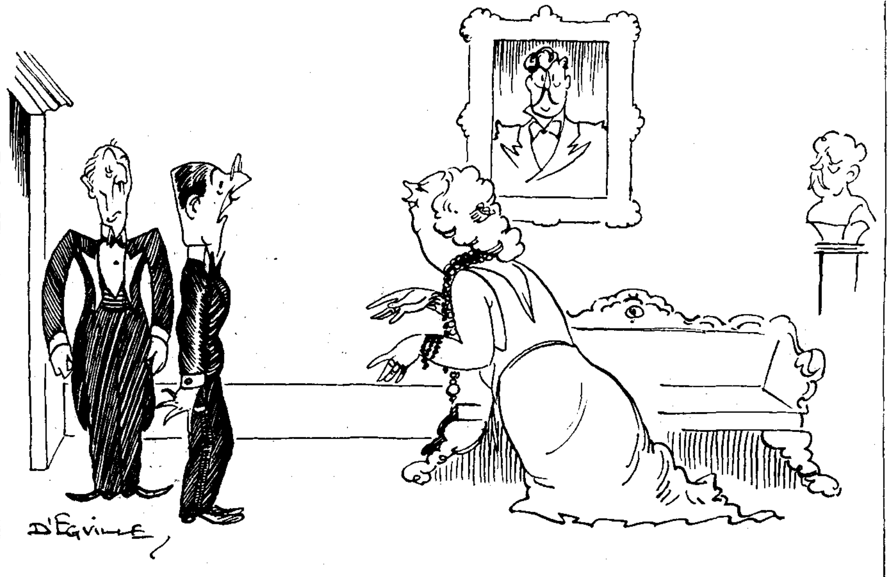
"We're not so old," protested Papa. There was a brief pause; then Papa went on: "I guess my stay's about over. Lois won't want to stay here any longer, after what's happened between her and Henry. . . . Well! I'll be sorry to go."

"Will you, Mr. Purdy?"

"I certainly will," declared Papa, looking steadily into the lady's eyes. Mrs. Van Dyne averted her gaze. A faint flush appeared on her cheek.

"I think—perhaps—you'd better take me back to the lodge, Mr. Purdy."

"Yes, I guess I had," agreed Papa. He turned the canoe around with a stroke of his paddle and paddled vigor-



"Of course, I remember your name, Mr. Smith, but I can't think of your face!"

ously toward the Van Dyne dock, deriving a certain satisfaction from his expenditure of energy. He felt suddenly resentful, and a trifle reckless. . . . Approaching the shore, he drove the canoe straight toward the dock, intending to swerve at the last moment and bring up alongside the landing float with a flourish. But unfortunately a puff of wind caught the bow of the craft and drove it hard against the sharp corner of the float. There was a crash, an unpleasant splintering sound. And suddenly the canoe began to fill with water.

Mrs. Van Dyne grasped the edge of the float and scrambled out with more alacrity than grace. Papa followed her. Both were wet to the knees, and the lady was furious.

"Well, Mr. Purdy! I must say—!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Van Dyne. I didn't allow for the wind. I'm mighty sorry. . . ."

"We might both have been drowned!" snapped Mrs. Van Dyne, and stalked off toward the lodge with her shoes squishing.

THE canoe had settled till only its gunwales showed above the surface of the lake. It drifted gently inshore and grounded. Papa, deeply chagrined, was forced to ask Henry to take him back to the island.

Henry politely did so. He drove Mr. Purdy home in his sea sled. He was sympathetic about the accident. But when Papa invited him into the house he declined with thanks, and dashed back across the lake at full speed.

Papa went up to the cottage feeling all wet and bedraggled. He was forced to change his shoes and socks, and to put on a fresh pair of flannel trousers. He looked for Lois to tell her the story of his mishap, but she was nowhere to be seen. . . . One of the maids told him she had gone out on the point of the island to read. . . . Papa decided not to disturb her.

It was supper time before she appeared with a volume of poetry in her hand.

"Hello, Papa," she said. "Are you hungry? I'll get your supper. It's in the ice box. The servants are going to the movies tonight."

"How they going to get there?" asked Papa. (The movies were in Little Deer Village, at the head of the lake.)

"I told them they could take the motorboat," replied Lois. "I guess they've already gone. . . ."

"I thought I heard that boat starting out," said Papa. He looked at Lois and smiled sheepishly. "Well, well . . . I guess that sort of leaves us stranded for the evening, honey. Because I—I smashed up the canoe this afternoon."

"You smashed up? You mean we haven't got a boat?"

"No," said Papa; and told her of his unfortunate accident. Lois listened with a queer, intense interest that seemed out of proportion to the dramatic hazard involved. "You needn't look so worried," he concluded, lamely. "It wasn't as bad as Mrs. Van Dyne thought it was. She only got wet up to her knees."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Lois.

"What were you thinking of?"

"Nothing. . . . Come on. I'll get you your supper."

They went into the dining-room, and Lois brought Papa his supper.

"Ain't you going to have any?" he asked solicitously.

"I'm not hungry. . . . And I wish you wouldn't say 'ain't,' Papa!"

Mr. Purdy looked at his daughter.

"Lois! Something's gone wrong, and I got a good idea what it is. You and Henry have had a quarrel, and you're all upset about it. Am I right?"

"No. . . . Not exactly," replied Lois. She sat down at the table opposite him and took her chin in her hands. "It's just that Henry's getting impatient, Papa," she said plaintively. "He's really awfully headstrong and impatient and sort of rash. But I love him, and I—I don't know what to do."

"About what, honey?"

She lifted her head. Her hair was red-gold in the rosy light of sunset that filled the room. "Well, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. You see, Henry wants me to elope with him. He wants me to run away with him tonight."

"Tonight!"

"Yes. . . . He's got it all planned."

"Well, well, well," remarked Papa.

"He said we could just pack a couple of suitcases, and take the car and drive to Brockton and get married. But I said—"

"You said—what, Lois?"

"Oh, I told him . . . Well, I thought if we waited a while longer maybe Mrs. Van Dyne would give in. But Henry said he knew his mother, and that she'd never consent to our marriage of her own accord. He said she was hoping every day that we'd have a fight and break it all off. But I said I was sure *you* could fix it in time, Papa."

"You said *I* could fix it?"

"Yes! Oh, I know you can! So I told Henry I thought it would be foolish to elope."

"Hmmm! And what did Henry say to that?"

"He said I didn't love him. I told him I did, but he got stubborn and drove me home—we were out in the sea sled—and then he said: 'You think it over, Lois. I'm going back to the lodge and pack my bag and put it in the car. I'll be waiting for you tonight on that point of woods opposite the island.' You know that little grove of birches, Papa? 'If you love me,' he said, 'and want to marry me, you meet me there at eight o'clock.' And I said: 'All right, Henry. If I decide to elope with you I'll be there, somehow.' "

Papa, with rather a fumbling hand, took out his watch and looked at it.

"It's seven o'clock now, honey. What have you decided?"

Lois laughed. There was a slightly hysterical note in her laugh. She said helplessly: "What difference does it make? There's no way for me to get to Henry if I wanted to. And he'll never come for me. . . . As a matter of fact, I'd decided to do it. . . . I'm all ready. My bag's down in the boat house. But the servants have the motorboat, and you smashed up the canoe, so it looks as if the fates were against me. I guess most people's problems are settled by fate, anyway, aren't they, Papa?"

"I guess maybe they are, Lois."

"Well, at least mine is! But it does seem—a little bit cruel. Because I really love him an awful lot, Papa!"

"There now, honey, don't cry! My Godfrey, Lois, I can't stand to see you cry! And to think it was me who busted up that damn' canoe!"

LOIS smiled mournfully. Then she rose abruptly and left the room. Papa heard the front door open and close. Through the dining-room window he saw Lois wandering disconsolately down toward the shore. . . . He ate a sketchy supper.

Having finished, he went into the living-room and sat down on the couch to smoke. "I'll wait fifteen minutes," he promised himself. "Then I'll go look for Lois."

He was sitting there, with his watch in his hand, when he heard someone come up the front steps onto the porch. Then the door burst open and a feminine figure appeared; but it wasn't Lois, as he had expected. It was Mrs. Van Dyne.

This was surprising enough, but even

(Continued on page 72)

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(*Continued from page 71*)

more surprising was the lady's dramatic dishevelment. She was flushed and breathless, and her beautiful hair for once was in disarray. It was almost touseled. Stray locks of it curled at random about her temples.

"Mr. Purdy!"

"Why, Mrs. Van Dyne! What is it? How'd you get here?"

"I rowed," said the lady, her breast heaving, "I rowed across the lake—myself—in a skiff!"

"Well!" said Papa. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, no. . . . This is no time to rest! Mr. Purdy, those children are planning to elope. They may be eloping now. You must help me to stop them. . . . Oh, I knew it would happen, I knew it!"

"BUT, now lookit here, Mrs. Van Dyne, I don't think—"

"You don't think—! No, of course not, but I tell you it's true. Henry's gone off in the car—he said something about taking a drive! But I found out by accident—through Hobson, my butler—that Henry packed his suitcase this afternoon. He not only packed it. He took it out to the garage and put it in the car. Hobson saw him."

"You don't say!" commented Papa, looking properly impressed.

"Yes, I do say! And off he went, without a word to me! But the question is, where's Lois? Is she with him—?"

"No," replied Papa, with a reassuring smile. "Lois ain't—she's not with Henry, and that's a fact. She's right here on the island, and she can't get off it, because just now there don't happen to be any boat for her to get off in. The canoe's sunk and the motorboat's up the lake. So you needn't worry about their eloping tonight, Mrs. Van Dyne. You needn't—"

Papa stopped short, swallowed twice in quick succession and then took a long puff at his cigar. He was standing where he could see through the open doorway down the sloping path that led to the boat house. And chancing to look through that doorway he witnessed a spectacle that rendered him suddenly speechless. He saw Lois—a slender figure clearly disclosed in the lingering glow of the sunset—emerge from the boat house with her suitcase in her hand. He saw her walk out on the dock and calmly toss the suitcase into Mrs. Van Dyne's skiff. . . . He saw her bend down to untie the painter of the skiff, which was at that moment, by the grace of a blundering destiny, the only boat on the island.

Papa thought: "My Godfrey! She's swiping the skiff! She's going to elope after all. . . . I ought to run down and stop her. . . . I ought to tell Mrs. Van Dyne. . . ."

But all he did was to stand there and puff his cigar. (He had played a good game of poker in his day, had Papa.)

"Mr. Purdy!" exclaimed the lady he was so basely deceiving. "What are you staring at? Is it my hair? I know it must be in a frightful state—"

"I was just thinking," said Papa, "that it looked especially nice tonight. But then, I always thought you were a handsome woman, Mrs. Van Dyne. I thought so the first time I saw you."

"I remember," murmured the lady, turning away. She crossed the room to the window and looked out, toward the lake. Immediately she uttered a cry of horror.

"Mr. Purdy! My skiff! She's taken it! Lois has taken my skiff! She's rowing across the lake! She's going to join Henry! Oh, don't stand there looking as though you were paralyzed! We must follow them!"

"We can't," said Papa, simply. "Unless we swim. I told you there wasn't a boat on the island."

"But we must do something!"

"Yes, we must do something." Papa strode to the window, glanced out to make sure that Lois was well on her way toward the mainland, and then turned to face Mrs. Van Dyne. "I'll tell you what we're going to do," he said sternly. "We're going to be sensible, Regina!"

"Regina!" gasped the lady.

"Yes, Regina. That's your name. I know it, and I'm going to call you by it. You can call me John if you want to. I'm no snob," finished Papa magnificently, "even though I did have a lot of Revolutionary ancestors."

"Why, Mr. Purdy—"

"John!" said Papa.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyne. "How can I bear this? My son is eloping, he's leaving me forever—and I can do nothing about it!"

"I told you," said Papa, "that you could be sensible. And I'll tell you something else—"

"No, no! I won't listen to you! I refuse—"

"You will listen to me!" suddenly roared Papa. He drew himself up to his full height and roared at Mrs. Van Dyne, who stood staring at him in wide-eyed astonishment. "Now you lookit here," continued Papa grimly, "I'm going to tell you the truth about yourself, Regina. It's just this. *You* don't disapprove of Lois, nor of Henry's marrying her. What you disapprove of is Henry's daring to break away from you. You want to keep him tied to your apron strings all his life, and it ain't right. It ain't natural."

Mrs. Van Dyne's face was scarlet.

"How dare you!" she cried. "I won't stay here to be insulted."

"You'll stay here," retorted Papa, "till the servants get back with the motorboat, and that'll be midnight most likely. So you might as well sit down and make the best of it."

"Oh!" faltered the lady. "Oh, how can you be so—so brutal to me!" And so saying she walked across the room, sank down on the couch, and burst into unrestrained tears.

Instantly Papa was filled with contrition. He hurried over to the couch and sat down beside Mrs. Van Dyne.

"There, there," he said, taking her hand. "I didn't mean to be brutal to you, Regina. I was only telling you the truth."

"But it isn't the truth," she sobbed. "At least, if I clung to Henry it was just because I was so alone. . . . I've always dreaded being alone. It's been a nightmare to me. . . . John!"

PAPA felt a surge of sympathy for the beautiful, bereft woman whose hand he was holding. He wanted to comfort her. The thought in his mind was to offer her his friendship, to tell her that she could count on him as long as he lived. After all, now that Lois and Henry had deserted them, why shouldn't they be true friends?

"Regina!" said Papa.

"Yes—John?"

"I got an idea."

"An idea?" queried the lady, sitting up and drying her eyes. She looked at Papa, and by degrees her expression changed from one of bleak despair to one of hope and gladness. "Oh, John!" she said, "I've been wondering when that idea would occur to you. . . . Because I've had it ever since we came to Maine!"

The next moment, to Papa's considerable astonishment, he found himself with Mrs. Van Dyne's head on his shoulder and his arms around her waist. Instinctively he kissed her.

"Well, my Godfrey!" said Papa. "How that idea has grown!"

Dick Spencer

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

HERE is a kick from L. J. Tavener of Chicago: "Couldn't you do something about these announcements made with what they call 'a musical background'? If they are going to play music let them play, and if they are going to talk let them talk, but don't mix the two.

"I am, at present, listening to a Sunday morning program of phonograph records. The announcer is talking while someone else plays the record. I try to listen to the record and also to what the announcer is saying, and you can imagine the result. I thought we got away from that sort of stuff when we got sets that would separate stations, but it seems that since the set won't mix up the ether for us any more, the station will."

Well, L. J., some like these background announcements and some don't, but when stations broadcast phonograph music I can't see any excuse for an announcement at all.

Barking at the Moon

If you ever get into the operating-room of one of the radio broadcasting chains, don't be alarmed if you see an operator go over to a microphone and start barking at it. You may rest assured that he is not "cuckoo," nor is he suffering from rabies. As a matter of fact he is barking for something he knows he is going to get.

After years of experimenting, the operators have found that the staccato "woof-woof"—usually emitted by your pet Fido—is the best of all sounds for testing and adjusting transmission lines. It actuates, with absolute positiveness, the electric meters that are used as visual indicators of quality, while the operator at the other end of the line is making the adjustments.

The Speaking Image

Now that the radio show season is with us again, we can recall the great furor that was raised over television last year. Wherever a radio show was held the visitors were led to believe that having motion pictures in their homes by means of radio was only a matter of weeks. I venture to predict that you will not hear so much about television this year.

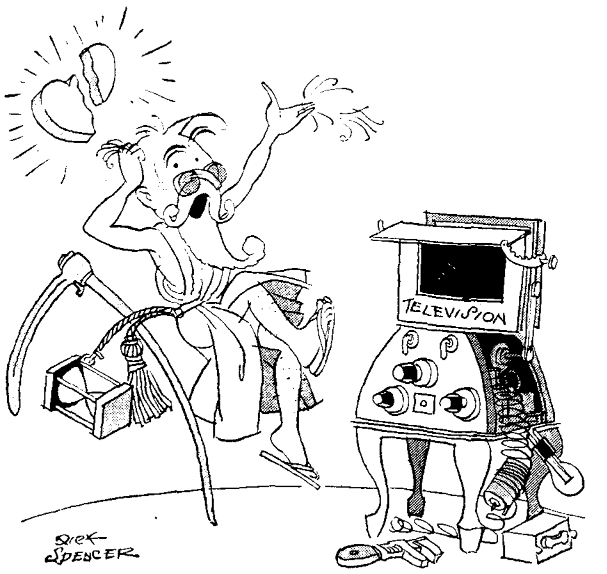
Television is not just around the corner. When it does come you will not be able to reproduce it in your home for some time. In my judgment it will first be successfully produced in large halls, and will be transmitted by wire and not by radio. Eventually, of course, it may be available in the home and it may be reproduced there by means of radio—but many intelligent men are going to spend weary days, perplexing months and heartbreaking years before that is accomplished.

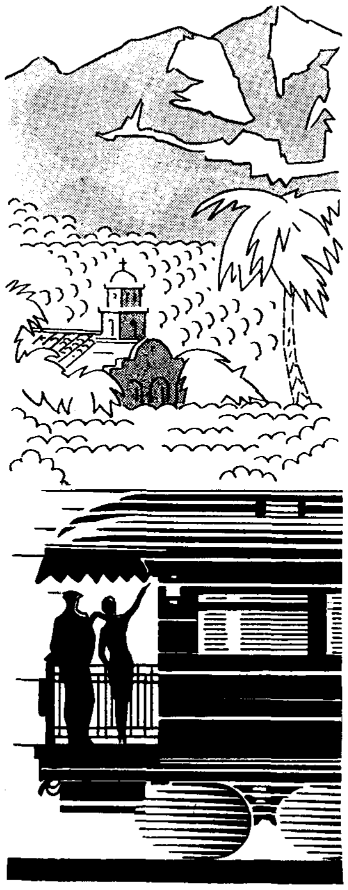
The present-day radio broadcasting was more than twenty-five years in the making. Television is infinitely more difficult to achieve and the scientists have only just begun to develop it.

In order to understand one of the many problems involved, let us consider the ordinary motion picture. The camera is mechanically arranged so that it takes sixteen complete individual pictures every second. It is equipped with a lens that gathers and focuses instantaneously every ray of light comprising the subject. The film in the camera stops one sixteenth of a second while it receives the focused image. The projector reverses the process, keeping each complete picture on the screen one sixteenth of a second.

While this is undoubtedly a complicated process, it is simplicity itself compared with television. In the latter, a single point of light has to travel over the entire picture in one sixteenth of a second in order to transfer variations of light intensity into electric pulsations. A person looking into a television receiver never sees more than a single point of light at any moment. That single point of light not only must create in his mind a complete picture of what is going on but also give the illusion of motion. It is a very tough job.

The Hungarian engineer Denes von Mihaly, one of the real pioneers in television, believes that progress can be made more rapidly by using motion picture film for these experiments because it is possible to have a scene absolutely still for a sixteenth of a second, thereby giving the point of light a chance to cover each complete picture before the next one comes along. So you see there is every possibility that we shall have canned television before we get the real thing.





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Always follow a shampoo with Wildroot Hair Tonic. It closes the pores—tones up the scalp—keeps dandruff away. When you brush your hair at home in the morning use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water. You can get this reliable tonic at your barber shop—druggist or department store. Accept no substitute. By the way—have you tried Taroleum Shampoo? There's a free sample enclosed with each regular size bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic ... Taroleum Shampoo

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 33

it pleased him that Gloriana did likewise. The others of Jim's company, however, pointedly snubbed Molly. Then Jim's glance switched to Darnell. In this good-looking and elegant gentleman Jim scarcely recognized the man he had seen with Bambridge in the station at Winslow. At least that was a first impression, which had not the test of proximity or consistence; and he concluded it would be wiser to be deaf to his jealousy and await developments.

That moment, however, was the beginning of a most miserable experience. Jim left Gloriana with the gathering group of young people, and strolled away on his vigil. His purpose was fixed and unalterable; his embarrassment and humiliation now actual pain; and not all of these states of mind could render him oblivious to his position there. He had only to make the rounds of the dance-hall, the corridors and lobby to realize his status. His cowboys, and his other friends, and Flagerstown folk who were close to old Jim Traft, had shown and were still showing their contempt for Molly Dunn.

DARNELL did precisely what Gloriana had predicted. He neglected Molly for the girls of higher social standing, and left her to the cowboys and the clerks. She danced and flirted wildly. She was too gay, too indifferent, and before long she broke, and went to the other extreme. Jim watched her sit out three dances alone, trying to hide in a corner. But Molly Dunn could not hide at that dance.

Jim thought it was time to do something, and approaching Gloriana, who sat with Curly, he said: "Come on, you." And he dragged them up.

"You're going to dance with Molly," replied Gloriana, gladly. "It is high time."

"Yes, if she will. But anyway we can show this crowd where we stand."

As they approached Molly she appeared to shrink, all except her big dark eyes. Gloriana sat down beside her and said something nice about Molly's new dress and how sweet she looked.

"Molly, won't you dance the next with me?" asked Jim.

Curly gazed down upon her, his fair handsome face clouded, and his flashing blue eyes full of sorrow.

"Molly Dunn, you've shore played hell heah tonight," he said.

Molly was ready to burst into tears when the music started again. Jim did not wait for her consent; he took her hand, and pulled her to her feet and led her out into the maze. Then when he had her close and tight in his arms, he felt that he had surely understood himself.

"Oh—Jim," she whispered, "I'm ashamed. I'll go drown myself in the Cibeque."

Then she hid her dusky head on his shoulder and danced as one in a trance.

All too soon that dance ended, and Jim got Molly into an out-of-the-way corner.

He believed the tide had turned in his favor, though tragic little Molly was unconscious of it. She gazed up at him as if fascinated, with almost a terrible yearning and hopelessness. "Don't do it," whispered Jim, "or I'll kiss you right here."

"Do—do what?"

"Look at me like that. . . . Molly, you've sure made a mess of Christmas Eve, but it's not too late."

"Oh, yes, Jim dear, it *is* too late," she sighed, mournfully. "They all gave me—the cold shoulder. Except Glory, bless her! I—I cain't realize she didn't take me at my word."

"Not Glory. And what do you care for the others? You won't have to live with them. . . . Molly, you were mistaken in this Darnell. He's no good. What Gloriana told you was true. Look how he has treated you—"

"Jim, I don't need to be told now," she interrupted, bitterly. "He's made a fool out of me . . . but only tonight did I learn he's no good. Before we got here. He—he insulted me, Jim."

"Did he? Well, that's not surprising. Just how?" returned Jim, in cool, hard query. "I hope he didn't lay a hand on you."

"He laid two hands on me," she said frankly. "I was aboot ready to bite when some one came into the hall."

"Ahuh! Why did you come with him then?" queried Jim, serenely.

"I had to come to this dance or die. Besides, I reckon I was some to blame. I told Darnell I wasn't good enough for the Trafts an' their crowd."

"Molly, you're generous, but you can't save him now."

"You leave him alone," flashed Molly. "He carries a gun. He might hurt you—an' thet'd shore kill me. . . . I'll tell Slinger. Honest, I will. But Slinger has never even looked at me tonight. He must despise me."

"No. Slinger is just angry with you. . . . Now, Molly, you must not let Darnell take you home. Promise you won't—or I'll go right out now—"

"I promise, Jim. Please ask Slinger to take me away. I'm sick of this dance. I want to go home."

"Out to the ranch?" he asked, hopefully.

"Home to the Cibeque, where I belong."

"All right, I'll find Slinger," rejoined Jim, thinking fast and furiously. "But let's dance again. There goes the music."

JIM did not break the sweet tumultuousness of that dance by a single word. When it was over he asked Molly to wait near the door, and left her somewhat out of the throng. Then he instituted a wild search for Gloriana, whom he found presently with Curly.

"Gee, you two must be having the time of your lives!" he exclaimed, surprised at Gloriana's radiance, and something indescribable about Curly.

"Jim, I am enjoying myself," admitted Gloriana, with a blush.

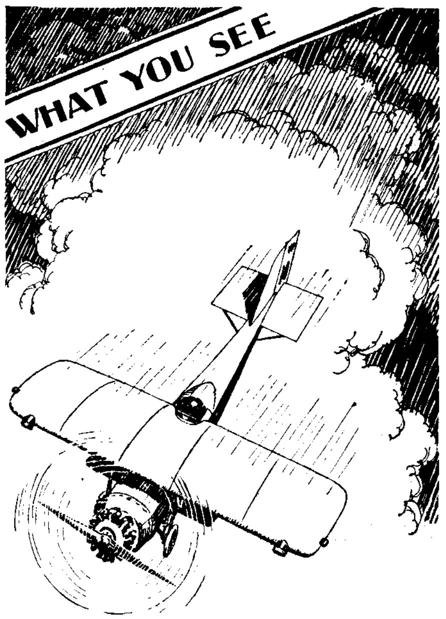
"Boss, this heah is aboot as near heaven as I ever hope to get," drawled Curly.

"Fine. Then you see Glory home. I'm going to be—engaged. . . . Glory, don't stay late." And Jim rushed away to find Slinger. In this he was also fortunate, as he found him in the smoking-room, alone and watchful. His dark face wore rather a sad expression. He was out of his element at a dance.

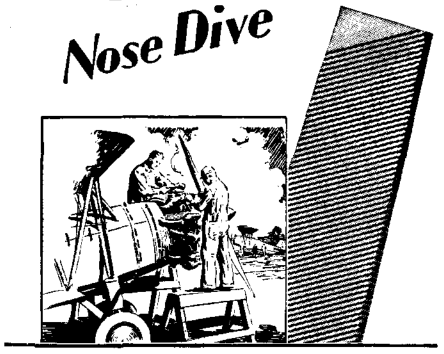
"Slinger, I want you. What're you doing? Dancing any?"

"I had one with Glory. Thet'll be aboot all fer me. I've been hangin' around heah listenin' to this fellar Darnell." Slinger spoke low and indicated a noisy group of young men. They had a flask and were exchanging it. Darnell had here the same ingratiating manner, the same air of good fellowship which Jim had noted in the dance-hall. He would go far with young people.

"I shore ain't crazy aboot him. Strikes me sort of tin-canny. . . . Jim, he's packin' a gun. Can you see thet?"



Nose Dive



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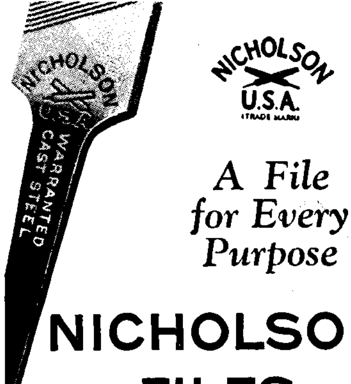

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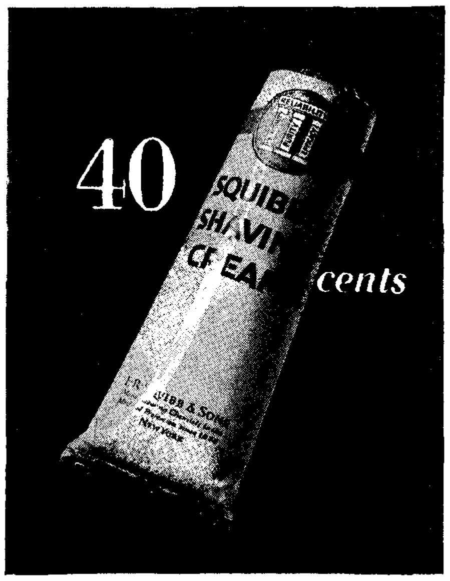
A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB



"No, Slinger, I'll be hanged if I can."

"Wall, he is, an' thet's kind of funny. If I could find a reason I'd mess up this heah place with him. But it'd look all the wuss fer Molly—"

"Yes, it would. Let Darnell alone. And, Slinger, listen. You run over to the stable and send a boy with a sleigh. Pronto. I'll let Molly think you're going to take her. But I'll take her myself, and put home. Savvy, pard?"

"I shore do. An' damn if you ain't a good fellar," declared Slinger. "Molly had better sit tight this time. . . . Jim, this heah deal eases my mind."

"Rustle, then, you Indian."

JIM saw Slinger glide out, with his inimitable step, and then he went to get his overcoat and hat. For the moment he had forgotten the fur coat, which he had folded inside his. But there it was. With these he hurried back to the hall.

"Slinger has gone for a sleigh," said Jim, as he reached Molly, and he tried to be natural. "Here, slip into this. You won't need to go upstairs. I'll get your coat tomorrow. And no one will see you as you go out."

"Whose coat is this? . . . Oh, what lovely fur! Glory's?"

"Hurry," he replied, holding it for her.

"Slinger can fetch it right back."

Jim turned up the high collar of the coat, and against the dark fox fur Molly's eyes shone beautifully. What a difference fine feathers made!

"Come," he said, taking Molly's arm. In the lobby entrance they ran squarely into Darnell, gay, heated of face.

"Hello, kid! Where the deuce are you going?" he shot out, and his gayety suddenly fled. Two men behind him came up, evidently his companions, and curious. Jim did not recognize either.

"Home," replied Molly, and she flashed by.

Darnell took a step forward to confront Jim.

"We've met before?" he said, and both voice and look were uncertain.

"Yes. I happen to be Jim Traft—Miss Dunn's fiancé. And if you don't step aside this meeting will be somewhat like the one you spoke of."

It was certain that long before Jim completed this deliberate speech Darnell had recognized him. One of the strangers drew him aside, so Jim could pass. And as Jim went out he heard Darnell curse. Molly was already out in the corridor. As Jim joined her Slinger came up the steps.

"Any ruction heah?" he queried, sharply. "I seen Darnell stop you just now."

"No. I got out of it all right, Slinger. Come on," replied Jim, grimly.

A two-seated sleigh, with a Mexican driver, stood at the curb. Jim bundled Molly into the back seat, and stepping in he tucked the heavy robe round her and himself. Molly uttered an exclamation which was surely amazed protest.

"Slinger, I'll see Molly—home," said Jim, and for the life of him he could not keep the elation out of his voice.

"Shore, Jim, you see her home," drawled Slinger, meaningly. And he leaned over the side of the sleigh. "Sister, you've messed up things considerable. But somehow Jim still loves you, an' I reckon I do, too. I'll see you in the mawnin'."

"Slinger, you lay off Darnell," insisted Jim, forcefully.

"All right, Boss. But I'll jest watch him a little."

Jim laughed and told the Mexican boy to drive straight out the main street.

"Heah—turn down heah," called Molly, as they reached the last side street.

"Boy, drive straight out to the Traft ranch," ordered Jim.

Molly stood up, and would have leaped out of the sleigh had not Jim grasped her with no uncertain hands, and hauled her down, almost into his arms. She twisted round to look up at him. The darkness was thick, but he could see a pale little face, with great staring eyes.

"You—you want to get somethin' before takin' me home?" she asked.

"Why, of course, Molly. This is Christmas, you know," he returned, cheerfully.

"I—I didn't know you could be like this." And Jim imagined he had more cause to be happy.

No more was said. Jim put an arm around Molly. Presently they had reached the ranch-house.

"Molly, come in for—a minute," said Jim, easily, as he stepped out.

"No, thanks, Jim," she replied, with pathos. "I'll stay heah. Hurry, an' remember—I—I cain't accept no Christmas presents."

Jim leaned over, as if to rearrange the robe, but he snatched her bodily out of the sleigh.

"All right, boy, drive back," he ordered, and as the bells clashed again he turned with the kicking Molly in his arms. Up the steps, across the wide veranda and into the dark ranch-house he packed her, fighting all the while, and on into the dim-lighted living-room, where he deposited her in his uncle's big armchair. Then he flew to lock the door. It was done. He felt no remorse—only a keen, throbbing, thick rapture.

"Wal, now you got me heah—what you think you're goin' to do?" Molly demanded.

"Oh, wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. At midnight I'll give you the other Christmas present."

"Other? Jim Traft, are you loony? You didn't give me nothin'."

"Molly, you have one of your presents. You've got it on. . . . That fur coat."

UTTERING a cry of surprise and consternation Molly bounced out of the chair to slip out of the rich, dark, fragrant coat. She handled it with awe, almost reverence, stroked it, and then with resignation laid it over the table.

"Pretty nice, don't you think?" queried Jim. "Becomes you, too."

"I'm findin' out you're as much of—of a brute as any cowboy," she asserted, tearfully. "How'm I to get back to my boardin' house?"

"Molly, you're not going back to your boarding house—tonight—or ever again."

"I am—too," she retorted, but she was vastly alarmed. Then he slipped into the big chair and gathered her in his arms. What a tight, quivering little bundle!

"Let me go, Jim!" she cried.

"Ha, ha. I see myself. . . . Hold up your head, Molly."

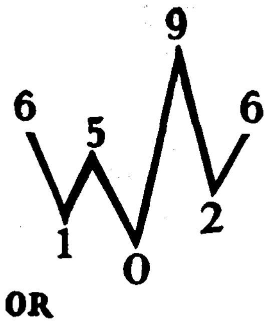
"If you dare kiss me—Jim Traft—I—I . . . Oh—"

"Don't you dare me, Molly Dunn," added Jim, quite beside himself now. Molly's lips were sweet fire, and she could not control them. But she was strong, and as slippery as an eel. Jim had to confine his muscular efforts merely to holding her.

"Don't you love me, Molly?"

"Thet has been—all the trouble. . . . Too much—to disgrace you," she replied, haltingly, and she looked up with wet eyes and trembling lips. Jim was quick to kiss them, and when he desisted this time, she lay back upon his arm, her eyes closed, heavy-lidded, her face pale and rapt.

(Continued on page 76)



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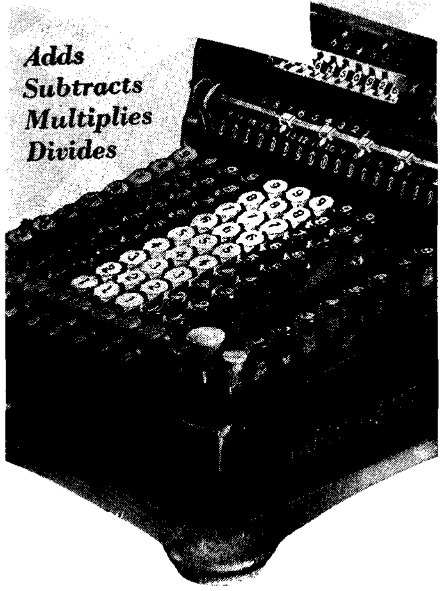

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KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG
Tedious treatments unnecessary if the soap used for daily cleansing is
Resinol

(Continued from page 75)

"Don't you *want* to stay, Molly?" he went on, tenderly.

"No—no. . . . But I'm a liar," she replied, brokenly, without stirring.

"To be my wife?"

She was mute and therefore won. Jim found the little box in his pocket, and extracting the diamond ring from it he slipped it upon her finger.

"There!"

"Oh, I—I've been—jest what Slinger called me," Molly cried.

"What was that?"

"It's too turrible to tell. . . . How can you be so good—to make me love you more? . . . Jim, honest I thought I was thinkin' only of you. If I was fit for you I wanted to—an' sometimes deep down in me I reckoned I was, because love ought to count—I wanted to make myself unfit. . . . Yet when thet mouthin', pawin' Darnell laid hold of me—when I had my chance to disgrace you an' degrade myself—I couldn't. My very soul went sick. An' then I only wanted to get free of him at any cost. I did. An' afterward he begged so hard an' I longed so to go to the dance thet I went."

"Well, I'm glad you did, since we had to have this ruction. But don't mention Darnell to me again, at least tonight."

"If only Glory will forgive me!"

"Glory! Why, she has already."

"You don't know thet lovely sister of yours, Jim. . . . The more she persuaded me I was doin' wrong, the kinder an' sweeter she talked, the proud way she looked—the more I wanted to do somethin' awful. I wanted to hide thet I loved her, too. . . Oh, she seemed so wonderful—so far above me. But if she'll forgive I'll never do wrong again, so help me God!"

"Molly, that's a vow. I'll hold you to it. . . . And now, honey, make up to me for all I suffered—for every miserable moment."

"I cain't, Jim," she replied, mournfully. "What's done is done. Oh, if I only could."

"Well, then for every wretched minute you spent with him. Put your arms up around my neck. . . . There! Now start kissing me—once for every one of those heartbroken minutes."

MOLLY was not very far on this tremendous penance, considering sighs and lulls, and spasms of quick tender passion to make amends, when a knock on the living-room door startled her violently.

"Well, if that isn't tough!" ejaculated Jim, and putting Molly down he arose to go to the door. "Must be Gloriana May."

And she it was who entered, radiant and beautiful, with swift hopeful flash of purple eyes that moved from Jim to Molly, and back again. Curly stepped in behind her.

"Jim, dear, I hope we didn't intrude," she said, sweetly, with mischief and gayety underlying her speech. "Were you aware that this is Christmas?"

"Jim, many happy returns of this heah evenin'—I mean the last of it," drawled Curly, as he came forward, so cool and easy, and already within possession of the facts. "Molly, I've been shore daid sore at you. But I'm an understandin' cuss. . . . Suppose I kiss you my Christmas greetin's."

And he did kiss her, gallantly, though withal like a brother, while Molly stood stiff, blushing and paling by turns.

"Curly Prentis, do you kiss *every* girl on Christmas?" she had spirit to retort.

"Nope. Thet privilege I reserve fer particular gurls," he drawled, and turned to Jim with extended hand. "Boss, I'm shore glad. This is the second time the Diamond's near been busted. Never no more! . . . Good night, all, I'll see you in the mawnin'."

When Jim had closed the door upon him there was an eloquent silence in which Gloriana and Molly gazed into each other's eyes. Certain it was that Jim trembled. Yet his hopes ran high. Molly approached Gloriana and stood bravely, without trace of the shame Jim knew she felt.

"Glory, I'm heah again—to stay," she said, simply. "Jim kidnaped me—an' I reckon saved me when he did it. . . . I'm shore powerful sorry I've been such a dumb-haid. But you cain't doubt my love for Jim, at least. . . . Will you forgive me?"

Gloriana took Molly into her arms and, bending over her spoke with emotion: "I do indeed, Molly, as I hope to be forgiven. . . . Come with me to my room. . . . Good night, brother Jim, it's late. We'll see you in the morning."

SNELL'S gambling-hall was crowded on the afternoon of Christmas Day, when Jim Traft and Curly Prentis arrived rather late.

Curly appeared to be under the influence of liquor, which Jim knew he was most decidedly not. They strolled around to watch the faro game, the roulette wheel, and other games of chance, more or less busy with customers, until they approached a ring of lookers-on, which surrounded the heavy poker game Curly wanted to sit in, provided Darnell was one of the players.

By looking over the heads of spectators they ascertained that Darnell was indeed there, and also Bambridge.

"All set," whispered Curly, his blue eyes flashing like a northern sunlit sky. "Big game an' all daid sore. Darnell is ridin' them high an' handsome."

Then he turned to the circle of watchers and lurched into it: "Heah, lemme in, you geezers," he called out, in a loud and good-natured drawl. "I'm a-rarin' to set in this heah game."

But Curly's action was more forceful. Without waiting for the men to open up he swept them aside. Jim followed until he secured a place just back of the front row, where he could see and yet keep out of sight.

"Gennelmen, I wanta set in," said Curly. "There's only five of you heah. Thet shore ain't no good game. You oughta have six. An' heah I am."

Darnell looked up and gave Curly a hard glance. "This is poker for men of means and not casino for two-bit cowpunchers," he said.

"Hell you shay," replied Curly.

"Get out or I'll have you thrown out," snarled Darnell.

"My Gawd, man, you must be a stranger heahaboots," drawled Curly, and he clumsily pulled out the one vacant chair and fell into it, knocking against the table. With one hand he dropped his sombrero beside the chair and with the other he slammed down a huge roll of greenbacks, the outside one of which bore the number one hundred.

"My money ain't counterfeit, an' I reckon it's as good as anybody's," said Curly, lolling over the table in the careless laxity of a drunken man. His curly hair, wet and disheveled, hid his eyes. He gave his mouth and chin the weakness characterizing overindulgence in drink.

At sight of the roll of greenbacks Darnell's eyes leaped, but before he could speak, which it was evident he intended to do, Bambridge came out with: "Sure your money's as good as anybody's, cowboy. Sit in an' welcome."

"Much obliged, Mister," replied Curly. "What's the game, friends?"

"You make your own game. No limit," replied the dealer. "Your ante."

"Make it five call ten," drawled

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Curly, but he labored long over the huge roll of greenbacks trying to find one of small numeration. "Dog-gone! This heah legacy of mine is shore dwindlin' of change."

The game proceeded then with Curly apparently a lamb among wolves. Still, though betting with reckless abandon, he did not risk much.

Altogether he carried out his pretense of a drinking range rider come into possession of much money that was destined to make rich pickings for one of the gamblers presently.

JIM was all eyes when the deal passed to Darnell. He had long white flexible hands, and they manipulated the cards marvelously. Yet when he dealt them out he was very slow and deliberate, as if to show his antagonists that his deal was open and fair. There was some stiff betting on that hand, which Curly passed, and which Bambridge won.

Upon Darnell's next deal the play was a jack-pot, with the dealer's privilege of making the ante.

"Throw in one of your hundreds, cowboy," he said, as he chipped in one hundred dollars.

"Wal, century plants ain't nothin' in my young life," drawled Curly. "There you are, my Mississippi River gazabo."

Darnell gave a slight start, and eyed the cowboy intently. Curly's head was bent low as usual. He was smiling, easy, and happy in the game.

Presently all the players were in, in a jack-pot carrying more than six hundred dollars. The watchers of the game looked on with intense interest. Each player called for what cards he wanted. Darnell said casually: "Three for myself—to this little pair." And he slid the three cards upon the table and laid the deck aside.

Suddenly like a panther Curly leaped. His left hand shot out to crack down upon Darnell's and crush it flat on the table. Then his right followed, clutching a big blue gun, which he banged on the table, making the players jump, then freeze in their seats. Curly sank back and threw up his head to show blazing eyes as clear as crystal. His frank young face set cold. How vastly a single moment had transformed him!

Darnell turned a greenish livid hue. He had been trapped. Malignance and fear betrayed him.

"You low-down dirty caird sharp!" drawled Curly, in a voice with a terrible edge. "You reckoned I was drunk, eh?"

The circle of men back of Darnell split and spread, with shuffling feet, and hoarse whispers, in two wings, leaving the space there clear. That act was as significantly western as Curly's. Jim had seen it before.

"Don't anybody move a hair," ordered Curly, and the pivoting of his gun indicated the other players.

"Now, gentlemen, look heah," and he turned Darnell's crushed hand over. Bent and doubled in his palm were three cards that dropped out. Aces!

"Pretty raw, I must say," spoke up one of the players.

"Darnell, we Westerners don't often hang caird sharps, like we do cattle thieves. But on second offense we throw a gun," said Curly, and the menace of him seemed singularly striking. "Now, you get out of Flag. Savvy? . . . An' any time, anywhere, after this—if you run into me—you pull a gun!"

Darnell whirled on his chair, knocking it to the floor, and he rushed through the opening in the crowd to disappear.

Curly moved the gun, by accident or intent—no one could tell—until it had aligned itself with Bambridge.

"Mister Bambridge, you've laid yourself open to suspicion round heah—long before this poker game," said Curly, as cutting as before.

"Who the hell is this hyar lyin' cowpuncher?" demanded Bambridge.

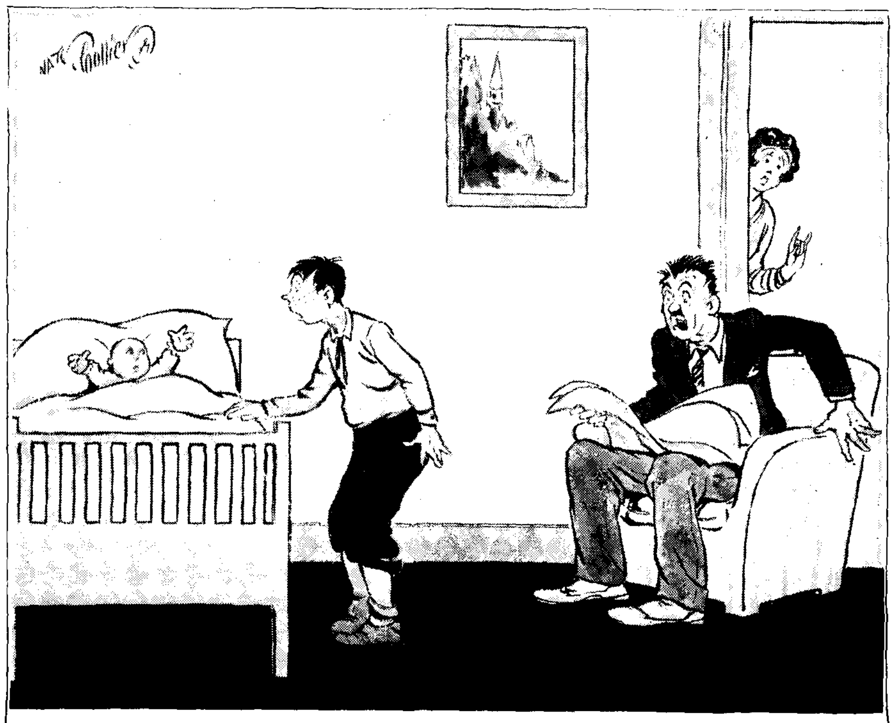
CURLY'S arm moved like a snake. "Don't you call me liar twice! . . . I'm Curly Prentis, an' I belong to the Diamond. *We* are on to you, Bambridge, if no other outfit round heah is. *We* know you're a damn sight crookeder cattle thief than Jed Stone himself. . . . Now listen closer. What I said aboot gun play to your gamblin' new hand, Darnell, goes for you, too. Savvy? . . . Right now an' heah, or anywhere after."

"You—you drunken puncher—you'll pay for this holdup of an innocent—and unarmed man," panted Bambridge, as he got up, his face ghastly, sweating, and his eyes bulging with a fury of passions. He swept the edge of the crowd aside and thumped away.

"Gentlemen, I apologize for breaking up your game," said Curly, sheathing his gun. "But I reckon I saved you money. Suppose we divide what's on the table an' call it quits."

"Agreed," replied one of the players, gruffly. "Prentis, we sure owe you a vote of thanks."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Aw, gee, Pa! Not a hair on his head! And you a barber!"

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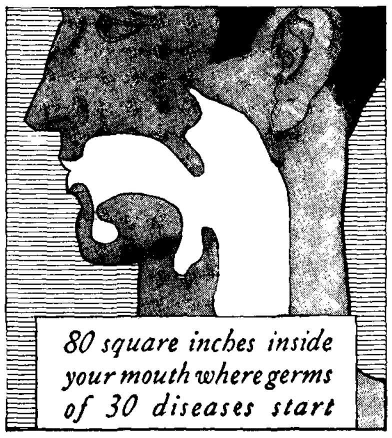

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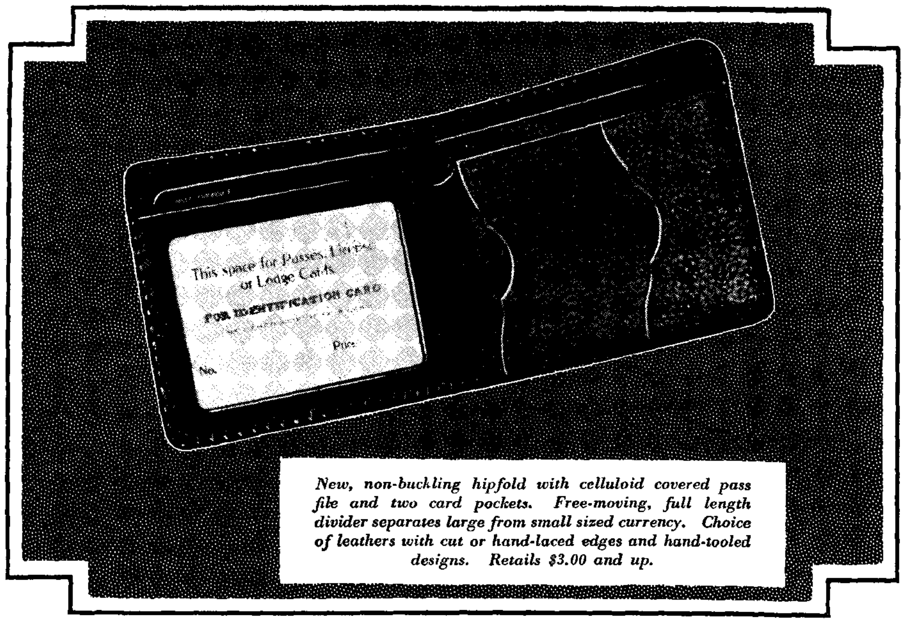

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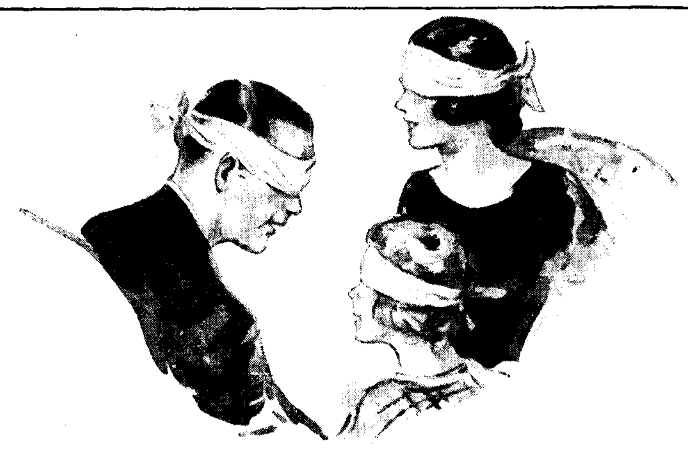

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 29

You should have got rid of him before—the sly, mean, cold devil creeping round to lick one's hand and fawning to keep his place!"

"Never mind him," said Madelon, wearily. "Leave me alone. I'll come to the Residenz. Everything will be all right."

Von Neitschütz would not leave her. He remained in her house until she left her woman's hands and, perfumed and powdered and curled, the yellow locks piled high, and dressed in silver brocades and the Wettin diamonds, handsomely hooded in white furs, was ready to accompany him to the Residenzschloss.

Madelon found the Elector alone in his room; his wife's visit had been brief, and that of the clergy briefer.

The young man was dressed, though carelessly, but very pale. Never before had she seen him without his high color; and the change in his face was notable. A large white dog slept beside him. It had its head on his knee, and Johann Georg caressed it with a fierce tenderness, as if he implored understanding, protection and compassion from the animal. Madelon believed that he would remember nothing from the night before. She advanced with a light word and a gay caressing gesture. He put her off, holding her two hands down in one of his, and asked:

"What was that you gave me last night, Madelon?"

"I—what should I have given you? I don't remember—yes, we drank a cordial together."

"And you went home after all," he insisted, looking at her with eyes that seemed of a crude brightness in the pallor of his face—a yellowish pallor. "After I had asked you to stay with me, Madelon?"

"You fell asleep," she said: "you went to sleep in my room."

"Aye, it *was* your room I went to sleep in, was it?" And he muttered that over to himself and dropped her hands. "But it was my room I woke in. Who found me—what happened?"

He rose with a tearing violence.

"God's thunder! Tell me what you gave me last night—and that other night at Arnsdorf—I can remember it even now . . . a small greenish glass and a little flagon."

"Why, that," she exclaimed, faltering, and her color coming, "that was some of our native wine, from our own grapes, and I kept it there in a little cabinet, as it was the last we had. What do you mean?"

"I HAD best not tell you what I mean, Madelon. I do not know myself—my head is not clear, and I've been deadly sick. Why should you have left me last night?"

"You slept," she whispered, "you slept."

"Aye, who made me sleep?" inquired the wretched young man. "It was an ill slumber, too."

"I have enemies," protested Madelon, "who have put horrible things upon me. I do not wish to know what you mean—you have been ill, a fever, I suppose. Let us leave Dresden. Come away with me to the Moritzburg. There is sunshine today and the snow has melted, and we might be free of them all."

He looked at her and groaned.

"Do you want to come away with me, Madelon, would you be happy—alone with me? Oh, my God! if only you wouldn't lie to me—it does torment me so."

"Look at me," she answered, "and then think I lie!"

She had not yet lost her empire over him, did not even fear to lose it. How easy it was to hold him; her father need not have been troubled, nor Stürm triumphant. She smiled with a soft and melting compassion as she saw the expression of tender subjection come into his eyes, as he moved towards her with eager devotion and seized her hands and kissed them with a sigh of relief, as if the bad dream of another absence from her was over and he had awakened to the luster of life and love in her presence.

"Surely," she said, gently, "you will be assailed by fears and suspicions, but you must treat them in a princely fashion, and, as enemies, put them to rout. You must be firmer, Your Highness, with your enemies and mine. Count Stürm . . . I hear he is still in the Residenzschloss."

"AND you asked his dismissal," remarked Johann Georg, remembering that with a sudden, uneasy pang.

"No, I did not ask his dismissal," sighed Madelon. "It matters very little to me, as you know. I have allowed him to be where he is ever since I came to Dresden, although he has often grossly insulted my father and my brothers in the past. But let that go. Yet how can a minister wish to remain in office when all his policies have been reversed? And he was ever for the French. When De Rébenec leaves Dresden, surely Count Stürm will wish to go?"

"Aye, aye," muttered Johann Georg, trying to piece together the confusions of his thought on this matter. "Certainly, he will wish to go. I have scarcely seen him this morning, yet he was by my bedside early, he was there when I woke."

"Ah," said Madelon, "sitting by your bedside when you woke? Was not that strange?"

She wondered whether it was Count Stürm who had found the Elector in her room and had him carried to his own apartments. . . . She hoped this might be the work of servants, but it was odd they should have dared disturb him. She would have to go into that.

She said no more of this, not wishing to give too serious a flavor to the matter; but exerted herself with a fierce effort—for her head was heavy and her heart heavier still—to amuse, divert, entertain and caress the Elector.

The Elector's sickness passed off and he forgot the tedious, horrid sleep in which he had lain and which had left him so sour and ghostly a flavor.

He ordered wine, something to take away the heavy taste from his mouth. When he had taken that he revived and conversed with Madelon gayly enough, and entered into all her plans. Why not go at once to Moritzburg? Madelon put him off; told him that he must remain at the Residenzschloss for a while, until De Haverbeck had gone, at least—that was but courtesy to the Imperial envoy.

"De Haverbeck has gone," said the Elector, with a sudden frown.

"Yes, but he will return," smiled Madelon, lightly. "He has not yet taken leave. Nor has Your Highness finally arranged for the campaign. After all, you must remember that our pleasure will be snatched and small, we will not be long at Moritzburg; you must be in the field by May—and that's too late for the Allies' taste."

Late that afternoon, when the Elector, still a little weak, was walking in the small enclosed formal garden of the Residenzschloss, Count Stürm, who had had his every movement watched and detailed to him, contrived to take the air in the same trim alley. Madame Rocklitz had gone riding with her father. She seemed to like to defy the public hate. She had gone, in person, to inspect the goods of a China merchant who had sent a humble submission that he had brought a number of curiosities and new-fangled rarities into the city which were worthy of her glance.

Count Stürm, warmly wrapped against the cold, but still shuddering, remarked, leaning heavily on the cane which had become a little stouter of late:

"Both the women have been arrested, Your Highness."

"Women? Eh, eh, what women?" demanded the Elector, stopping in his slow walk.

"Fani von Ilten and her partner—you remember that they were implicated in these cases of witchcraft which have long been disturbing the police. And Your Highness gave me permission—"

"Yes," interrupted the Elector, uneasily, "but it's an ugly matter, and I'll not be troubled with it. I do not want them questioned or put to the torture—I cannot forget that Madame de Rosny was the ancient governess of Madelon Rocklitz. Get them out of the country."

Stürm shrugged.

"It has been done, it is the usual procedure. It required very little—a mere turn of the rack—and they confessed. Come, Highness, with me behind this hedge—there are others observing us and I would not let them see your countenance change."

And with that, weak and feeble as he seemed, he gave the prince a fierce grip on the arm and pulled him, stupid and bewildered, behind one of the high hornbeam hedges, now bare, save for a few rusty leaves, but still a sufficient protection against wind and curious glances.

"Confessed! What have they confessed?" stammered the Elector, struggling with his confused wits.

"This. That Madame Rocklitz has been to their house several times and bought drugs. Last night she bought three different drugs—three bottles in a leathern case. She was disguised as a youth."

"Last night!" repeated the Elector, in what seemed an excess of stupidity.

"Your Highness, when I found you about one o'clock this morning you were drugged—huddled in your chair, and drugged. You had been drenched with laudanum. It was her room, but she was not there."

"WHERE did she go?" demanded the Elector, thickly, like one speaking in a confusion that amounted to a trance. "Was that what was the matter with me? I was drugged!"

"You're sick from it still, sir," said Stürm, with a coldness that was almost brutal. "It was laudanum. I could smell it. There was a stain on your lace. She went last evening to get it, after she had spent the afternoon with De Haverbeck. Take care, sir, or you'll fall. Sit down!" and with a quick gesture he indicated a small stone seat placed in the center of the hornbeam hedge.

The Elector sank on to it, shivering, shuddering, and muttering words that the minister could not understand.

"No matter for all that, Highness, listen to what I have to say. When she left you drugged she went back to her own house, and not ten minutes afterwards Marshal de Haverbeck came there, in one of your coaches, attended by one of your men. My agents brought me this information. You were drugged and could give no orders, so I took the responsibility on myself. I had him arrested as he left."

"Arrested?" stammered Johann Georg.

"I took that responsibility, sir. It was the only way to put his visit beyond dispute—confronted, they could not deny it. It is impossible for him to deny it, for several people saw him leave the house. You can see him yourself, if you will, sir, and learn much from his silence."

The Elector did not appear to understand any of this rapid speech. Stürm really feared his wits were scattered:

"Arrested, eh, what's that you say?"

"Of course he must be released tomorrow—it can pass as an absence on his estates. He'll hardly complain, because of scandal, though his indiscretion will hardly save the Rocklitz."

"You damned old eavesdropper!" shouted the Elector, suddenly in a fury. "I'll give *you* a turn or two on the rack and see what they squeeze out of *you!*"

"Madame de Rocklitz is indicted of witchcraft by the confessions—still incomplete—one will be put to the question again tonight—of those two women," replied Stürm unperturbed.

He held a gleaming object out on his hand.

"You, sir, know this toy?"

The Elector stared at the golden egg.

"She gave it," said the minister, "to this De Rosny as an earnest of a fee."

"Where is De Haverbeck?" groaned the Elector.

"In the Königsberg."

DE HAVERBECK was lodged in the Königsberg. His chamber appeared to him to have been prepared for a common criminal. He considered his arrest a piece of marvelous effrontery that only the supremely reckless malice of a woman would have dared. In every detail he saw feminine spite. He was confident that a man of his position, the imperial envoy, could not be long detained, and he did not see that those who had participated in this affair could avoid a deadly scandal.

The man who waited on him, jailer or soldier, said that he would speak to the governor. He returned presently with the prison barber with orders to shave the Marshal de Haverbeck and dress his hair; this was all the concession the governor could permit.

"But in the morning, sir, you may send for your clean linen and your toilet and servant: but for tonight this is all that may be permitted."

"Send in the morning!" exclaimed De Haverbeck. "How long am I to be detained here? You know who I am, do you not?"

"I know very well, sir, but that is no business of mine."

The man, who was a superior type for his office, gray and thoughtful, withdrew.

The barber bowed and promised that he would do his best, and said that often enough he had shaved and dressed the hair of fine gentlemen.

"Their last toilet, I do not doubt," smiled De Haverbeck, grimly.

The barber, who was a little, light, dry fellow, said that that had sometimes been the case—only that afternoon he had cut off the hair of two old women, who had been put on the rack.

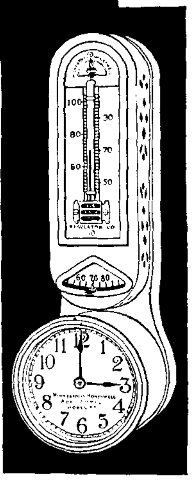
"Such a screeching as there was!" he added. "And they confessing almost before the screws were turned; and great names they brought out, too, as I heard."

"Be silent," said De Haverbeck, sternly. "I want to hear no such foul tales."

The barber grinned mildly and set about his work, which was not unskillful. He manipulated his bowl and his soap and his mirror deftly enough, and said nothing more about the secrets of the torture chamber or the dark and bloody

(*Continued on page 80*)

"You couldn't pay me
to live in that house"



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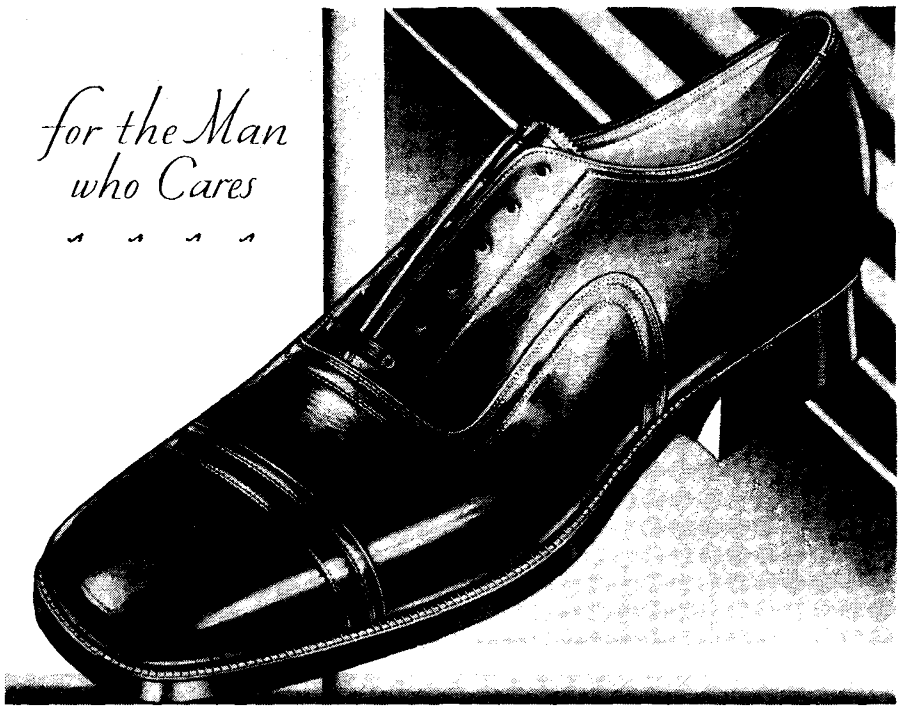

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UNDERWEAR POLO SHIRTS
HOSIERY PAJAMAS

(*Continued from page 79*)

recesses of the Königsberg, but shaved the soldier and dressed his dark, disordered hair, and told De Haverbeck that he might thank the governor for a very great favor, for he had known fine gentlemen to come in here and lie without attention until their beards were at their waists.

"Yours is an odd office," smiled De Haverbeck, amused at the little fellow's dry, matter-of-fact way. "I suppose you become used to pain and despair and horror?"

"You ought to know, sir. You've been to the wars."

"That's under the open sky—that is in the way of honor. To die like that is good fortune, barber; it would be a foul end to die in the Königsberg."

THE barber replaced his instruments in his case, picked up his basin, and tapped on the door; it was opened cautiously by the sentry.

"What is that?" asked De Haverbeck, pausing with his untied cravat in his hand.

Shrieks and moans and wavering imprecations were coming from the passage; these trailed into incoherent gibbering.

"They have lodged you near the torture-room for women," whispered the barber, looking back, "and I believe they are putting the surviving witch to the question again."

De Haverbeck fastened his cravat in silence. The door closed on the barber and the key turned in the lock. The soldier put the tray of coarse food out of his disgusted sight by throwing the napkin over it. Then he sat on the only chair, and folded his arms.

He longed to walk up and down but would not do so, for he knew that it would give him a keener sense of his confinement. He had paced up and down and touched the walls so close together, here, there, here, there—just a few paces apart—then the other way the room or cell was narrower still—here, there, here, there—a wall—a few steps—a wall. Never before in his life had his liberty been curtailed. The full horror of his helplessness swept over the soldier, set the blood tingling in his face and burning in his temples; then he recovered himself, laughing.

"A brave man should be prepared for anything, any manner of experience."

The door opened and he turned eagerly, expecting the governor, or some official with an order for his release. It was a powerfully-built young man, in a winter cloak and a riding mask, who entered. He closed the door behind him and again De Haverbeck heard the sound of the key turned in the lock.

"Good evening, Marshal de Haverbeck," said the visitor in a muffled and deeply troubled voice.

The prisoner knew him at once for the Elector, rose, and became passionately and keenly alert, and turned over quickly in his mind what terms Madame Rocklitz could have made now with her lover to bring about this ominous meeting.

Johann Georg snatched off his vizor with a hasty and unsteady hand, and peered at the prisoner, who instantly demanded, sternly:

"Was my most unjust arrest by the order of Your Highness?"

While he spoke, a swift hope had crept into his mind—one that brightened all his distress—and that was that Madelon had had nothing to do with his detainment in the Königsberg after all, but that the Elector had had him spied upon and arrested as he left her house. De Haverbeck had not believed that before, but now it came with a rare touch of consolation to his present distress.

The Elector did not answer his imperious question.

"Whether, sir, you were arrested by my orders or not," he replied sullenly, "you are in my prison and in my power now."

"It is unnecessary to remind me of that. As I am held here unjustly I hope I may expect a speedy release."

"You will soon know," muttered the Elector, "what to expect."

"Sir," said De Haverbeck, barely able to control himself, "this will have a very ill look and make an ugly noise in the Empire. I do not know how the Emperor will take it, sir, but, believe me, not easily."

"Do not let that concern you. I hold my affairs in my own hand—the Emperor be damned, and the Empire, too."

"You will have to answer for this," replied De Haverbeck, with contempt. "And why have you come here now, sir, and what can we have to say to each other in such circumstances as we now stand?"

The Elector walked over to him and stood with folded arms close to him.

"You were arrested when leaving the house of Madame Rocklitz."

"On spies' information," replied De Haverbeck, still in the dark as to the bottom of the affair.

The Elector did not answer that either. He paced up and down the narrow room, looking a considerable, almost a gigantic figure of a man in the vague light, holding his hand to his side and now and then fetching a groan. At length he said:

"You have always importuned this lady with your addresses. She dislikes you, do you hear that? She dislikes you. Last night was designed to make you betray yourself, as you did."

He stopped close again, in his confined walking, to De Haverbeck, and said, thickly:

"Tell me what happened—what passed between you—how long you were there?"

"How sunk you are to ask that question!" replied De Haverbeck, sternly.

He wondered bitterly: "What manner of lies and how many lies has she told him—how has she blinded and fooled him? Or has she told him nothing, but he discovered it for himself? And how much does he know? And how in the devil's name shall I get her out of it if they are not in league?"

THE Elector guessed something of these thoughts of De Haverbeck, for they had been put into his mind by Count Stürm—for himself he would not have thought of anything so subtle and ingenuous. Stürm had reminded him again and again that his best and keenest revenge on De Haverbeck would be to let him think the lady had betrayed him, for so Stürm hoped to force the soldier's hand and obtain evidence against the Rocklitz. So Johann Georg turned about now and said violently and clumsily:

"She told me, you see, she told me everything—how you met in the Marienkirche near Bächnitz in the afternoon, and afterwards at her house, and all the while she was deceiving you."

Then he broke his speech and groaned again, for he could not look long at the tall handsome soldier, the fine straight dark features of De Haverbeck, without thinking that last night, while he lay drugged, Madelon might have been in this man's arms—and they both laughing at him as a boyish fool.

"She has betrayed me," thought De Haverbeck, "to the Elector. It was the safest thing she could do—and women have often done it before. Why, 'tis an old story—she could not forgive me for refusing her, so must have accused me of molesting her—an obvious revenge."

He was silent, and waited, there being nothing that he, in such a situation, could say.

The Elector was at a loss and troubled, sick with rage, jealousy, and despair and tormented by a more awful emotion than any of these—a spreading, clutching hatred that squeezed his very heart and vitals in a hideous vise; a hatred inflamed by the other's pride and composed grandeur.

"Why did you go to her house last night?" he cried, in a violent storm. "Why did you dare to do it? Had you no respect for me, for her?"

De Haverbeck reflected, not without irony, that it was almost impossible to tell the whole, and generally impossible to tell even the partial, truth where women were concerned. He said, therefore, wearily:

"The fault, sir—if it can be called a fault—has been mine; you must not blame Madame Rocklitz. She played with me, as you suggest, no doubt. Leave it at that. We cannot dispute over the lady's name."

THE Elector stared with bitter suspicion into the steady dark eyes.

"I shall never get to the bottom of this," he muttered. "Every way there are torment and confusion—I'll never untangle it all."

"Nor I, either, I think," smiled De Haverbeck. "This interview but disturbs us both. It were wiser, sir, that you had not come. But I demand my instant release. For your own sake, sir, grant it, and for the lady's sake, or there will grow a scandal that will blight us all. For your private satisfaction and on my word of honor there have been no love passages between me and Madame Rocklitz."

The Elector did not answer, but stood sullenly, with a brutal look on his flushed features.

De Haverbeck continued, in a rising passion, though courteously controlled:

"It was ill done, sir, to have me arrested, if you are responsible. I am no longer a subject of yours, but in the service of His Imperial Majesty, and I have been hauled off here as one arrested in a chance medley or a drunken brawl, denied even my bodyservant and my clothes."

"Ah, you flourish very high, Marshal de Haverbeck," sneered Johann Georg, "but you should have thought of this before you let your insolence have rein. I never liked you, nor your carriage—I do not believe your word—which you gave just now."

"It is more unprincely still," retorted Marshal de Haverbeck, coloring darkly, "to insult a man who is your prisoner and without a sword."

Johann Georg knew that if he stormed and menaced, entreated and pleaded all through the long weary night he would get nothing more from him. He frantically turned the weapon in the wound he had already made:

"It was by the wish of Madame Rocklitz that you were arrested—I only knew of it afterwards. It is by her wish I came to see you here. Believe me, she has none but scornful thoughts of you."

He struck cruelly in the dark, and did not know how near the possible truth he went.

To Delphicus de Haverbeck it seemed very likely that Madame Rocklitz had chosen that form of revenge.

"I pity Your Highness that you are so far lost in your passion that you expose yourself thus," and he moved away down the room, turning his back on the Elector.

Johann Georg stared at him over his shoulder as if to impress on his mind forever that tall, grand and soldierly figure.

Then he went out with a drunken gait and stupid look, and closed the door, and for the third time Delphicus de Haverbeck heard the key turn in the lock.

He was alone for an hour, during which he, with difficulty, composed himself. Finally, taking a pencil and a tablet of paper from his pocket—for they had left him such trifles as these—he worked out a mathematical problem carefully, exactly, till his brain was as steady as his hand, and he could face whatever was before him. There could hardly be a greater bitterness than this treachery of poor Madelon.

His next visitor, and he judged by now it was well on into the night, was the jailer. This man cleared away the untouched supper and trimmed the lamp, quiet, gray, thoughtful.

"You have heard nothing about my release?" demanded Marshal de Haverbeck, putting away his tablet and wondering how he could put through another long solitude.

"No, sir, I have heard nothing about that," replied the fellow, queerly, "but they are sending someone to see you, and perhaps he'll have news. He will be here in a moment."

Marshal de Haverbeck waited impatiently for his new visitor who, it proved, was a Lutheran pastor, of a decent and pleasant aspect, who entered with an air of surprise and looked about him, amazed, it would seem, both by the cell and the splendid occupant.

Marshal de Haverbeck saluted him civilly and waited for him to declare his errand. But the pastor, who was a youngish man, continued in an amaze, looking at the soldier's handsome uniform, his braid, his sash and baldric from which no sword hung, at his dark beauty and his stately grace, and then round the four ugly walls, the high-set dim lantern, the high-set barred window, the rough bed, chair, and table.

The jailer glanced from one gentleman to the other and fingered his chin.

"Tell me," asked the pastor of the personage, "am I in the right room? I was sent forth by the governor of the Königsberg on a certain errand, but there, I believe, is some error."

"What was your errand?" asked Marshal de Haverbeck.

The pastor seemed unwilling to disclose this.

"This is the gentleman," said the jailer, "that you were to see. You are to be left with him half an hour. He has been amusing himself, reverend sir, by doing problems," the gray man smiled. "I saw him through the grating of the door, writing away this hour. I've got some writing to do, too, sir. I was told to put this up on the wall of your room."

HE TOOK a piece of chalk out of his pocket and sharpened it with a small knife.

The jailer went to the wall opposite to where the lantern hung, and which was tolerably clear in that dim light, and with the piece of chalk wrote out: "Delphicus Secundus Hyacinthus Luneburg de Haverbeck, Baron, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Field Marshal of the Imperial Army, in this room met his fate, the Seventh of April, 1693."

Then he turned, and was walking unconcernedly away, and closing the door on the two of them, when the pastor called out:

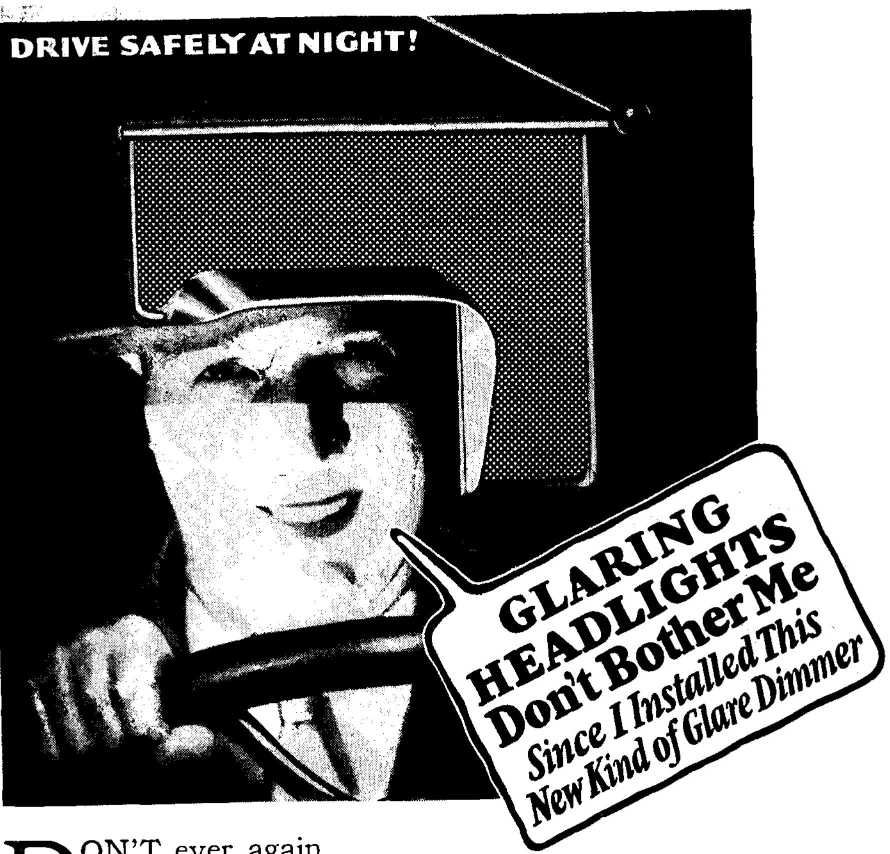
"Hold! do not leave me shut up here with this gentleman whom I do not know, and who is in perfect health. There is some mistake. I must be taken immediately to the governor."

"There is no mistake, and you are in the right room," replied the jailer, unlocking the door.

"That is impossible," returned the pastor, uneasily, "for I was called to administer to a dying man."

The jailer closed the door. Once more the key turned in the lock.

(To be continued next week)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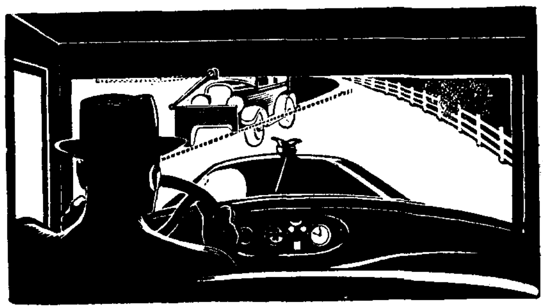
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Safety, not Stunts

Wide World

The Reid solo-endurance-flight plane after the crash in which its pilot died

FLYING is transportation and not merely the most thrilling of all man's games.

Aviation is already a great utility. It has passed the stunt stage. Future progress depends upon the recognition of this fact.

The technical advance of aviation has been marvelously rapid. Thousands of inventive minds have been concentrated upon solving the myriad problems of the new art. No other industry has ever appealed so compellingly to the imagination. Certainly no other industry has ever been given so much public and private support. Flight is the fulfillment of an age-old dream and to its perfection endless treasure and valuable lives have been dedicated.

As an industry aviation can prosper only as we become air-minded. Passengers, freight, express, mail, become available just as rapidly as the public is convinced that air transport is safe and economical.

From the very nature of the business safety *must* be first. Man is a land animal. We entrust ourselves to the air or water only so long as we think we have fair chances of a safe return to solid ground.

Air travel has already proved remarkably safe. Railroads, according to certain Department of Commerce figures, lost one life for every 172,768 train miles traveled in 1928. Airplanes had the better record of just one life lost for every 191,500 miles flown.

This is a remarkable achievement even though a train carries more people than a plane.

Although deaths are comparatively rare on the airways, a single accident is so dramatic and appalling that it is remembered. Statistics can be forgotten but a picture of a man falling through the air does not fade from memory.

It is the duty, therefore, of those interested in the growth of aviation to give even greater emphasis to safety.

The recent aviation show at Cleveland, successful as it was in many ways, did not strengthen public confidence in the safety of flying.

Forty thousand people were assembled day after day to see trick flyers and the races. They saw Colonel Lindbergh landing out of a loop in front of the grandstand—"fishtailing" his plane so vigorously that thousands of the uninitiated screamed in apprehension. Marvelous stunts were performed. The most dangerous examples of air acrobatics were displayed. A veritable circus of the air was staged. Many were injured and some were killed in consequence.

Lieutenant Doolittle, noted army flyer, flung his plane about until it was torn apart in the air. Sonia Stevens jumped from a plane to demonstrate a parachute. The parachute failed, and the spectators were horror-struck at the distressing accident which ensued.

Thomas D. Reid, after fifteen years of accidentless flying, fell asleep after remaining aloft more than thirty-five hours and was killed—proving nothing except that fatigue can overcome the hardiest.

Lady Mary Heath, for years an apostle of women's flying and of safe flying, eager to make a good showing in a race, practiced sharp banks with a factory chimney serving as a pylon, or turning point. Her days of usefulness as an active flyer are probably over.

The acrobatic stunts proved little that could not have been better demonstrated privately on the testing ground.

Other useful men and women were killed in the course of races run in connection with the airplane show. These races were not even exciting since the aviators were for the most part out of sight.

The acrobats and racers certainly did nothing to advertise air safety. The manufacturers advertised the speed of their products to one another—and to the army and navy officials, with eyes toward contracts. Nobody did anything to advertise air safety to the general public.

These stunts are a very necessary part of the equipment of army fighters but they have little to do with commercial flying.

Transport planes are in competition with locomotives, motor trucks and steamships. Railroad travel would not be stimulated by disastrous races between locomotive engineers. Automobile manufacturers have their private testing grounds but they don't advertise their business by encouraging circus driving.

Safety, reliability, economy, speed, are the factors to be emphasized if as a people we are to become air-minded.

Actually, the industry is centering its efforts on just these things. Greater safety is the objective sought by every intelligent aviation engineer and executive.

Circuses, however, advertise the danger and not the safety of flight. Spectators who see an airplane broken to pieces by the stresses of rough piloting are not being persuaded to entrust their lives to air travel. The sight of a girl falling 2,500 feet with a partly-opened parachute is not reassuring.

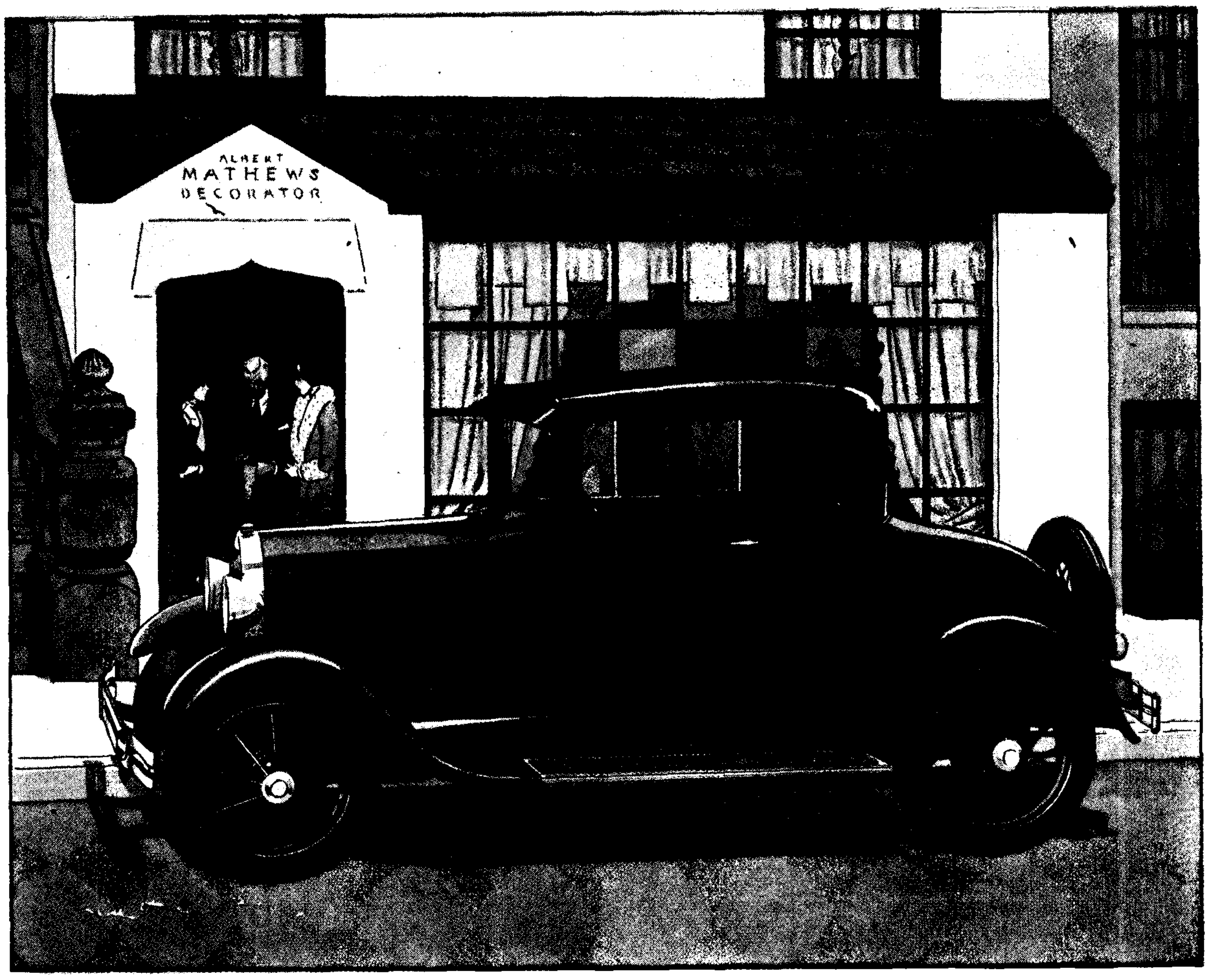
Aviation has gone beyond these things. Stunts are not necessary to attract attention to flying. What people want to know is that aviation has become safe enough to justify ordinary travel by airplane.

Cross-country demonstrations such as the Reliability Tour to the forty-eight states will do more to convince the customer than all the acrobatics in Christendom.

The marvelous records of regular delivery made by the mail planes account for much of the increasing support for air travel. As in every other industry, service, intelligently conceived, is the test, and service here does not mean the chance to fly upside down, to jump a few thousand feet attached to a parachute, or to share in any other of the vagaries of the athletes of the air.

Give the right emphasis to safety and quickly enough patrons will be found for the new public utility.

Consider the unseen values when you buy a motor car



THE FORD COUPE

Unusual number of ball and roller bearings in the Ford contributes to smoothness, reliability, economy and long life

In manner of manufacture, as in performance, there is much that is distinctive about the Ford. Principally it concerns the unseen values which have such a great bearing on economy, reliability and long life. Fundamentally it is an expression of the Ford policy and the Ford method of building a motor car.

In designing the Ford, we decided first on the kind of car we wanted to make. Many months were then devoted to the designing of new machines and new manufacturing methods which would enable us to sell it at a price within reach of all the people. The production of such a car at such a low price is even more unusual than the car itself.

Not in exterior things only, but throughout the Ford you find the same high quality of materials and exact, careful workmanship. Prominent among its unseen values is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings.

There are more than twenty of these in the Ford—an unusually large number. In type and kind they are carefully selected for the work they have to do and are as adequate in size as in number.

Being comparable to the jewels of a fine watch, they prevent unnecessary friction and wear, contribute to smoothness and quiet, reduce up-keep costs and add thousands of miles to the life of the car.

Studying the operation of these bearings you can see their practical value to every Ford owner. Steering is made easier and safer because of the roller bearings in the steering gear and because the weight of the car is carried on roller bearings in the front wheels and front axle king pins. The uniformly good performance of the Ford rear axle is due largely to the roller bearings on the rear axle pinion and differential. These are held to such close limits that adjustment is unnecessary.

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There are definite reasons, therefore, for the smooth-running, alert performance of the Ford, and for its economy, reliability and long life. Throughout it has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

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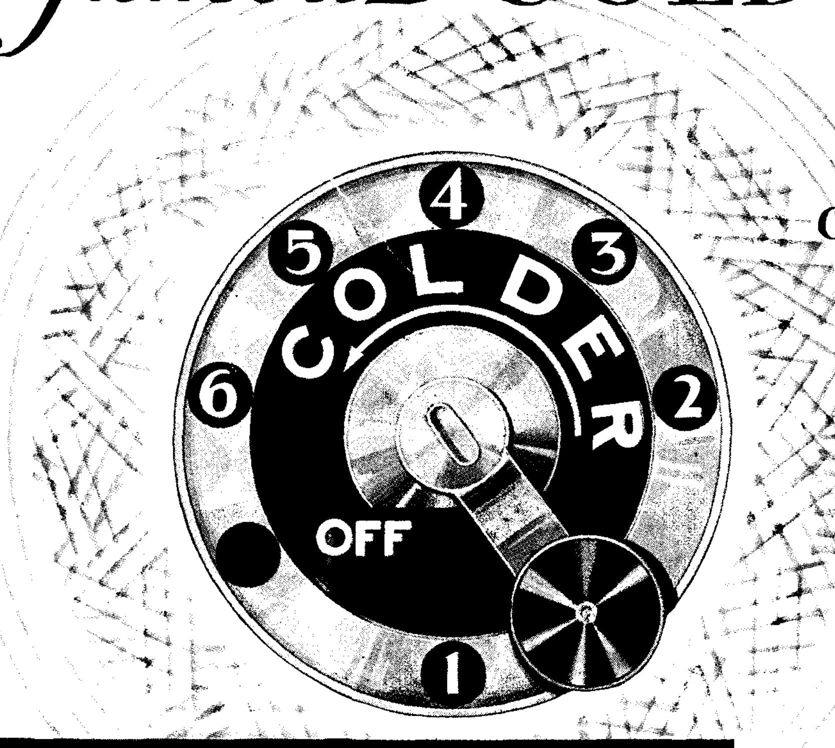

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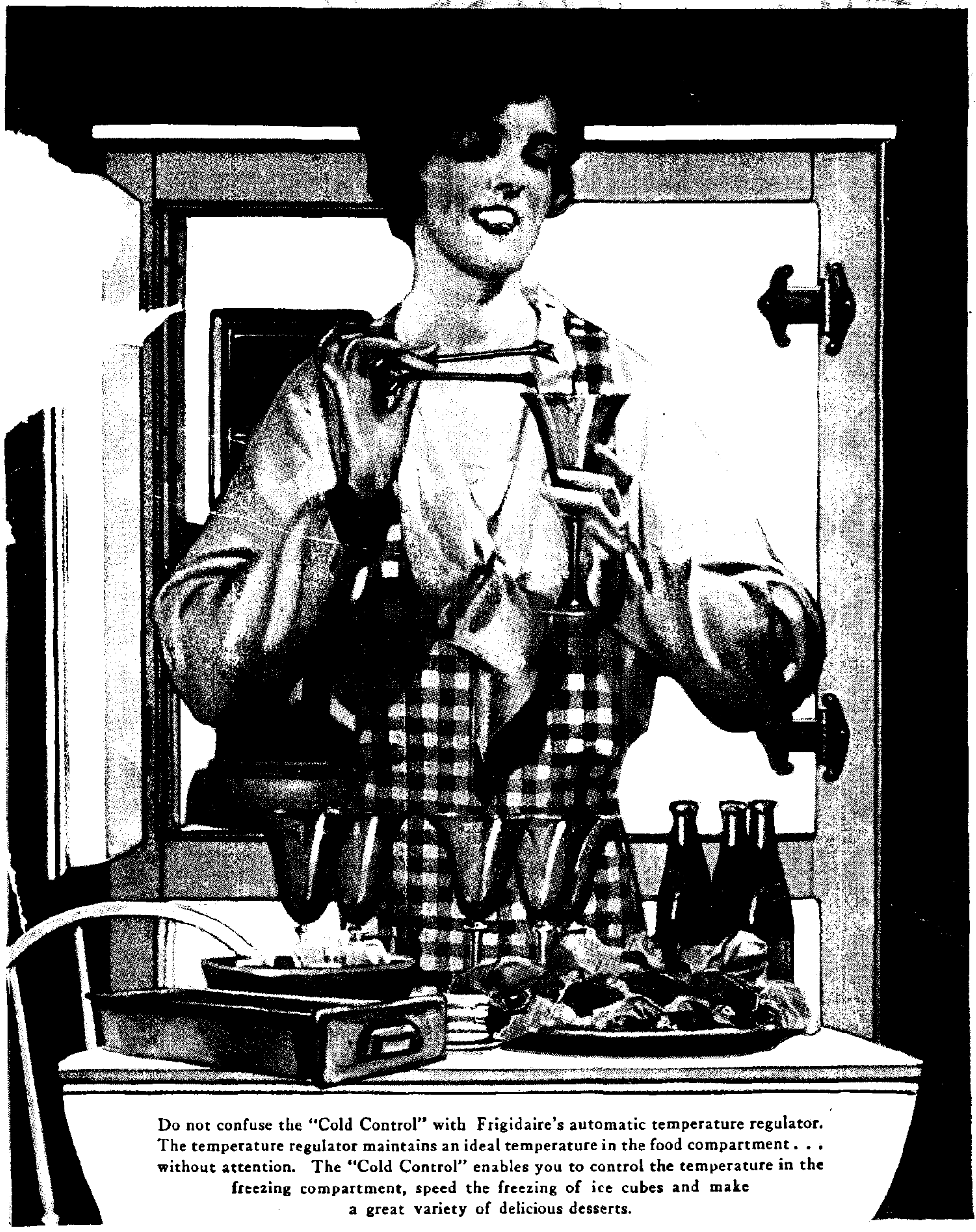

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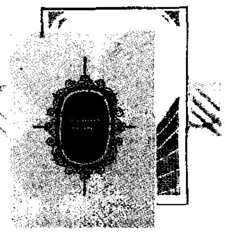

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